The Outlook

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Governor Johnson on the Alien Land Law

A cogent and full reply has been made by Governor Johnson, of California, to the request from President Wilson through the Secretary of State that the Governor should withhold his signature from the Webb Bill in order to give the Federal Government opportunity to take up the question diplomatically with Japan. The Governor of California declares that he considers it his duty to sign the bill unless "some absolutely controlling necessity demands contrary action." To sustain his decision he presents at some length the situation as it is regarded by the Legislature and himself, and, as he holds, by the great majority of the people of California. This view is summed up in Governor Johnson's assertion: "We have violated absolutely no treaty rights; we have shown no shadow of discrimination; we have given to no nation the right to be justified in taking offense." That a grave problem underlies the whole question of the presence of foreigners ineligible to become citizens is stated at the outset; and Governor Johnson recalls the fact that when California adopted its present Constitution, more than thirty years ago, a clause was included declaring the presence of such foreigners to be dangerous to the well-being of the State. The Governor also once more points out that other States have enacted laws similar to the contemplated law of California without objection or protest; that the naturalization laws of the United States determine who are and who are not eligible to citizenship; that California ought not to be accused of invidious discrimination when it follows in this regard the statutes of the United States; and that the immigration bill which passed both houses of the last Congress excluded certain classes described as "persons who cannot become eligible under existing laws to become citizens of the United States," and that no protest whatever was made in or out of Congress on this score.

The Webb Bill and Treaty Rights

The Webb Bill is analyzed by Governor Johnson, and stress is laid upon the fact that existing treaties are made a part of the law; and that not only are all rights to acquire real property which are granted under the treaty to aliens carefully preserved, but that an additional privilege is given through the amendment permitting aliens not eligible to citizenship to lease agricultural land for a period of three years. The Webb Law affects only the ownership of agricultural land, about which absolutely nothing is said in the treaty of 1911. Governor Johnson, with a strong show of reason, asserts that the bill absolutely maintains our National good faith and leaves no excuse for a claim on the part of the Japanese that they are in any way deprived of legal or treaty rights. The treaty of 1911 evidently of purpose avoids the question of agricultural land ownership, and it contains no sweeping "most favored nation" clause which would make it obligatory on Japan or America to give the other's aliens all land rights given to any nation. It has been correctly said that the treaty gives to Japan the precise rights Japan herself desired. It should be remembered also that under the common law the rights of all aliens to our land were limited in certain ways, and that, so far as these restrictions have been removed, it has been by State statutes; in New York to this day an alien cannot have absolutely all real estate rights possessed by an American citizen until he declares his intention to become a citizen. As to the Japanese feeling that at the basis of the legislation there is an offensive discrimination intended, Governor Johnson declares that the real question is "not whether any offense has been taken, but whether justly it should be taken." He insists that there is no ground for offense on the part of any nation, and adds, "particularly in the instance of a nation like Japan that in its own laws prevents acquisition of land by aliens." Without marshaling the detailed facts, the Governor states that the problem is acute, and that agitation has been continuous as regards agricultural lands, until finally an attempted solution became imperative. That such legislation was necessary for the protection and preservation of the State he fully believes, and adds, "We must see it or be blind." In this connection may be quoted the statement of the "California Oultook" that "Californians of all classes are unanimous that the menace of the occupation of California by an alien race is real." Discussion of certain principles involved in the relations of the United States to Japan as regards the situation in California will be found in an editorial elsewhere in this issue.

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Our Relations with Foreign Nations: China The President has sent a Message to Congress asking for an appropriation for the forthcoming Opium Conference. This calls attention to our relations with certain foreign countries, especially with China. Anson Burlingame and John Hay certainly emphasized American friendliness with China. It was further emphasized by the American Red Cross at the time of the floods there, and by our initiative in summoning the nations to consider the opium evil, which has cursed China more than any other nation. While the Chinese Government's efforts to stop the evil have been partly successful, in order to bring about entire cessation international action was necessary. Hence in 1909 the International Opium Commission met at Shanghai. The Commission was of an advisory character, and was followed by an International Conference at The Hague in 1911, composed of delegates with full powers. The Conference agreed to impose strict stipulations concerning the traffic, not only in opium, but also in morphine and cocaine. It was found, however, that the economic interests of other nations than the twelve Powers represented were affected, and the Conference concluded that, to make its agreement effective, the other thirty-four nations should adhere to it. In the event of failure to secure all thirty-four signatures, the Dutch Government promised to call a final conference. Most, but not all, of the signatures have been obtained. A second and final conference is therefore necessary. The Queen of the Netherlands has invited the various Governments to send delegates to The Hague in June. This final Conference will, we hope, end the abuses connected with opium, morphine, and cocaine. That American friendship is appreciated in China is indicated by the interview of a London "Daily News" reporter with General Chang, one of the Chinese President's military advisers. Referring to England's former insistence on the importation of opium from India into China, General Chang affirmed that British influence in China is decreasing, solely on account of the resentment thus inspired. He continues as follows:

> How far this tendency has penetrated you will see from an amusing conversation I had recently with one of my servants. He had been sent to buy some kerosene oil, and came back with an unusual brand. Questioned why he had chosen this, he explained that one kind had a trademark which he thought British and the other was American, and he unhesitatingly chose the American. You see, America gave us back her share of the Boxer indemnity, and she has given us recognition. Great Britain has given us opium. Can you wonder that America gains in our developing markets what Great Britain loses?

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Our Relations with Foreign Nations: Latin America Not only in China but in Latin America a policy of friendliness improves our commercial as well as our political relations with foreign neighbors. With Cuba, for instance, we showed such friendliness, first in delivering the country from misrule and then in putting it commercially on the basis of a reciprocity treaty. On account of this agreement, the Cubans are more amicably disposed towards us, and Cuban-American commerce has shown notable expansion. We use nearly nine-tenths of Cuban exports, and in Cuban imports are represented by more than half. We buy cotton, sugar, and tobacco, ores and hard woods of Cuba, and send thither our flour, machinery, and shoes. It would be well if we had a reciprocity treaty with Brazil also. We buy one-third of Brazil's exports, but we supply that country with less than fourteen per cent of what it buys. We buy coffee and rubber of Brazil and send thither our farm machinery and electrical instruments, with a double amount of which we supply the neighboring Argentina also. With that country there is even greater reason for friendly relations, for no nation has advanced commercially with greater rapidity. It has become the first of grain and meat exporting countries. This may seem strange, for there is shorter ocean distance between this country and Europe than between Argentina and Europe, and we have greater facilities for transportation than Argentina has. As a matter of fact, however, we need our surplus increasingly for home consumption, and hence cannot export as much as we have been exporting. All the wheat and meat needed in Argentina for her home consumption would about suffice for the population of New York State. Argentina could support and give abundant prosperity to a population ten times as great as her present population. If Argentina can supply Europe with wheat and meat, the whole world benefits. Meanwhile we have created an increasingly large commerce between this country and Argentina. It would be twice as great had we proper facilities for communication. That these will come in time no one can doubt. There are natural reasons why the United States should be in friendly relations with Argentina, because that country and this are similar in climate, in fertility of soil, in the character of agricultural products, and, above all, in the energy of the respective peoples. The Argentinos have often been called "the Yankees of the South." In population their capital is now the second Latin city of the world.

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The Powers Occupy Skutari

The keys of the city of Skutari were last week formally intrusted to the naval commanders representing the Great Powers of Europe—England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy. The ceremony took place in the square opposite the military barracks where Essad Pasha recently surrendered Skutari to the Crown Prince of Montenegro. Vice-Admiral Cecil Burney, of the British navy, commanded the international force. It had been received on landing at the Montenegrin port of Antivari by a native guard of honor, which guided it to Skutari, just over the Montenegrin border in Albania. As soon as the keys of the city were presented, all the Montenegrin troops in Skutari withdrew, thus fulfilling the promise made the week before. Several thousand semi-starved and gaunt men, women, and children—the people of the town who had lost everything they had during the siege and were still destitute—were interested spectators. Admiral Burney chose a force of officers and men to distribute food and clothing already transported from various European cities for the benefit of any sufferers.

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The Albanian Policy of Austria and Italy

The reasons for the evacuation of Skutari have not been sufficiently indicated in the despatches to American newspapers. Now that the foreign papers have come to hand, much more light is thrown on the situation. The refusal of Montenegro to evacuate has been, as is known, followed by a threat by Austria-Hungary to intervene with an armed force. As the force was gathered on the northwestern frontier of Montenegro, and not on the southeastern frontier, close to which Skutari is located, it was naturally assumed that there would be a violation of Montenegrin territory. What our newspapers did not report is now explained by the Paris "Temps." It prints a note from the Italian to the Austrian Government protesting against any military intervention by Austria in Montenegro. Then followed the proposal based upon the Italo-Austrian treaty of 1897, by virtue of which each of the two Powers engaged itself not to intervene in Albania except with the consent of the other. It was suggested, therefore, that the two might do what one could not accomplish without raising objections from Russia in particular—that is, they might temporarily occupy Albania for the purpose of restoring order, not only in the north, where Skutari is situated, but in the central and southern region, where Essad Pasha, who had proclaimed himself king, was operating. Essad, believed to be in accord with King Nicholas, was supposed to be rapidly overrunning Albania with his kingship propaganda. The Austrians saw in this the fine hand of Russia, and their suspicion was confirmed by Essad's proclamation declaring his special protection to the Greek Catholics in Albania. In the eyes of Roman Catholic Austria and Italy it was bad enough to have the three Slav kingdoms of the Balkan Peninsula more or less openly under Russian influence. Should a fourth now be added? To prevent this something sudden must be done. Hence the preparations for armed intervention, the zone of Austrian influence in Albania naturally to be the northern half and that of Italy the southern half. For a day or two it appeared as if these preparations might quickly be translated into the grim reality of intervention, for the latest issue of the "Journal de Genève," a well-known Swiss paper, informs us of what our papers, so far as we know, had not reported, that, in addition to Austria's concentration of troops on the Montenegrin border, Italy had concentrated an entire army corps at Brindisi, the Italian port nearest Albania, together with four cruisers and enough other ships to transport troops.

King Nicholas the Man of the Hour

In view of these preparations, the King of Montenegro found an additional motive for the evacuation of Skutari. His first reason was, as announced, that his armed resistance to the will of Europe would mean an end of Montenegrin independence. But his second reason was to save Albania from a tutelage which might become a permanent occupation. A third reason also moved him. As we learn from the "Journal de Genève," he feared that his refusal to evacuate might compromise the victories won by his Balkan allies, and he wished to be faithful to those allies at no matter what cost to himself. A part of the text of King Nicholas's announcement to his Ministers of his decision to bow to the will of the Powers is reported as follows:

> I have fought long with myself. Never before in all the fifty years of my reign have I endured such torment. I have resolved to drain the bitter cup to the dregs. I must give way. I must allow Skutari, this dearest dream of my youth, to be evacuated—Skutari, the lawful heritage of Montenegro, the pledge of our better future.

When the Ministers replied that they would take the responsibility for resistance, the King answered:

> You are responsible before the Skupshtina [the Montenegrin Parliament], but I am responsible before God. It would not be right that the curse of generations of Montenegrins to come should rest on my name for the terrible misfortune in which my sorely tried people would be plunged were I to remain firm in my opposition. I have no glimmer of hope, not the slightest prospect of making my own view prevail on the Skutari question against the will of the whole of Europe. Of the two evils let us choose the lesser.

This act of abnegation has its own pathos. It humiliates a people as brave as any in Europe. In fixing the new Albanian boundary the conference of the Powers should richly reward Montenegro for its sacrifice by adding adequate territory to the tiny kingdom. They may remember that King Nicholas's act prevented what might easily have become a European conflagration.

The Lake Mohonk Conference

If any one is inclined to think of the Lake Mohonk Conference as a collection of impracticable idealists discussing impossible dreams, attendance on the session held May 14–16, or indeed on any session, would have corrected his mistake. Austria, Hungary, France, Great Britain, Canada, were all represented by leading men, several of them representatives in the Parliaments of their respective countries; and government, business, law, and education in this country were all represented by men of more than local reputation. The themes discussed were practical. The hundred years of peace between England and America, the Monroe Doctrine, what it is and what it involves, the Panama Canal and the question of free tolls, the coming Hague Conference and the practicability of a Permanent International Court, were all considered. And the discussion of these themes was practical. While doubtless there were some members present who desire immediate and unconditional disarmament, as the Garrisonian Abolitionists in 1850 demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation, it is impossible for one who watched the course of the discussion to doubt that Dr. Charles W. Eliot summed up the dominating sentiment of the Conference in saying that "the rooting out of the causes of war must be brought about by the slow-acting forces of popular education, public works of conservancy, and preventive medicine; by the progress of international law and of economic and industrial legislation; by the acceptance and fair execution of the 'open door' policy; by the increase of mutual acquaintance and good will among nations; by the concentration of public attention on the prevailing wastes, squalors, brutalities, failures, and ignominies of war rather than on its occasional splendors of courage, self-sacrifice, and endurance; and by the gradual adoption of the judicial settlement of international disputes, both those already brought to issue and those in the formative and irritative stage." An interesting feature of the

Conference was a very simple memorial service in honor of Albert K. Smiley and his wife, the founders of both the Arbitration and the Indian Conferences—a meeting in which the reverential affection in which they are both held was expressed even more eloquently by the uninterpretable atmosphere than by the two simple addresses delivered. One lady who came with hesitation, lest the emotion enkindled by the meeting should be excessive, went out saying that it had been to her a service of thanksgiving and an inspiration to life; and in this she represented aright the spirit, not only of that specific session, but of the entire three days' Conference.

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A Criminal Charge Against a State

The reports that have been made lately to Governor Sulzer, of New York, by Mr. George W. Blake upon the management and condition of two of New York's State prisons contain comments that are in effect a scathing indictment against the State itself. The individual charges made against officials in the prison system will doubtless receive due investigation; and it would obviously be wrong to comment upon them until the facts have been more thoroughly investigated. But it is the affair of every citizen to know that the prisoners under the charge of the State are being treated inhumanly because the State has neglected to make it possible to do otherwise. The assertions made in Mr. Blake's report are sustained by comments made in the press by Mr. Orlando F. Lewis, Secretary of the Prison Association of New York. Mr. Lewis goes so far as to say: "The horrors of life in those cells are indescribable. No self-respecting man would keep his animals there." It is pointed out that in Sing Sing the cells, which are over seventy-five years old, contain each one hundred and seventy-five cubic feet of air-space, which is less than one-half the amount required in New York City lodging-houses. The dampness in the cells is a serious evil, and has led to many kinds of ill health. Moreover, if there is one point upon which all prison authorities are agreed, it is that in such a prison as Sing Sing two convicts ought never to be placed in one cell. Yet Mr. Lewis states that fifteen hundred prisoners are contained in twelve hundred cells, and that even the chapel has been used as a dormitory in which a hundred or a hundred and fifty men sleep. It would be hard to exaggerate the resulting evils from such an overcrowded and unhealthful condition of affairs.

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What Should Be Done?

The State has known of this serious problem for a long time; difference of opinion as to just what should be done seems to have been the chief cause of delay; and last year the Legislature even refused money for an appropriation to study the industrial problem involved, which is also a serious one. Mr. Lewis, who is an authority on this subject, says that the State Prison Association favors rebuilding Sing Sing, while the New York Prison Association believes that the prison should be put out in the country where land is cheap and could be obtained in comparatively large area, and that then the State should put into practice methods of outdoor work for convicts, perhaps combined with the honor system, which has been tried with good results in the West and in one place in New York. We cannot imagine why any one should not concur in the general comment of Mr. Lewis that the entire prison system should tend to make the prisoner more normal rather than more abnormal. The immediate and pressing problem is to form a definite plan which may be put into operation without a moment's delay for treating New York prisoners decently and under proper conditions as regards health and work. If Governor Sulzer's investigations bring about this result, the people of the State will owe him a debt of gratitude.

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The "Moral Hazard" in Fire Insurance

Are fire insurance methods in this country provocative of carelessness and criminality? Are they less safe and sound than those of foreign countries? These questions are raised almost simultaneously in two directions, in the series of articles by Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane in "Collier's" and in the document on "Incendiarism in New York City" published not long ago by the Fire Commissioner, Joseph Johnson. The criticism in both cases is the same. Commissioner Johnson says very plainly: "Indiscriminate granting of policies by insurance companies, without proper investigation of character of applicant and nature of risk, is the main cause of the crime of arson." He puts the loss arising from our bad system at one-fourth the whole, and points out that New York's fire loss is nearly five times as great as that of any foreign city—this is partly due to climate and building material, but largely to incendiarism—and he finds the ultimate cause of the difference in the rigid foreign laws as to inspection before the policy is written. Mr. McFarlane reaches the same conclusion. The usual reply to the layman who is disturbed at stories of overvaluation in fire insurance is that the holder of the policy can collect only the loss he can prove, and that the companies are not fools enough to pay extravagant claims. Mr. McFarlane asserts that too many companies are unwilling to risk losing the business of large agencies, and accept extravagant valuations as part of their business risk, subdividing it as much as possible, and charging in effect the extra loss to the cost of business competition; while to disprove a wrongful claim when the property had not been inspected by the company itself, and the insurer is unscrupulous, is not easy. Both writers point out that the total insurance losses not only increase when business is bad, following certain seasons with the regularity of a calendar, but that the losses also follow the fashions—for instance, when willow plumes go out of style the manufacturers' stocks of these goods show a surprising tendency to go up in flames.

Carelessness and Over-Insurance

Apart from direct crimes, over-insurance produces carelessness and negligence, grading from the man who would a little rather than not that his live cigarette should fall into a waste-basket to the man who simply will not take proper precautions because he carries heavy insurance. Mr. McFarlane says:

> If a man can obtain $100,000 of insurance upon a value of $50,000, he will very naturally be careless and negligent. If a fire means not loss but gain to him, what more natural than that he should leave even the most dangerous of conditions uncorrected? And if behind such an insurer we have an insurance system which permits and encourages over-insurance, which feels no obligation to inspect, remove dangers, or to do anything whatever other than make the insurance rate proportionate to the risk, the fire will follow almost as certainly as if kindled with matches and gasoline.

One factory fire in New York City, in which frightful loss of life occurred, is instanced by Mr. MacFarlane. Without any intimation of crime whatever, Mr. McFarlane states that the fact remains that the owners of the factory were heavily insured; that eight fires had previously occurred in factories owned by them; and that coincidently with these things there was lack of proper inspection in behalf of the companies, despite the fact that, to quote the "Insurance Monitor," shirt-waist factory risks were "fairly saturated with moral risk." Barrels of oil, baskets and shelves piled with inflammable muslin, floors soaked with oil, bins under tables filled with rags, employees smoking more or less surreptitiously—such was the place on which nearly $200,000 insurance was carried. We cannot here examine in detail the large question raised, but it may at least be said that the facts presented by Mr. McFarlane and Mr. Johnson make a strong case for public inquiry into fire insurance laws and the asserted evil of over-insurance, and the need of certified close inspection by the companies directly instead of by agents whose whole business interest is in the direction of large policies and large commissions.

Boston's Transit Referendum

On three separate days, Thursday, May 1, Saturday, May 3, and Monday, May 5, every car in Boston coming into the subway at Boylston and Exeter Streets was boarded by a "distributer" who carried sheaves of ballots to be distributed to all the passengers. The ballot was in two sections. One bore a vote for the Park Street route of the new subway branch, the other a vote for the Post-Office Square route, as follows:

HAND ONE OF THESE	TO COLLECTOR WHEN
LEAVING THE CAR IN	THE SUBWAY. * * *
I prefer a Subway to Park Street	I prefer a Subway to Post-Office Sq.

When the car arrived at Park Street, vote collectors were on hand waiting to receive the ballots. Each passenger who desired to vote for Post-Office Square tore off the section containing the ballot to that effect and handed it to the collector. Those desiring the Park Street route handed in the section of their choice. Of course there was a probability that many patrons of the trolleys would vote more than once during this transit referendum, but the method was considered the best way to sound public opinion. The Transit Commission had been asked by the

Senate of Massachusetts to investigate the desirability of altering the first route authorized—that to Park Street—and of putting a terminal at Post-Office Square, so as not to press too heavily upon the Park Street terminal and trespass further upon the sacred Common. The Transit Commission was at a loss to know how to find out which route would suit the public best, and this referendum was planned in order to find out where the people who use the Boylston Street subway really want to go, as shown by their personal vote. The map and the description of the alternative routes were published in all the Boston papers, so that every one should understand the situation before voting. The editorial columns discussed it at length. The Post-Office route was longer and more expensive, and would take a year and a half longer to build. But the Commission or the Legislature wished to find out fully if that was what the public wanted before deciding what would be best. The Boston Elevated Railway was called into conference, and was willing to co-operate in arranging the referendum and taking the vote among its passengers. There was great popular interest, and a large vote was polled. The result, which has just been tabulated, is that 31,481 ballots were cast for the Park Street route and 37,848 for the Post-Office Square route, and the Transit Commission will now be able to make its report with the backing of the popular will behind it. Other cities with transit problems may well take notice of this Boston referendum.

A French Theater in New York City

The interesting announcement is made that New York City is to have a French theater. The exact location has not been chosen, but it will be in the well-known Longacre region about Broadway and Forty-second street. The theater is to have a capacity of about three hundred; it is expected that it will be finished in November. The company is to be composed mostly of pupils of the Paris Conservatoire, and after the regular season will be sent on a tour to include Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and other cities. Most of the plays to be presented will be modern, but there will also be special matinees for classic plays. Nights will be set apart for a subscription series at lower than the regular rates. A novel feature calls for the performance in French of current American plays. The establishment will be as permanent as the directors can make it, and the enterprise certainly deserves to succeed. It should have better luck than that of the other attempts at establishing a French theater in the metropolis. There was once a Théâtre Français in East Fourteenth Street. But it was not found possible to confine the performances altogether to the French language, and the Fourteenth Street theater became very cosmopolitan; not to mention the performances in English, Adelaide Ristori acted there in Italian and Marie Seebach in German. It will be interesting to note whether the new playhouse will be able to maintain itself as an exclusively French enterprise. The splendid success of the many and increasing branches of the Alliance Française in this country testifies to the fact that more people understand and speak French and love French literature than is generally supposed. They should find in the new enterprise an appropriate center and source of inspiration. But it should also serve another purpose. The well-known Irving Place Theater has been one of the factors in maintaining a good international understanding between the people of this country and Germany. A similarly conducted French theater ought to exercise a similar influence in maintaining good relations between this country and France. For anything which helps one people to enter into the mind and genius of another people is a step toward international understanding.

In Honor of Carl Schurz

On the afternoon of May 10 the statue in honor of Carl Schurz, erected by public subscription on Morningside Heights, New York City, and executed by the sculptor Karl Bitter from a general design by Henry Bacon, architect, was unveiled. The exercises were expressive of the high esteem in which the man and his services to our country are held. The Hon. Joseph H. Choate presided and read a letter of regret from President Wilson; Mayor Gaynor formally accepted the statue on behalf of the city of New York, and a daughter of Carl Schurz assisted in the unveiling. Addresses were made by the German Ambassador, by the Provost of Columbia University, by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri (this in the German language), and by the Hon. George McAneny, President of the Borough of Manhattan. The picturesque part of the exercises, following the addresses, was furnished by a parade of detachments of regular troops, National Guardsmen, Grand Army Veterans, and many German societies, the members of which passed the statue, heads bared, amid a riot of wind-tossed flags of Germany and America dipped in salute, and gorgeous "Verein" standards held proudly aloft, while bands played alternately "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Die Wacht am Rhein."

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Why Carl Schurz is Honored

The character, career, and achievements of Carl Schurz are well known. He was the first German-born citizen to sit in the United States Senate, and one of the greatest men of foreign birth who have contributed to the greatness of America. Always loyal, too, to the best of his Fatherland, he won from Bismarck the praise, "I am proud of Carl Schurz!" Driven from his own country through the failure of the Revolution of '48, in which he took an active part, disappointed in France, where he first sought refuge, he naturally turned to America as the place to work out his ideals of liberty and justice. Here too he met with disillusionment; but he kept his idealism. He became the loyal supporter and friend of Lincoln, served in the Civil War, and at its close threw himself into the work of cleansing the political and civic life of our country. The first Indians sent to Hampton Institute to receive Government instruction in the arts of peace were selected by Carl Schurz, and it is fitting that a part of the $93,000 collected by the Memorial Committee should be given to that institution, and a part also to the Civil Service Reform Association, for whose cause he labored long and hard. Accused once by a political enemy of not adhering to the principle, "The country, right or wrong," he replied, "Yes, I am for my country, right or wrong; if right, to be kept right; if wrong, to be set right." Carl Schurz was an ardent lover of the beauty of nature. Born on the shores of the Rhine, it seems right that all that is mortal of him should rest on the shores of the Hudson, and that his statue should command the panorama of that river's course to the sea between the Palisades and the green banks of Riverside Drive—one of the most beautiful vistas that can be found in the whole world.

An Inside View of "The Outside World"

The Outlook recently published a letter from a friend who objected to the common custom of drawing a distinction between being "in college" and "out in the world." That the dividing line is rapidly becoming one of phrase rather than fact the whole trend of educational methods goes to show. The placing, at Harvard, of a school of Business Administration upon an equal footing with the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Science, and the influence of the University of Wisconsin upon the government of its patron State, are both manifestations of this tendency. Additional evidence may be found in the nature of an oration recently awarded the De Forest gold medal at Yale. This prize was won by E. M. Porter, '13, who chose for his subject "The Spirit of the Progressive Movement." Nothing could be further removed in theme from the academic dissertations of a generation ago than this excellent oration of Mr. Porter's. More and more are college men coming to realize that not all the significant developments of history are in the past. While it is interesting to know that in 483 B.C. Themistocles was urging Athens to build a navy adequate for national defense, what we must know is whether our own dreadnoughts are big enough and numerous enough to uphold the Monroe Doctrine, police the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and to protect the Panama Canal. Of the growth of this interest in modern problems Mr. Porter seems fully aware, though we suspect that in a university whose chief literary organ still cherishes the tradition of never publishing a story or an article of a socially disputatious nature there were some who received his message with both surprise and concern. Mr. Porter's plea was for the progressive element in every party. He traced with considerable skill the downfall of political Bourbonism at the November election, pointed out the essential features of the new movement, and voiced, with unusual eloquence, high hopes for its future. Both Mr. Porter and his university are to be congratulated upon this significant address.

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Tap Day and the Iconoclasts of Yale

Every white-sheeted medium who has been discovered in the act of impersonating the ghost of Cæsar, every conjurer from whose ample vest there has fallen an inopportune rabbit, will fully sympathize with those forty-five seniors of Yale whose Tap Day ceremony was greeted with what one paper goes so far as to describe as levity. Recently The Outlook reported the efforts made by the sophomore class to induce the senior societies to come out in the open, to abandon their cherished mystery, and to stand or fall on merit alone. That this protest has not been fruitless events have proved. On Tap Day both the sophomores and the freshmen voted to deny themselves the felicity of watching the dread ceremony of election. All outsiders were rigorously excluded from the campus by the college authorities. No fair faces were seen in the windows of Durfee Hall, and, most significant of all, in the branches of the oak about which the ceremony centered was perched a group of students who voiced their criticism of the candidates and the occasion with a freedom the like of which has never been known at Yale. Even at this the heavens failed to fall. Indeed, it is said that the selections made by the societies were, in general, of such excellence that even the self-appointed critics in the tree above found little cause for complaint. How deep-rooted is this revolt against an undemocratic tradition can be judged only when the present sophomore class comes up for election in 1914. We hope that they will persevere in their present intention of foregoing the honor of being "tapped" unless the reasonable reforms that they have suggested are carried into effect.

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"Ragtime"

Many people of sensitive and discriminating taste deplore the prevalence of ragtime. They regard it as cheap, flashy, and vulgar. The fact that young people like to play it on the piano, that children like to dance to it, that soldiers march to it, they regard as a bad sign of the times. In their opinion the liking for ragtime is an obstacle to a higher appreciation of music. This, however, is not the opinion of all musicians. In a recent number of the "Craftsman" Miss Natalie Curtis, who has done much to discover and bring to the knowledge of the public the beauty of Indian folk-song, tells the following anecdote of the Russian conductor Safonoff: "The band at the hotel where he was staying had been playing serious music in his honor, when something more popular was requested by one of the other guests. With the first bars of 'ragtime,' the musician, who had paid scant attention before, began to listen curiously, then attentively, then enthusiastically. He rushed to the leader of the band. 'But what is this? It is wonderful! So original, so interesting.' The leader smilingly explained that it was the 'real American music.' 'I shall score it for orchestra, and play it in St. Petersburg!' declared the Russian, with real appreciation behind the humor of the suggestion." There is something to be said for the contention that ragtime is at least one contribution of real folk music which America has offered to the world. It has at any rate one of the characteristics of folk music in that its origin is clouded in mystery. Miss Curtis thinks that there is ground for the assertion that ragtime, as whistled and sung in American theaters, homes, and streets, received its first impulse from the songs of the American Negro. She quotes the testimony of a Negro writer who says that it originated in the improvisations of Negro piano-players in dance resorts about St. Louis and Memphis; that white men wrote it down, adapted it, published it, and made money out of it, but that it was really created by Negroes, "who knew no more of the theory of music than they did of the theory of the universe." She cites the opinion of other colored men who believe ragtime can be traced to the "common working-songs and boisterous merry-making of their own people." She suggests that the Negroes in turn may have derived some elements of it from "the tom-tom and sharply accentuated rhythms of Indian song." Whatever its origin and however much it has been vulgarized, "ragtime" is as distinctive as the rhythmic characteristics of Spanish or Hungarian music, and is as capable of use in musical art as any other primitive musical material.

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Tolerance in Asia Minor

Now that the Turk is being more and more driven back into Asia Minor, the sayings and doings of the people there become more interesting and significant. Among the towns of that region Marsovan is one of the most attractive and thriving; it is also a center of American missionary effort. Whether that effort may have influenced independence of thought there we do not know; at all events, the Constantinople "Orient" publishes the following letter from Marsovan:

> Last Friday there was preaching in the mosques of this city on the relations that should prevail between Mohammedans and Christians.

> A Circassian told me that in the mosque where he attended the Imam [the officiating Mohammedan priest] spoke very strongly, urging that hitherto the Christians of this country were a class separate and apart from Mohammedans, but that it was so no longer. Now when war summoned the Mohammedan youth to the army, Garabed and Nishan [Armenians] were with them in the ranks. When contributions were called for by the central government, it was very largely the Armenians who responded with their gifts. There was now really one country with one united people. All thought, therefore, of massacre or plunder should be put away. Instead, one should call out to his neighbor, "Mariam Hanum, have you got any wood? If not, I will send you a donkey load," because the breadwinner was away from so many of the Armenian houses, as was the case also with the Turkish homes.

The Imam went on to say, the correspondent writes, that if there should be trouble between the different races, and if in the course of events some of his hearers should lose their lives, they need not be brought to him to receive the burial of true believers; he would not bury any such infidel as had lost his life in an attack upon their Christian neighbors. It is suggestive that the need was felt for such preaching. As the "Orient's" correspondent adds, such sermons would hardly be delivered in the mosques unless there had been a good deal of thinking and talking back of them.

The Spread of the English Language in the Philippines

The acquirement of a common language is a prerequisite to a complete participation in a government by any people. In the Philippine Islands it is not yet necessary that all official business should be dictated in one language—namely, English—the official language of all branches of the Government except the courts. Last summer, however, the Acting Governor-General required all officers and employees in the Executive Departments to write, whenever possible, the minutes of the meetings of provincial boards and municipal councils in English, and also to write all official correspondence in that language. Moreover, in the matter of appointments or promotions in the service, it was declared that preference would be given to persons knowing enough English to carry on correspondence in it. The Philippine Legislature has since declared that English shall be the official language of the courts, provided that until 1920 "Spanish shall be also an official language." We find a yet more significant event in the report of the Philippine Bureau of Civil Service. It shows that no less than 5,700 out of a total of about 7,400 Filipinos examined during the year were taking examinations in English, that the percentage of those who passed was higher than in any previous year, and that the percentage of failures among those taking Spanish examinations was also greater than in any other year.

The Industrial War in New Jersey

The fierce labor conflicts in New Jersey grow worse rather than better. At Paterson the conviction of Patrick Quinlan has incensed the strikers, just as did at Lawrence the indictment of Ettor and Giovanetti. In both cases the prosecution was made on the charge that words uttered in public speech incited to violence. Mr. Quinlan and the other leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World declare that the testimony of policemen as to his utterances was false, and that the prosecution was an attempt to stifle free speech. Mass-meetings of protest were held last week; the police, jury, and city authorities were bitterly denounced, and threats were current of further strikes and demonstrations if Quinlan were "railroaded to jail" or if Haywood and other labor leaders under indictment were severely dealt with. The Quinlan case, the leaders say, will be taken up to the highest courts. Unconfirmed reports of attacks planned on the court-house, of an intention to cut off the city's light, or to tie up all transportation, or to initiate a universal strike, added to the excitement and stress of the situation. Many new deputy sheriffs have been sworn in, and there has been a demand that the Governor call out troops; but up to the time of writing Governor Fielder has refused. Meanwhile there appear to be no judicious and moderate attempts at a reasonable settlement of the questions at issue between the silk-mill owners and their former employees. Not even Lawrence or West Virginia presented a more deplorable example of industrial warfare. The situation at and near Mount Hope between the Empire Steel and Iron Company and its former workers, organized by the Western Federation of Miners (already referred to in The Outlook), continues also to be troublous and dangerous. Here, too, an appeal was made for troops and refused. On Friday morning of last week something very like a pitched battle took place between the mine-owners' armed guards and the strikers; press despatches of Friday evening declare that a thousand shots were fired, that six deputy sheriffs and as many or more strikers were wounded. This was the culmination of a week of violence. One newspaper correspondent writes: "Sortie, ambuscade, sharpshooting, tunneling, bombardment, and assault are to be studied every evening in the green Jersey hills." The duty of the New Jersey authorities to keep the peace is obvious; the State has an equal duty to see that in the future methods of authorized arbitration and conciliation make such disgraceful labor and capital conflicts impossible.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

From the foreigner's point of view the course of the United States in the Japanese question may seem uncertain and vacillating. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. We hope that the foreigner, be he European or Asiatic, will draw no false inferences.

One of the weaknesses of American human nature is excessive good humor that seems at times like timidity; another is unwillingness to take serious matters seriously until delay has made them more serious than they need be. Americans have read in the newspapers about this question raised by Japan concerning landownership in California, and have refused to take it seriously. They have good-humoredly thought that a question like this could never cause any ill will between themselves and a friendly people like the Japanese. This good nature is one reason why this Nation may have seemed uncertain. Another reason is to be found in our federal form of government. When California takes one attitude and Washington another, it is hard for the foreigner to explain the contradiction except as a form of weakness and indecision. A third reason is to be found in the course pursued by the Federal Administration. This has been marked by delay in dealing with the question until it became acute; by the journey of the chief of the Cabinet to one of the constituent States to ask for consideration as from an equal; and, finally, after Japanese rioters have irresponsibly talked of war, by public speeches on universal arbitration—under such circumstances it would not be surprising if the Nation seemed weak to an Asiatic people.

If from these facts the Japanese Government or the Japanese people should infer that the American people have not solid convictions which relate to this whole matter, it would be unfortunate. The American people may be good-natured and careless, but they are not weak. Their form of government may be perplexing to a foreigner, but it is the government of a strong and very united Nation. The Administration may not have chosen happily its methods in dealing with this question, but American public opinion has a way of making itself heard unmistakably whenever occasion of sufficient importance warrants.

That Japan has now shifted its position of protest against the land law is not surprising, for the law passed in California explicitly guarantees the rights secured under the Japanese-American Treaty. It is surprising, however, that Japan should now seem, according to reports, to turn its complaint to our naturalization laws. That is a National, not a State, matter. It must be confessed that Japan's course would lend color to the suspicion that that country has been seeking for some occasion of friction with the United States—if such suspicion were not of itself preposterous. Japan could do herself no greater harm than by losing the present friendship of the United States. If, after the cause of Japan's complaint (the alleged violation of a treaty by a proposed State law) has been removed, Japan should go to war with the United States, she would convert one of her most powerful friends into a steadfast enemy who would find in every enemy of Japan a new friend. No, that is preposterous. However it may be with either the American or the Japanese yellow press, Japan itself can have no such wild thought.

We believe that the following propositions commend themselves to all thoughtful and influential minds in Japan as well as in America:

The people of the United States have the sole right to say who shall be admitted to the borders of the United States and to American citizenship.

The people of Japan have the sole right to say who shall be admitted to the borders of Japan and to Japanese citizenship.

Each has the right to make discriminations among the peoples of the world in reaching a decision. Japan may exclude

Americans and accept Germans. The United States may exclude Asiatics and include Europeans.

Each should abide by its promises. If either has made what it thinks is a bad agreement, it is free to propose a new agreement, but it must live up to the agreement it has made as long as that agreement exists.

Neither nation can be expected by the other to agree that the other shall have the right to demand that questions of purely domestic concern shall be arbitrated by an international tribunal.

Agreeing upon these propositions, Japan and the United States have every reason for preserving their peaceful and friendly relations.

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THE INCOME TAX—TWO QUESTIONS

The questions whether an income tax is based on sound principles of taxation and whether it is a desirable form of taxation for the United States to adopt have been already discussed in The Outlook. Apparently the Democratic majority in Congress and the President are in full accord on the proposal to establish an income tax, and any discussion of the intrinsic merits of that method of taxation would at this time be academic. We shall not, therefore, here concern ourselves further with those questions. We wish to consider now only the question whether the provisions of the income tax section in the tariff bill as it passed the House are good provisions—whether they will constitute a law whose meaning is unequivocal and whose application will be equitable.

We very much doubt whether the income tax section does not violate these two requirements.

In the first place, there is decided difference of opinion as to what some of the provisions of the section really provide. Let us take an example.

When the tariff bill was introduced, The Outlook, in company with other journals, said that there was no provision requiring the payment of the additional tax (which is the extra tax assessed on that portion of the individual's income which exceeds $20,000) on income from corporate dividends. We have since been assured by those who framed the income tax section that such is not the case. They believe that the section does provide for the payment of the additional tax on income from corporate dividends. In spite of this assurance, the doubt persists. In other words, we seriously question whether in this particular the section provides what its authors intended it to provide. A bill about which such grave doubts can exist is far from being well drawn.

This is only one of several provisions of the section about which there is serious disagreement as to meaning.

In the second place, we believe that the section sets up an unjust discrimination in favor of those whose income is derived in the form of dividends from the ownership of the stock of corporations, and against those whose income is derived in the form of salaries from their own enterprise and energy.

The stockholder will not feel the tax, even if, as is unlikely, his income is lessened by it. The salaried worker will feel the tax, and his income will be lessened by it.

The income tax section continues the present corporation tax, without altering it, at least in the case of incomes under $20,000. This is a tax assessed not upon dividends but upon the net income of the corporation. It is not at all probable that the effect of the corporation tax has been to reduce dividends to any appreciable extent. At any rate, if dividends have been reduced because of the tax, the cases in which it has occurred have not come to our attention. The natural desire of the managers of corporations would be to pay the tax without disturbing dividends, saving the amount of the tax by economies or added efficiency in other directions. Broadly speaking, the stockholder has not felt the corporation tax. He will feel it no more when it becomes a part of the income tax system.

The salaried worker, on the other hand, *will* feel the income tax. It is true that the tax will be paid by his employer for him. But, according to the provisions of the section, it will be "withheld" from his salary and will consequently diminish it.

The corporation tax has not reduced dividends; the stockholder has not felt it. The income tax *will* reduce salaries. The salaried worker *will* feel it.

If any distinction is to be made between different classes of citizens, it should be in favor of the citizen whose income is earned directly by his own energy and industry.

A law which favors income derived from property at the expense of the earned income is an unjust law.

FIXED PRICES VERSUS CUT PRICES

One of the industrial questions of the day which is likely in the near future to demand a large amount of public attention and discussion is this: Shall manufacturers be permitted to fix the retail price of a Nationally advertised article and to maintain that price by the aid of the law? This was the subject of discussion of a largely attended and very pleasant dinner of the Association of National Advertising Managers which was held at the Hotel Astor in New York City last week. The chief speaker of the evening was Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, the distinguished Boston lawyer, who is one of the champions of the anti-monopoly movement in this country. His well-known opposition to artificial industrial monopoly and his equally well-known insistence that natural or semi-natural monopolies like the railways shall be stringently regulated by the Government give special value and interest to his views on the above-stated question regarding retail prices. He believes, as he stated at this dinner, and The Outlook heartily shares his belief, that social justice requires that the manufacturer of an article for which he has created a National reputation by his honesty, efficiency, and advertising shall be permitted to name and maintain the retail price at which that article shall be sold. Many people have a vague impression that this is fostering monopoly, and Mr. Brandeis took the occasion to say that there should be made in the public mind a clear distinction between a combination of all the manufacturers in a certain line of trade to fix the price of the entire product of that trade, which is monopoly, and the perfectly proper and desirable effort of a single manufacturer to fix the price of a single article which he alone makes.

Questions of this nature can often be illumined by illustrations drawn from the common and ordinary affairs of every-day life. For instance, there are two white floating soaps manufactured in this country which, because of their special qualities and their very wide advertising, have been made known to every housekeeper in the land. One is Ivory Soap, made by the Procter & Gamble Company; the other is Fairy Soap, made by the N. K. Fairbank Company. It is to the advantage of the housekeeper to know when she pays five cents for a cake of Ivory Soap or of Fairy Soap that every other housekeeper in every other community of the United States is paying the same price. Special privilege, to destroy which is one of the great ends of the modern movement for social justice, is thus eradicated, for every housekeeper is receiving equal treatment with every other housekeeper. But this is not monopoly, for Fairy Soap and Ivory Soap are constantly and everywhere competing against each other. If the manufacturers of Fairy Soap and Ivory Soap combine to raise the price to ten cents, some other soap manufacturer will at once enter the field on a five-cent basis. What the Government must not do is to permit all the soap manufacturers to combine for a control of all soap fats and other ingredients and of the patented machinery for making soap, so that they can raise the price to an exorbitant figure and keep out of the trade any manufacturer who wishes to compete with them. This is putting in plain language the fundamental distinction between price fixing and price monopoly.

At the dinner to which we have referred, Mr. Henry B. Joy, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, in his address called attention to the fact that the Department of Justice at Washington is on record as desiring to enjoin or forbid manufacturers of specially branded and advertised articles "from exacting in any manner an agreement or understanding from the retailers of said product that they shall sell the same at a price fixed or at any other uniform price." If this is a correct interpretation of the attitude of the present Administration as to retail pricing, we believe that the Government in its honest endeavor to promote social justice is really undermining it.

Another speaker at the dinner, Mr. William H. Ingersoll, of the firm which supplies Americans with an excellent and serviceable watch at the extraordinary price of one dollar—a price which cannot by the most enthusiastic anti-monopolist be called excessive—pointed out that Denmark, a country which has been most progressive in pro-social and anti-privilege legislation, has passed laws making indiscriminate price-cutting illegal. Mr. Ingersoll also quoted German court decisions which have sustained the principle that price-cutting by retailers is often destructive of real competition. The intelligent discussion and the proper solution of this question of retail prices of standard articles of trade is one, in our judgment, of great political and social importance to the consumer as well as to the manufacturer.

In an article to be published at an early date in The Outlook we propose to give the views of a well-known New York lawyer who has made a special study of retail price-fixing in its relations to the courts, to the manufacturer, and to the consumer. In the meantime we should be glad to have our readers consider the following questions:

1. Are fixed prices ever desirable, and if so, when and where are they desirable?
2. What have been the history and procedure of civilization in fixing retail prices?
3. Have we in this country now a recognized commercial system of fixing retail prices?
4. Is there any revolt against that system? If so, what is the revolt and what are its causes?
5. Are the manufacturers justified in their fear that public opinion, either led by or expressed in Government action, is planning to destroy the system of fixing retail prices?
6. Should we strive to prevent this destruction, and if so, how?
7. If we do prevent it, shall we be content with the procedure of the last twenty-five years for the fixing of retail prices, or shall we adopt some new methods of procedure?
8. If we desire some new methods of procedure, what shall they be?

In a later issue we shall endeavor to answer these questions ourselves—for we have some definite opinions regarding them—and to present a summary of such answers as we may receive from our readers.

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GOOD SPORT

No Harvard man or Pennsylvania man will begrudge the victory won by the Princeton crew in the regatta on the Charles last week. The race itself and the conditions under which it was rowed afforded a fine example of sportsmanship. Princeton's pleasure in the victory had an added zest from the fact that it comes in the second year of the revival of intercollegiate rowing at the New Jersey university; and whatever disappointment may have come to Princeton's opponents must have been considerably alleviated by the pleasure that all good sportsmen have in seeing reward come so quickly and honorably as it has come in this race. All who are interested in college athletics generally will find a certain satisfaction in Princeton's victory, because it is the result of a definite policy of restraint—of keeping athletics within bounds.

Naturally, when Princeton received a lake as a gift from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the temptation was at once presented to enter into the general competition for the rowing "championship;" but Mr. Spaeth, who came to Princeton as the instructor in rowing, believed in a different policy. As a result, Carnegie Lake at Princeton has been not merely a practice place for a varsity crew trained for a four-mile race against other varsity crews, but, as one newspaper correspondent calls it, an "aquatic playground" for the whole college. Mr. Spaeth, moreover, does not believe in the four-mile race. Since four miles is the standard distance for intercollegiate boat-racing in this country, as it is in England, this meant that Princeton would not be a factor in the principal intercollegiate boat races. To any one who knows what a lure the term "championship" has for most college undergraduates, the adoption of this policy by Princeton is the more creditable. Now this Princeton crew has matched itself against Pennsylvania, which has always been a factor in the Poughkeepsie race, and against Harvard, which has the prestige of recent victories over Yale. And Princeton has come out first. It is true that both the Pennsylvania and the Harvard crews have been trained and must be trained for the four-mile race, and this race was for a distance of a mile and seven-eighths; but this is not an excuse; it is not perhaps even an explanation; any crew that enters for any race thereby accepts the conditions of the race. The Princeton victory is thus not only reward for rowing skill, but for moral courage in carrying out a definite and wholesome athletic policy.

There was something, however, in that race that is better than the victory. There ought to be in every athletic contest something better than the victory, whoever wins it. This lay in the spirit which surrounded the visit of the Pennsylvania and Princeton crews to Cambridge.

There are many college graduates, who still count themselves young men, who remember the time when the boathouse of a college crew was something like an armed camp, when all the doings of the crew and its trainers and its coaches were shrouded in mystery, when secrecy was as much a part of athletic preparation as it is a part of military preparation, when spies were sent out to watch the movements of the adversary, and when it was counted a brilliant stroke of strategy to fool one's opponents as to the time of a practice row, and an equally brilliant stroke of strategy to discover, by means of a stop-watch held in the hand of a concealed spy, the time of a practice row of an opponent. To keep an opposing crew wakeful during the night preceding a race has never been considered the thing to do, but the fear of the attempt to do so has sometimes, it has been currently believed, sent a crew or other athletic team into secret or secluded quarters.

The contrast afforded by this race is decidedly worth noting. The visiting crew were visitors in fact. They were made the guests of Harvard undergraduates, who vacated their dormitory rooms in the Yard that their guests might occupy them. The race was to have been rowed on Saturday, but the water was so rough that a race that day was out of the question. There was some uncertainty as to whether the Princeton and Pennsylvania authorities would allow the crews to remain over Sunday, in order that the race might be rowed upon Monday. Presumably because the visiting crews did not wish to outstay their invitations, preparations were made by them to leave the rooms, but their Harvard hosts would not hear of such a thing. The Princeton and Pennsylvania crews therefore spent Sunday in the Harvard dormitories. The New York "Evening Post's" writer on athletic events, who calls himself "Fair Play," says concerning this visit:

> It was very amusing but at the same time extremely delightful yesterday to see the real owners of rooms in Holworthy or Thayer pop into their apartments for books or clothing or something of their possessions they needed, apologizing the while in their half-embarrassed manner, as though they, indeed, were the intruders.

This writer also calls attention to the fact that on the day on which this race was to have been held "Harvard athletic organizations representing ten branches of sport were engaged in contest at Cambridge and elsewhere, involving in all two hundred men out of two thousand students eligible to compete in university sport. Besides, some three hundred students were engaged in scrub baseball games, golf, tennis, and the like. Altogether, twenty-five per cent of the student body engaged in sport on Saturday."

This illustrates the new spirit that has been growing in intercollegiate athletics. In the old days the undergraduates seemed to be made for athletics. Nowadays athletics seems more and more to be made for the undergraduate.

The "Harvard Alumni Bulletin," in its comment upon the agreement by which Mr. Haughton will coach the Harvard football team for the next three seasons, supplies another illustration of this new spirit. It says of what Mr. Haughton has done for Harvard football: "We believe he has put it on a more sane footing than has hitherto existed anywhere. The wearing drudgery of practice has been to some extent transformed into real fun, and the athletes who used to look forward with dread to the work of the afternoon have come to anticipate it with pleasure." The "Bulletin" calls this a real service. We should be willing to go further and say that, if Mr. Haughton had done nothing else, he would have deserved well of the University. It must be gratifying to all Harvard men that at the same time he has shown that a sounder, saner spirit in athletics means a larger share of victories.

This experience of Harvard in football and of Princeton in rowing is not always the experience of those who are improving the tone of college athletics. It is therefore especially satisfactory to note these instances in which something besides virtue has been virtue's reward.

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LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

In your letter printed week before last you said that the great central truth of the Christian doctrine is that God gave his only Son to redeem the world from the penalty of the law.

How far this is the faith of the Church I will not undertake to consider, but in my judgment it is not the teaching of the Bible. The New Testament lays much emphasis on the sacrifice of Christ. It affirms that he has suffered on our behalf and that the forgiveness of our sins is procured for us through his suffering. But it never declares that because of his suffering we are released from punishment. It is a curious and significant fact that while the phrase "remission of sins" is frequently repeated in the New Testament, the phrase "remission of penalty or punishment" never occurs. And between the remission of sin and the remission of punishment there is a great difference.

A father tells his boy that he must not play with fire, and that if he does, he will be severely punished. The boy disregards his father's command, and while the father is away from home starts a fire near a haystack. The haystack catches fire, and for a time the barn and the house are threatened. They are saved with difficulty, and the father comes home to find an invalid wife whose life has been imperiled by the son's disobedience, and the son himself in an agony of remorse over the destruction which he has caused and the danger which he has threatened. The father is too wise to whip the son while he is himself still angry. He waits until some quiet of mind has been secured in himself, in his son, and in the mother. He then sits down with his son, to reason with him. He points out to him the serious injury his disobedience has caused and the suffering it has brought upon the mother and upon himself. The boy breaks down and says, "Father, I will never play with fire again." The father breaks down also and says, "I will not punish you this time." The son replies, "Yes, father, I think you ought to punish me; you said that you would, and you must fulfill your word;" and the father complies and inflicts the threatened punishment on the son. In this incident, which is not wholly imaginary, the son receives the punishment and yet he is forgiven by the father. The son is saved, not from the punishment, but from future disobedience and from the bitterness of remorse, by the suffering of the father and the mother; but he is not saved from punishment. Indeed, strange as it may seem, the infliction of the punishment contributes with the forgiveness of the father in delivering the son from remorse.

Some years ago—the date is immaterial—a young lady of cultivation and scholarship, and, I judge from the incident I am about to relate, of some means, graduated from Vassar College, went abroad to study sociology in Germany, came back and took the degree of Ph.D. in sociology from the Chicago University, and did this because she wished to devote her life to rescuing criminal and vicious women from their criminal and vicious lives. About the same time some gentlemen, inspired by the same spirit, organized and secured from the Legislature of New York an appropriation for a reformatory for women, situated about an hour's ride from New York City, and now known as the Bedford Reformatory. To the superintendency of this Reformatory they called this graduate of Vassar, Miss Katherine B. Davis. To this Reformatory women arrested for violation of law are sent by the courts of New York City. In the view of the Judge the woman is often sent as a punishment; in the view of Miss Davis the woman is received as a patient for cure. She is devoting her life, not to secure release from punishment for these women, but to secure their recovery from their sin.

I do not doubt that Miss Davis would say what General Armstrong said in his diary, "I have never known what self-sacrifice means." This is because there is no joy quite so great as the joy of self-sacrifice—a statement which will possibly seem an impossible paradox to some of my readers. But there can be no question that Miss Davis is laying down her life for these criminal and vicious women, and in the view of society a criminal and vicious woman is regarded as the most hopeless of outcasts. Miss Davis is suffering with them and for them, for she counts them as her sisters and bears in herself the shame and sorrow of their lives, in order that she may impart to them the hope and the purpose of her own life. If the State gave her authority, she could open the prison doors to all the inmates, as she now does from time to time to those inmates who have given sufficient evidence that they have acquired the purpose and the strength to live reformed lives. This opening of the prison door to them would cost her nothing. But living in the prison with them and making their experiences her own, that she may impart her experience to them, is accomplished at a great cost. There is no reason why remission of penalty should cost the one who grants it anything; but no one can give his life to the remission of sin without self-sacrifice.

The Nicene Creed, which is recognized by most Christian Churches as a statement of their faith, declares of Jesus Christ that he "for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven." He came unto a world of sinners, as Miss Davis has gone unto a world of sinners, not to succor us from penalty, for of such succor there is no promise in the New Testament, but to succor us from sin, for the New Testament abounds in promises of this succor:

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"This is my blood of the new testament,

which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood."

"The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will."

I do not believe that Jesus Christ died either to appease the wrath of an angry God and induce him to forgive, or to satisfy the law of an inexorable God and enable him to forgive. I cannot believe that Jesus Christ, who compared his Father to a landlord who, when his tenant had nothing to pay, freely forgave him the debt, intended us to believe that God exacts the last penny from those who are indebted to him, but allows some one else to pay the debt for us. I cannot believe that Jesus Christ, who compared God to a father who, when his prodigal son waited afar off from the home, afraid to return, went out to meet him, uttered no reproach, but welcomed him with gladness to a feast, a robe, and a ring, meant us to believe that our Father will not forgive our sins unless our elder brother has suffered the punishment which those sins justly deserve. I cannot believe that Jesus Christ, who repeatedly forgave sins, and never offered a sacrifice on behalf of the sinner, nor sent the sinner to the Temple to offer a sacrifice on his own behalf, meant us to understand that we could not be forgiven unless forgiveness had been purchased for us by the suffering or death of an innocent victim.

No sacrifice is necessary to enable a Governor to sign a pardon for a prisoner; no sacrifice was necessary to enable President Taft to sign the paper which released Charles W. Morse. But sacrifice is necessary to redeem a sinful soul from sin and set him in the path of righteousness; sacrifice is necessary to enable Miss Davis to recover, from ways of wrong-doing that lead to ruin, those for whom she is laying down her life.

The sacrifice of Jesus Christ began in his boyhood and continued to his death. He knew the sacrifice which comes from the limitations imposed by poverty; from the denial of all opportunities for the larger and broader education; from the hatred of his enemies and from the misunderstanding of his friends; from a body overtaxed by toil and from a spirit assailed by real, not fictitious, temptations; and, most of all, the sacrifice which comes from entering into, realizing, sharing with others their experiences of shame and sorrow, because of their awakened consciousness of sin.

The New Testament affords many indications of this continued sacrifice. Christ's healing of the sick was not the easy, unsuffering work we sometimes imagine it to be. When he did this work of healing, the people, seeing the effect upon him, recalled the words of Isaiah: "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." The multitude which surrounded him filled him with sorrow no less when they greeted him with cheers at the Sea of Galilee than when they greeted him with jeers in the city of Jerusalem. He saw them hungry, not only for food but for instruction, and "was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." His dull disciples could not comprehend him. When he told them of the approaching era of persecutions and of conflict, emphasizing the peril by Oriental imagery, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one," he got this reply: "Lord, behold, here are two swords." Once or twice the burden on his life imposed by the dullness of his companions was too great for him to bear in silence. "O faithless and perverse generation," he cried out, "how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?"

Christ's death was not his sacrifice; it was at once the culmination and the end of his sacrifice. He laid down his life for us in every lesson he taught, in every service he rendered, in every sickness he healed, in every sin he forgave, in every sorrow he shared with his fellow-men. By entering into the life of humanity and sharing their sorrows and the burden of their sins, he revealed to us a God who is ever entering into the lives of his children, who suffers with them and for them, and by giving his life *to* them gives it *for* them. To use the language of one of the prophets of the New Testament, his blood is the blood of the Everlasting Covenant; to use the language of another, he laid down his life that we, imitating his example, might be possessed of the same spirit and lay down our lives for the brethren. And the object of this his sacrifice was, not that he might save us from the just penalty of our transgression, but that he might make us perfect in every good work to do his will.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

WILL AUSTRIA-HUNGARY BREAK UP?

BY COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

The author of the following article, which refers to The Outlook's report of an article by "Fabricius," is the son of Count George Apponyi, late Chief Justice of the Kingdom of Hungary. Of all Hungarian statesmen, Count Albert Apponyi enjoys probably the widest reputation. This has been accentuated by his attendance at the meetings of the Inter-Parliamentary Union and other similar international gatherings, where his towering figure has been a familiar sight and where no speaker has made an impression for greater eloquence and sincerity. His personal influence at home and abroad has been marked. He has been a member of the lower house of the Hungarian Parliament for nearly forty years; for two years of that time he was Speaker. He has long been Minister of Public Education; and his experience in this department has increased his intimate acquaintance with his own country and his desire to make it respected.—THE EDITORS.

THE question "Will Austria-Hungary break up?" is put by an author who writes on it under the name of "Fabricius" in the "Fortnightly Review," and it is answered by him in a pessimistic sense. Now, Mr. Fabricius is certainly an upright and well-deserving gentleman, and he may be, for all I know, a learned one—on other subjects; but of Austria-Hungary he does not know the most essential facts. He seems to consider her as "one country" under one government, inhabited by so many different races; stating this, he simply ignores the fact that the European power called Austria-Hungary consists of two countries united for purposes of foreign policy, but otherwise independent. The Austrian Empire (Kaiserthum) and the Kingdom of Hungary—these two countries are so different in their history, in their traditions, in their government, in their constitution, in their habits, in their mentality, that it is impossible to speak of them both in the same train of eulogy or criticism, to apply to them the same tests and the same forecasts. They are ruled by one monarch, it is true, meaning thereby that the same physical person holds the office of Emperor in Austria and of King in Hungary, though with a widely different prerogative in each of these capacities. They have two absolutely independent legislatures, elected on different franchise laws, and two independent governments, with different attributions, in the sense of the two constitutions, of which the Hungarian one is as old as the Hungarian nation and as the English constitution, while the Austrian constitution is a free gift of the Emperor, granted to his Austrian subjects half a century ago. It is only for purposes of foreign policy or of war that common agents and common constitutions have been devised by the free consent of both legislatures.

Now, some problems in both countries (and, for the matter of that, in the whole eastern part of Europe) bear a strong family likeness; but even these are none the less essentially different in their nature and in their practical consequences. Such is the racial problem. There are several races in Hungary and there are many races in Austria, but Hungary is none the less an organic unity, created by the law of common Hungarian citizenship granting equal rights without distinction of race, prevailing under different forms through the ten centuries of her history, by that history in itself, by the fact that one race, the Magyar race, which has been the founder of the Hungarian kingdom, numbers fifty-four per cent of the whole population in Hungary proper (not including Croatia, which, though belonging to the Hungarian Crown, is a self-governing country) and nearly eighty per cent of the educated classes, the rest being divided into smaller racial lots. Among some of these non-Magyar races living in Hungary there are traces of a revolutionary spirit which gives trouble now and then; but so overwhelmingly stronger are the traditional forces that make for national unity that this does not amount to anything like serious danger.

In Austria the racial question takes a different aspect, because there it rests on provincial organizations representing traditions of formerly independent kingdoms and principalities. Of Austria it may be said with some truth—what Mr. Fabricius most inaccurately asserts of Austria-Hungary—that she is " collection of huge estates acquired by the reigning family." It is therefore mere trifling with figures to speculate on the sum total of Germans, Slavs, etc., throughout Austria-Hungary. There is no political meaning in these arithmetical results; it is adding items of a different kind, though possibly of a similar name. The great primordial fact, to be borne in mind by every one who wants to understand anything of Austro-Hungarian affairs, is the distinction of Austria and of Hungary, a distinction not fictitious, not juridical only, but most real, extending to the very principle of national life in both countries. And I may add that safety for the future of the great power called Austria-Hungary lies in that distinction. The reigning dynasty worked hard for nearly four centuries to cancel it, to amalgamate Hungary into one empire with Austria; the mercy of Providence denied success to these designs. The organic power of independent and united Hungary is the main force which counteracts the peril wrought by centrifugal tendencies in Austria. I sincerely hope that Austria will overcome her difficulties; I think foreign writers are apt to take an exaggerated view of them and to overlook the forces that work for cohesion, the traditions of several centuries, the sincere devotion to the reigning dynasty which characterizes an overwhelming majority of Austrians. But whatever be the case in Austria, there is Hungary, a country whose natural energies and organic constitution no one of the most formidable Powers has been able to shake for nearly ten centuries. She is stronger now than she had been in former times; we may well consider her as safe for the future, and, through her, Austria-Hungary too.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL

BY HELEN COALE CREW

Life had become a weariness,
A vast confusion and distress;
A riot of passions and a din
Of strife, with undertones of sin.
The city streets a menace hid;
The city ways—ah, God forbid!
The very smell of poverty
Uprose and beat upon the sky
And darkened it with fetid breath.
My soul was sickened unto death.

God pitied me; and when I fled
The hateful place, he backward led
My feet into the city's gloom,
And there, behold! a wondrous room
Broke on my vision. *O fair place*
Of peace and purity and grace!
O citizens within whose eyes
Unshadowed truth forever lies!
"What heaven is this, O Lord?" Said He,
"This is your children's nursery."

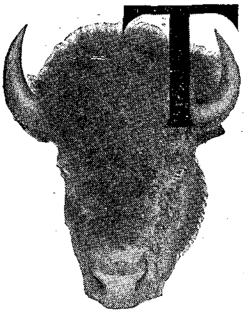
IN COWBOY LAND

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FOURTH INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"[1]



THOUGH I had previously made a trip into the then Territory of Dakota, beyond the Red River, it was not until 1883 that I went to the Little Missouri, and there took hold of two cattle ranches, the Chimney Butte and the Elkhorn.

OLD DAYS IN THE FAR WEST

It was still the Wild West in those days, the Far West, the West of Owen Wister's stories and Frederic Remington's drawings, the West of the Indian and the buffalo-hunter, the soldier and the cow-puncher. That land of the West has gone now, "gone, gone with lost Atlantis," gone to the isle of ghosts and of strange dead memories. It was a land of vast silent spaces, of lonely rivers, and of plains where the wild game stared at the passing horseman. It was a land of scattered ranches, of herds of long-horned cattle, and of reckless riders who unmoved looked in the eyes of life or of death. In that land we led a free and hardy life, with horse and with rifle. We worked under the scorching midsummer sun, when the wide plains shimmered and wavered in the heat; and we knew the freezing misery of riding night guard round the cattle in the late fall round-up. In the soft springtime the stars were glorious in our eyes each night before we fell asleep; and in the winter we rode through blinding blizzards, when the driven snow-dust burnt our faces. There were monotonous days, as we guided the trail cattle or the beef herds, hour after hour, at the slowest of walks; and minutes or hours teeming with excitement as we stopped stampedes or swam the herds across rivers treacherous with quicksands or brimmed with running ice. We knew toil and hardship and hunger and thirst; and we saw men die violent deaths as they worked among the horses and cattle, or fought in evil feuds with one another; but we felt the beat of hardy life in our veins, and ours was the glory of work and the joy of living.

It was right and necessary that this life should pass, for the safety of our country lies in its being made the country of the small home-maker. The great unfenced ranches, in the days of "free grass," necessarily represented a temporary stage in our history. The large migratory flocks of sheep, each guarded by the hired shepherds of absentee owners, were the first enemies of the cattle-men; and owing to the way they ate out the grass and destroyed all other vegetation, these roving sheep bands represented little of permanent good to the country. But the homesteaders, the permanent settlers, the men who took up each his own farm on which he lived and brought up his family, these represented from the National standpoint the most desirable of all possible users of, and dwellers on, the soil. Their advent meant the breaking up of the big ranches; and the change was a National gain, although to some of us an individual loss.

BOBCATS AND OLD SLEDGE

I first reached the Little Missouri on a Northern Pacific train about three in the morning of a cool September day in 1883. Aside from the station, the only building was a ramshackle structure called the Pyramid Park Hotel. I dragged my duffle-bag thither, and hammered at the door until the frowsy proprietor appeared, muttering oaths. He ushered me upstairs, where I was given one of the fourteen beds in the room which by itself constituted the entire upper floor. Next day I walked over to the abandoned army

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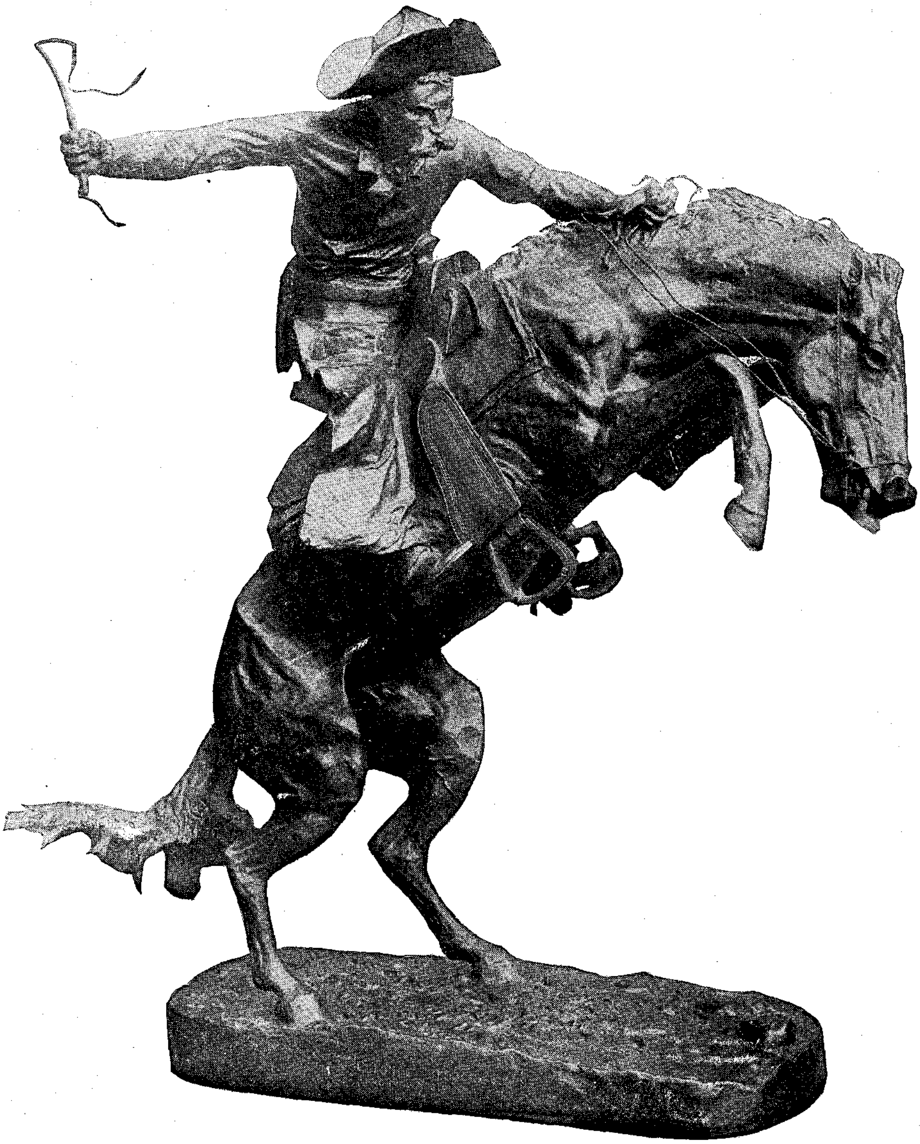

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THE BRONCO BUSTER, BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Presented to Colonel Roosevelt on September 15, 1898, by his regiment at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, where the Rough Riders were disbanded after the close of the Spanish-American War post, and, after some hours among the gray log shacks, a ranchman who had driven into the station agreed to take me out to his ranch, the Chimney Butte ranch, where he was living with his brother and their partner.

The ranch was a log structure with a dirt roof, a corral for the horses near by, and a chicken-house jabbed against the rear of the ranch house. Inside there was only one room, with a table, three or four chairs, a cooking-stove, and three bunks. The owners were Sylvane and Joe Ferris and William J. Merrifield. Later all three of them held my commissions while I was President. Merrifield was Marshal of Montana, and as Presidential elector cast the vote of that State for me in 1904; Sylvane Ferris was Land Officer in North Dakota, and Joe Ferris Postmaster at Medora. There was a fourth man, George Meyer, who also worked for me later. That evening we all played old sledge round the table, and at one period the game was interrupted by a frightful squawking outside which told us that a bobcat had made a raid on the chicken-house.

After a buffalo hunt with my original friend, Joe Ferris, I entered into partnership with Merrifield and Sylvane Ferris, and we started a cow ranch, with the maltese cross brand—always known as "maltee cross," by the way, as the general impression along the Little Missouri was that "maltese" must be a plural. Twenty-nine years later my four friends of that night were delegates to the First Progressive National Convention at Chicago. They were among my most constant companions for the few years next succeeding the evening when the bobcat interrupted the game of old sledge. I lived and worked with them on the ranch, and with them and many others like them on the round-up; and I brought out from Maine, in order to start the Elkhorn ranch lower down the river, my two backwoods friends Sewall and Dow. My brands for the lower ranch were the elkhorn and triangle.

AT THE ELKHORN RANCH

I do not believe there ever was any life more attractive to a vigorous young fellow than life on a cattle ranch in those days. It was a fine, healthy life, too; it taught a man self-reliance, hardihood, and the value of instant decision—in short, the virtues that ought to come from life in the open country. I enjoyed the life to the full. After the first year I built on the Elkhorn ranch a long, low ranch house of hewn logs, with a veranda, and with, in addition to the other rooms, a bedroom for myself, and a sitting-room with a big fireplace. I got out a rocking-chair—I am very fond of rocking-chairs—and enough books to fill two or three shelves, and a rubber bathtub so that I could get a bath. And then I do not see how any one could have lived more comfortably. We had buffalo robes and bearskins of our own killing. We always kept the house clean—using the word in a rather large sense. There were at least two rooms that were always warm, even in the bitterest weather; and we had plenty to eat. Commonly the mainstay of every meal was game of our own killing, usually antelope or deer, sometimes grouse or ducks, and occasionally, in the earlier days, buffalo or elk. We also had flour and bacon, sugar, salt, and canned tomatoes. And later, when some of the men married and brought out their wives, we had all kinds of good things, such as jams and jellies made from the wild plums and the buffalo berries, and potatoes from the forlorn little garden patch. Moreover, we had milk. Most ranchmen at that time never had milk. I knew more than one ranch with ten thousand head of cattle where there was not a cow that could be milked. We made up our minds that we would be more enterprising. Accordingly, we started to domesticate some of the cows. Our first effort was not successful, chiefly because we did not devote the needed time and patience to the matter. And we found that to race a cow two miles at full speed on horseback, then rope her, throw her, and turn her upside down to milk her, while exhilarating as a pastime, was not productive of results. Gradually we accumulated tame cows, and, after we had thinned out the bobcats and coyotes, more chickens.

ON THE LITTLE MISSOURI

The ranch house stood on the brink of a low bluff overlooking the broad, shallow bed of the Little Missouri, through which at most seasons there ran only a trickle of water, while in times of freshet it was filled brimfull with the boiling, foaming, muddy torrent. There was no neighbor for ten or fifteen miles on either side of me. The river twisted down in long curves between narrow bottoms bordered by sheer cliff walls, for the Bad Lands, a chaos of peaks, plateaus, and ridges, rose abruptly from the edges of the level tree-clad, or grassy, alluvial meadows. In front of the ranch-house veranda was a row of cottonwood trees with gray-green leaves which

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS EARLY WESTERN DAYS

"I do not believe there ever was any life more attractive to a vigorous young fellow than life on a cattle ranch"

quivered all day long if there was a breath of air. From these trees came the far-away, melancholy cooing of mourning doves, and little owls perched in them and called tremulously at night. In the long summer afternoons we would sometimes sit on the piazza, when there was no work to be done, for an hour or two at a time, watching the cattle on the sand-bars, and the sharply channeled and strangely carved amphitheater of cliffs across the bottom opposite; while the vultures wheeled overhead, their black shadows gliding across the glaring white of the dry river-bed. Sometimes from the ranch we saw deer, and once when we needed meat I shot one across the river as I stood on the piazza. In the winter, in the days of iron cold, when everything was white under the snow, the river lay in its bed fixed and immovable as a bar of bent steel, and then at night wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it as if it had been a highway passing in front of the ranch house. Often in the late fall or early winter, after a hard day's hunting, or when returning from one of the winter line camps, we did not reach the ranch until hours after sunset; and after the weary tramping in the cold it was keen pleasure to catch the first red gleam of the fire-lit windows across the snowy wastes.

"BEAVERING"

The Elkhorn ranch house was built mainly by Sewall and Dow, who, like most men from the Maine woods, were mighty with the ax. I could chop fairly well for an amateur, but I could not do one-third the work they could. One day when we were cutting down the cottonwood trees, to begin our building operations, I heard some one ask Dow what the total cut had been, and Dow, not realizing that I was within hearing, answered: "Well, Bill cut down fifty-three, I cut forty-nine, and the boss he beavered down seventeen." Those who have seen the stump of a tree which has been gnawed down by a beaver will understand the exact force of the comparison.

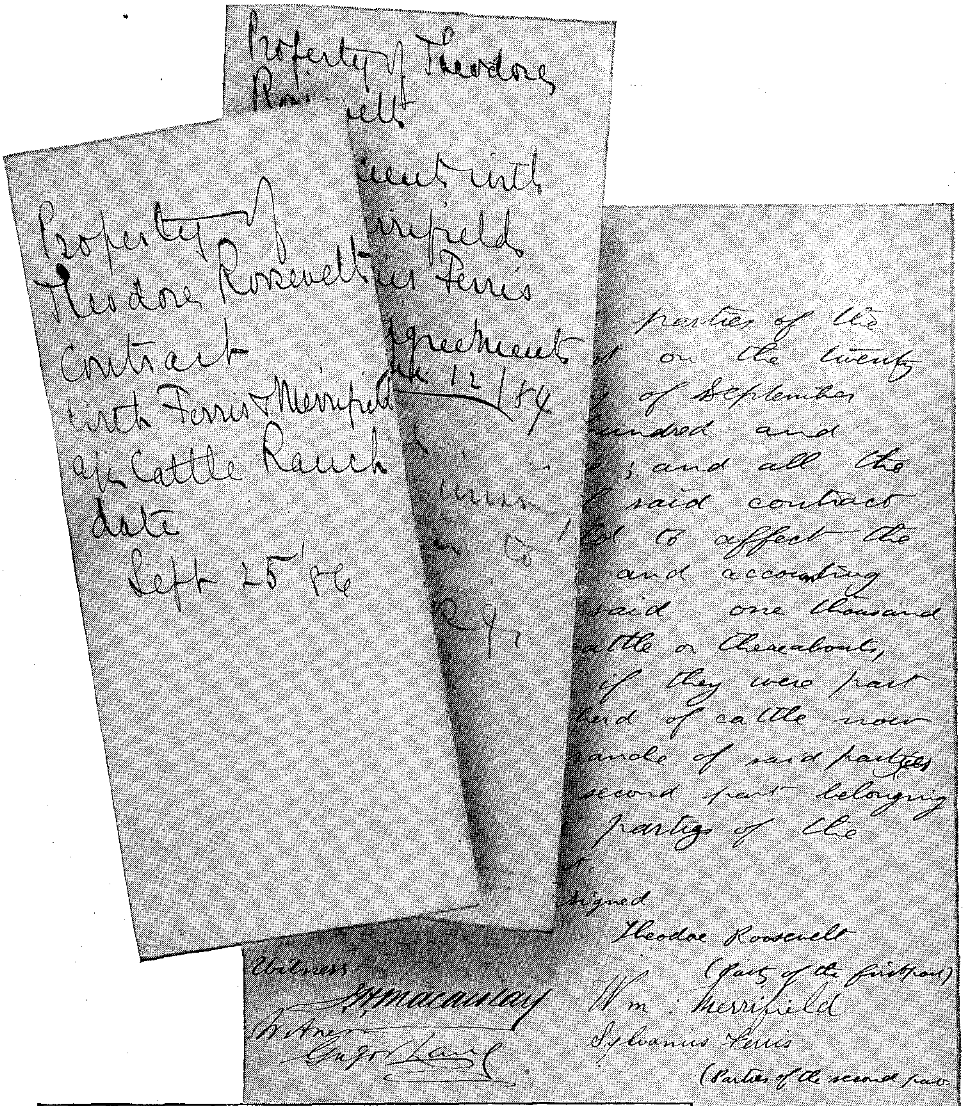
In those days on a cow ranch the men were apt to be away on the various round-ups at least half the time. It was interesting and exciting work, and except for the lack of sleep on the spring and summer round-ups it was not exhausting work; compared to lumbering or mining or blacksmithing, to sit in the saddle is an easy form of labor. The ponies were of course grass-fed and unshod. Each man had his own string of nine or ten. One pony would be used for the morning work, one for the afternoon, and neither would again be used for the next three days. A separate pony was kept for night riding.

THE ROUND-UP

The spring and early summer round-ups were especially for the branding of calves. There was much hard work and some risk on a round-up, but also much fun. The meeting-place was appointed weeks beforehand, and all the ranchmen of the territory to be covered by the round-up sent their representatives. There were no fences in the West that I knew, and their place was taken by the cowboy and the branding-iron. The cattle wandered free. Each calf was branded with the brand of the cow it was following. Sometimes in winter there was what we called line riding; that is, camps were established and the line riders traveled a definite beat across the desolate wastes of snow, to and fro from one camp to another, to prevent the cattle from drifting. But as a rule nothing was done to keep the cattle in any one place. In the spring there was a general round-up in each locality. Each outfit took part in its own round-up, and all the outfits of a given region combined to send representatives to the two or three round-ups that covered the neighborhoods near by into which their cattle might drift. For example, our Little Missouri round-up generally worked down the river from a distance of some fifty or sixty miles above my ranch towards the Kildeer Mountains, about the same distance below. In addition we would usually send representatives to the Yellowstone round-up, and to the round-up along the upper Little Missouri; and, moreover, if we heard that cattle had drifted, perhaps toward the Indian reservation southeast of us, we would send a wagon and rider after them.

THE COW-PUNCHERS

At the meeting-point, which might be in the valley of a half-dry stream, or in some broad bottom of the river itself, or perchance by a couple of ponds under some queerly shaped butte that was a landmark for the region round about, we would all gather on the appointed day. The chuck-wagons, containing the bedding and food, each drawn by four horses and driven by the teamster cook, would come jolting and rattling over the uneven sward. Accompanying each wagon were eight or ten riders, the cow-punchers, while their horses, a band of a hundred or so, were driven by the two herders, one of whom was known as the day wrangler and one as the night wrangler. The men were lean, sinewy fellows, accustomed to riding half-broken horses at any speed over any country by day or by night. They wore flannel shirts, with loose handkerchiefs knotted round their necks, broad hats, high-heeled boots with jingling spurs, and sometimes leather shaps, although often they merely had their trousers tucked into the tops of their high boots. There was a good deal of rough horse-play, and, as with any other gathering of men or boys of high animal spirits, the horse-play sometimes became very rough indeed; and as the men usually carried revolvers, and as there were occasionally one or two noted gun-fighters among them, there was now and then a shooting affray. A man who was a coward or who shirked his work had a bad time, of course; a man could not afford to let himself be bullied or treated as a butt; and, on the other hand, if he was "looking for a fight," he was certain to find it. But my own experience was that if a man did not talk until his associates knew him well and liked him, and if he did his work, he never had any difficulty in getting on. In my own round-up district I speedily grew to be friends with most of the men. When I went among strangers I always had to spend twenty-four hours in living down the fact that I wore spectacles, remaining as long as I could judiciously deaf to any side remarks about "four eyes," unless it became evident that my being quiet was misconstrued and that it was better to bring matters to a head at once.



Property of Theodore
Ro[…]elt
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Agreement
June 12/84

Property of
Theodore Roosevelt
Contract
with Ferris & Merrifield
of Cattle Ranch
date
Sept 25 '86

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on the twenty
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; and all the
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and according
said one thousand
cattle or thereabouts,
if they were part
herd of cattle now
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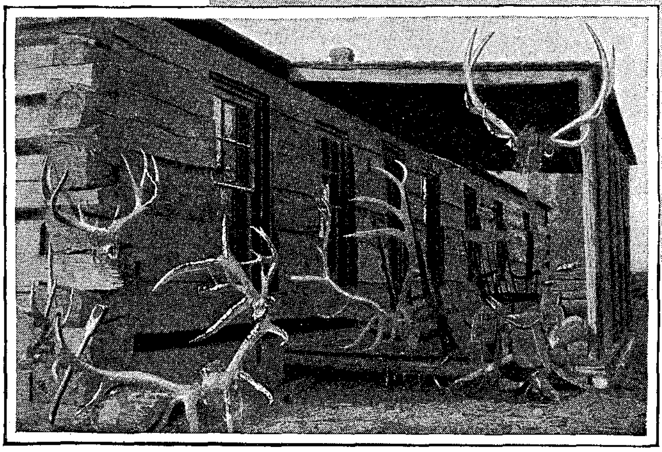
second part belonging
parties of the

Signed
Theodore Roosevelt
(Party of the first part)
Wm. Merrifield
Sylvanus Ferris
(Parties of the second part)

Witness
A. T. Macaulay
Gregor Lang

Little Missouri
Dakota
June 12th 1884



THE ELKHORN RANCH
HOUSE AND THE
DEEDS OF PURCHASE

If, for instance, I was sent off to represent the Little Missouri brands on some neighboring round-up, such as the Yellowstone, I usually showed that kind of diplomacy which consists in not uttering one word that can be avoided. I would probably have a couple of days' solitary ride, mounted on one horse and driving eight or ten others before me, one of them carrying my bedding. Loose horses drive best at a trot, or canter, and if a man is traveling alone in this fashion it is a good thing to have them reach the camp ground sufficiently late to make them desire to feed and sleep where they are until morning. In consequence I never spent more than two days on the journey from whatever the point was at which I left the Little Missouri, sleeping the one night for as limited a number of hours as possible.

WITH A CHUCK-WAGON

As soon as I reached the meeting-place I would find out the wagon to which I was assigned. Riding to it, I turned my horses into the saddle-band and reported to the wagon boss, or, in his absence, to the cook—always a privileged character, who was allowed and expected to order men around. He would usually grumble savagely and profanely about my having been put with his wagon, but this was merely conventional on his part; and if I sat down and said nothing he would probably soon ask me if I wanted anything to eat, to which the correct answer was that I was not hungry and would wait until meal-time. The bedding rolls of the riders would be strewn round the grass, and I would put mine down a little outside the ring, where I would not be in any one's way, with my six or eight branding-irons beside it. The men would ride in, laughing and talking with one another, and perhaps nodding to me. One of their number, usually the wagon foreman, might put some question to me as to what brands I represented, but no other word would be addressed to me, nor would I be expected to volunteer any conversation. Supper would consist of bacon, Dutch oven bread, and possibly beef; once I won the good graces of my companions at the outset by appearing with two antelope which I had shot. After supper I would roll up in my bedding as soon as possible, and the others would follow suit at their pleasure.

At three in the morning or thereabouts, at a yell from the cook, all hands would turn hurriedly out. Dressing was a simple affair. Then each man rolled and corded his bedding—if he did not, the cook would leave it behind and he would go without any for the rest of the trip—and come to the fire, where he picked out a tin cup, tin plate, and knife and fork, helped himself to coffee and to whatever food there was, and ate it standing or squatting as best suited him. Dawn was probably breaking by this time, and the trampling of unshod hoofs showed that the night wrangler was bringing in the pony herd. Two of the men would then run ropes from the wagon at right angles to one another, and into this as a corral the horses would be driven. Each man might rope one of his own horses, or more often point it out to the most skillful roper of the outfit, who would rope it for him—for if the man was an unskillful roper and roped the wrong horse or roped the horse in the wrong place there was a chance of the whole herd stampeding. Each man then saddled and bridled his horse. This was usually followed by some resolute bucking on the part of two or three of the horses, especially in the early days of each round-up. The bucking was always a source of amusement to all the men whose horses did not buck, and these fortunate ones would gather round giving ironical advice, and especially adjuring the rider not to "go to leather"—that is, not to steady himself in the saddle by catching hold of the saddle-horn.

THE LONG CIRCLE

As soon as the men had mounted, the whole outfit started on the long circle, the morning circle. Usually the ranch foreman who bossed a given wagon was put in charge of the men of one group by the round-up foreman; he might keep his men together until they had gone some ten or fifteen miles from camp, and then drop them in couples at different points. Each couple made its way toward the wagon, gathering all the cattle it could find. The morning's ride might last six or eight hours, and it was still longer before some of the men got in. Singly and in twos and threes they appeared from every quarter of the horizon, the dust rising from the hoofs of the steers and bulls, the cows and calves, they had collected. Two or three of the men were left to take care of the herd while the others changed horses, ate a hasty dinner, and then came out to the afternoon work. This consisted of each man in succession being sent into the herd, usually with a companion, to cut out the cows of his brand or brands which were followed by unbranded calves, and also to cut out any mavericks or unbranded yearlings. We worked each animal gently out to the edge of the herd, and then with a sudden dash took it off at a run. It was always desperately anxious to break back and rejoin the herd. There was much breakneck galloping and twisting and turning before its desire was thwarted and it was driven to join the rest of the cut—that is, the other animals which had been cut out, and which were being held by one or two other men. Cattle hate being alone, and it was no easy matter to hold the first one or two that were cut out; but soon they got a little herd of their own, and then they were contented. When the cutting out had all been done, the calves were branded, and all misadventures of the "calf wrestlers," the men who seized, threw, and held each calf when roped by the mounted roper, were hailed with yelling laughter. Then the animals which for one reason or another it was desired to drive along with the round-up were put into one herd and left in charge of a couple of night guards, and the rest of us would loaf back to the wagon for supper and bed.

WITH THE NIGHT HERD

By this time I would have been accepted as one of the rest of the outfit, and all strangeness would have passed off, the attitude of my fellow cow-punchers being one of friendly forgiveness even toward my spectacles. Night guards for the cattle herd were then assigned by the captain of the wagon, or perhaps by the round-up foreman, according to the needs of the case, the guards standing for two hours at a time from eight in the evening till four in the morning. The first and last watches were preferable, because sleep was not broken as in both of the other two. If things went well, the cattle would soon bed down and nothing further would occur until morning, when there was a repetition of the work, the wagon moving each day eight or ten miles to some appointed camping-place.

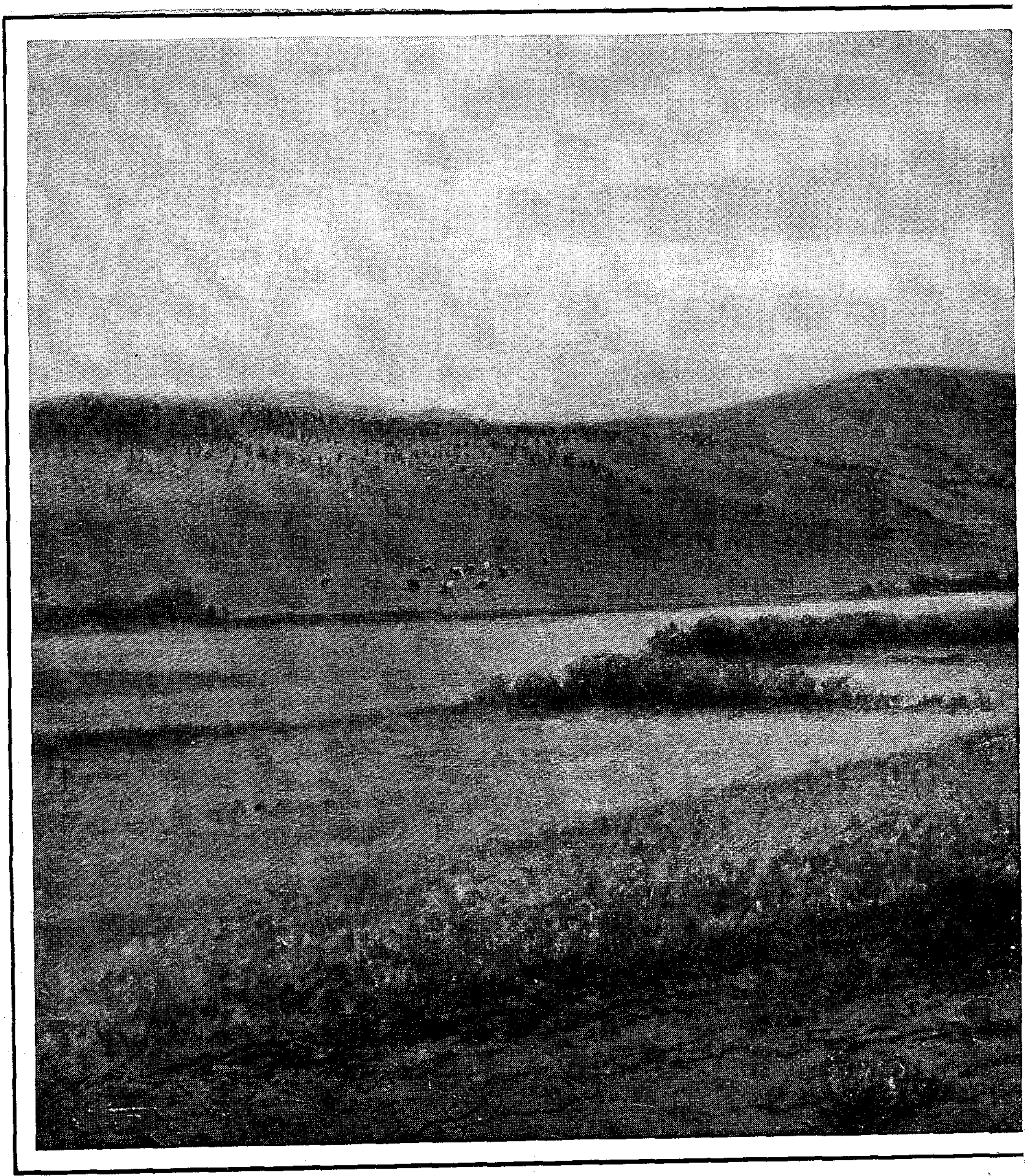
Each man would picket his night horse near the wagon, usually choosing the quietest animal in his string for that purpose, because to saddle and mount a "mean" horse at night is not pleasant. When utterly tired, it was hard to have to get up for one's trick at night herd. Nevertheless, on ordinary nights the two hours round the cattle in the still darkness were pleasant. The loneliness, under the vast empty sky, and the silence, in which the breathing of the cattle sounded loud, and the alert readiness to meet any emergency which might suddenly arise out of the formless night, all combined to give one a sense of subdued interest. Then, one soon got to know the cattle of marked individuality, the ones that led the others into mischief; and one also grew to recognize the traits they all possessed in common, and the impulses which, for instance, made a whole herd get up towards midnight, each beast turning round and then lying down again. But by the end of the watch each rider had studied the cattle until it grew monotonous, and heartily welcomed his relief guard. A newcomer, of course, had any amount to learn, and sometimes the simplest things were those which brought him to grief.

One night early in my career I failed satisfactorily to identify the direction in which I was to go in order to reach the night herd. It was a pitch-dark night. I managed to get started wrong, and I never found either the herd or the wagon again until sunrise, when I was greeted with withering scorn by the injured cow-puncher, who had been obliged to stand double guard because I failed to relieve him.

There were other misadventures that I met with where the excuse was greater. The punchers on night guard usually rode round the cattle in reverse directions; calling and singing to them if the beasts seemed restless, to keep them quiet. On rare occasions something happened that made the cattle stampede, and then the duty of the riders was to keep with them as long as possible and try gradually to get control of them.

A STAMPEDE

One night there was a heavy storm, and all of us who were at the wagons were obliged to turn out hastily to help the night herders. After a while there was a terrific peal of thunder, the lightning struck right by the herd, and away all the beasts went, heads and horns and tails in the air. For a minute or two I could make out nothing except the dark forms of the beasts running on every side of me, and I should have been very sorry if my horse had stumbled, for those behind would have trodden me down. Then the herd split, part going to one side, while the other part seemingly kept straight ahead, and I galloped as hard as ever beside them. I was trying to reach the point—the leading animals—in order to turn them, when suddenly there

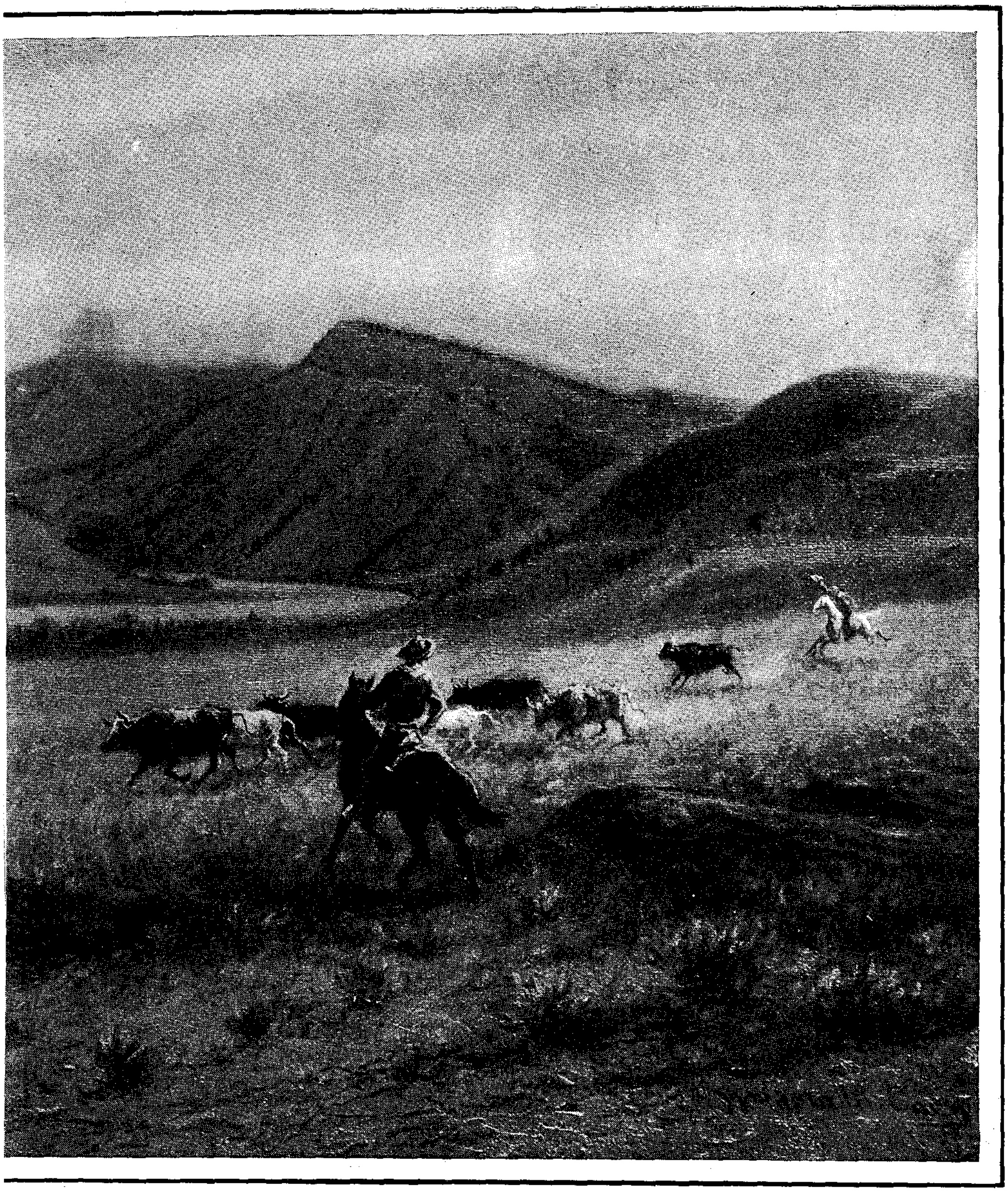


THE ROUND-UP ON

Painted for The Outlook by William de la M. Cary,

was a tremendous splashing in front. I could dimly make out that the cattle immediately ahead and to one side of me were disappearing, and the next moment the horse and I went off a cut bank into the Little Missouri. I bent away back in the saddle, and though the horse almost went down he just recovered himself, and, plunging and struggling through water and quicksand, we made the other side. Here I discovered that there was another cowboy with the same part of the herd that I was with; but almost immediately we separated. I galloped hard through a bottom covered with big cottonwood trees, and stopped the part of the herd that I was with, but almost immediately they broke on me again, and repeated this twice. Finally toward morning the few I had left came to a halt.

It had been raining hard for some time. I got off my horse and leaned against a tree, but before long the infernal cattle started on



LITTLE MISSOURI

a landscape sketch made by him in 1874

again, and I had to ride after them. Dawn came soon after this, and I was able to make out where I was and head the cattle back, collecting other little bunches as I went. After a while I came on a cowboy on foot carrying his saddle on his head. He was my companion of the previous night. His horse had gone full speed into a tree and killed itself, the man, however, not being hurt. I could not help him, as I had all I could do to handle the cattle. When I got them to the wagon, most of the other men had already come in and the riders were just starting on the long circle. One of the men changed my horse for me while I ate a hasty breakfast, and then we were off for the day's work.

FORTY HOURS IN THE SADDLE

As only about half of the night herd had been brought back, the circle riding was particularly heavy, and it was ten hours before we were back at the wagon. We then changed horses again and worked the whole herd until after sunset, finishing just as it grew too dark to do anything more. By this time I had been nearly forty hours in the saddle, changing horses five times, and my clothes had thoroughly dried on me, and I fell asleep as soon as I touched the bedding. Fortunately some men who had gotten in late in the morning had had their sleep during the daytime, so that the rest of us escaped night guard and were not called until four next morning. Nobody ever gets enough sleep on a round-up.

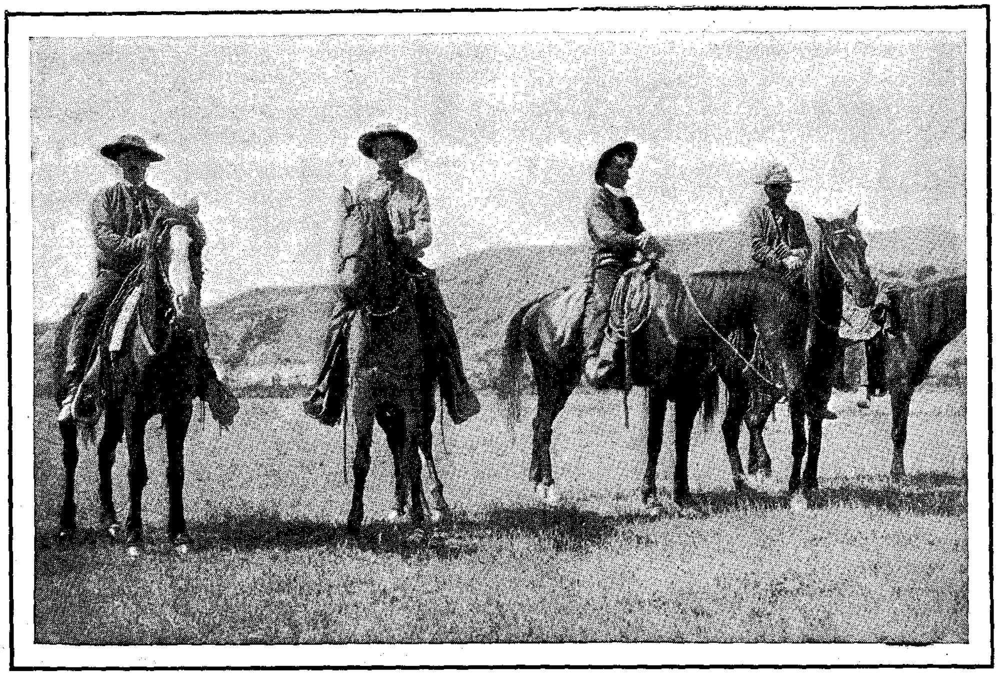
The above was the longest time for consecutive hours I ever had to be in the saddle. But, as I have said, I changed horses five times, and it is a great lightening of labor for a rider to have a fresh horse. Once when with Sylvane Ferris I spent about sixteen hours on one horse, riding seventy or eighty miles. The round-up had reached a place called the ox-bow of the Little Missouri, and we had to ride there, do some work around the cattle, and ride back.

A MOONLIGHT CANTER

Another time I was twenty-four hours on horseback in company with Merrifield without changing horses. On this occasion we did not travel fast. We had been coming back with the wagon from a hunting trip in the Big Horn Mountains. The team was fagged out, and we were tired of walking at a snail's pace beside it. When we reached country that the driver thoroughly knew, we thought it safe to leave him, and we loped in one night across a distance which it took the wagon the three following days to cover. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the ride was delightful. All day long we had plodded at a walk, weary and hot. At supper time we had rested two or three hours, and the tough little riding horses seemed as fresh as ever. It was in September. As we rode out of the circle of the firelight the air was cool in our faces. Under the bright moonlight, and then under the starlight, we loped and cantered mile after mile over the high prairie. We passed bands of antelope and herds of long-horn Texas cattle, and at last, just as the first red beams of the sun flamed over the bluffs in front of us, we rode down into the valley of the Little Missouri, where our ranch house stood.

GOOD HORSES AND BAD

I never became a good roper, nor more than an average rider, according to ranch standards. Of course a man on a ranch has to ride a good many bad horses, and is bound to encounter a certain number of accidents, and of these I had my share, at one time cracking a rib, and on another occasion the point of my shoulder. We were hundreds of miles from a doctor, and each time, as I was on the round-up, I had to get through my work for the next few weeks as best I could, until the injury healed of itself. When I had the opportunity I broke my own horses, doing it gently and gradually and spending much time over it, and choosing the horses that seemed gentle to begin with. With these horses I never had any difficulty. But frequently there was neither time nor opportunity to handle our mounts so elaborately. We might get a band of horses, each having been bridled and saddled two or three times, but none of them having been broken beyond the extent implied in this bridling and saddling. Then each of us in succession would choose a horse (for his string), I as owner of the ranch being given the first choice on each round, so to speak. The first time I was ever on a round-up Sylvane Ferris, Merrifield, Meyer, and I each chose his string in this fashion. Three or four of the animals I got were not easy to ride. The effort both to ride them and to look as if I enjoyed doing so, on some cool morning when my grinning cowboy friends had gathered round "to see whether the high-headed bay could buck the boss off," doubtless was of benefit to me, but lacked much of being enjoyable. The time I smashed my rib I was bucked off on a stone. The time I hurt the point of my shoulder I was riding a big, sulky horse named Ben Butler, which went over backwards with me. When we got up it still refused to go anywhere; so, while I sat it, Sylvane Ferris and George Meyer got their ropes on its neck and dragged it a few hundred yards, choking but stubborn, all four feet firmly planted and plowing the ground. When they released the ropes it lay down and wouldn't get up. The round-up had started; so Sylvane gave me his horse, Baldy, which sometimes bucked but never went over backwards, and he got on the now re-arisen Ben Butler. To my discomfiture Ben started quietly beside us, while Sylvane remarked, "Why, there's nothing the matter with this horse; he's a plumb gentle horse." Then Ben fell slightly behind and I heard Sylvane again, "That's all right! Come along! Here, you! Go on, you! Hi, hi, fellows, help me out!



THE COW-PUNCHERS

"The men were lean, sinewy fellows, accustomed to riding half-broken horses at any speed over any country by day or by night"

he's lying on me!" Sure enough, he was; and when we dragged Sylvane from under him the first thing the rescued Sylvane did was to execute a war-dance, spurs and all, on the iniquitous Ben. We could do nothing with him that day; subsequently we got him so that we could ride him; but he never became a nice saddle-horse.

FANCY ROPERS; AND HARD WORKERS

As with all other forms of work, so on the round-up, a man of ordinary power, who nevertheless does not shirk things merely because they are disagreeable or irksome, soon earns his place. There were crack riders and ropers who, just because they felt such overweening pride in their own prowess, were not really very valuable men. Continually on the circles a cow or a calf would get into some thick patch of bulberry bush and refuse to come out; or when it was getting late we would pass some bad lands that would probably not contain cattle, but might; or a steer would turn fighting mad, or a calf grow tired and want to lie down. If in such a case the man steadily persists in doing the unattractive thing, and after two hours of exasperation and harassment does finally get the cow out, and keep her out, of the bulberry bushes, and drives her to the wagon, or finds some animals that have been passed by in the fourth or fifth patch of bad lands he hunts through, or gets the calf up on his saddle and takes it in anyhow, the foreman soon grows to treat him as having his uses and as being an asset of worth in the round-up, even though neither a fancy roper nor a fancy rider.

When at the Progressive Convention last August, I met George Myer for the first time in many years, and he recalled to me an incident on one round-up where we happened to be thrown together while driving some cows and calves to camp. When the camp was only just across the river, two of the calves positively refused to go any further. He took one of them in his arms, and after some hazardous maneuvering managed to get on his horse, in spite of the objections of the latter, and rode into the river. My calf was too big for such treatment, so in despair I roped it, intending to drag it over. However, as soon as I roped it, the calf started bouncing and bleating, and, owing to some lack of dexterity on my part, suddenly swung round the rear of the horse, bringing the rope under his tail. Down went the tail tight, and the horse "went into figures," as the cow-puncher phrase of that day was. There was a cut bank about four feet high on the hither side of the river, and over this the horse bucked. We went into the water with a splash. With a "pluck" the calf followed, described a parabola in the air, and landed beside us. Fortunately, this took the rope out from under the horse's tail, but left him thoroughly frightened. He could not do much bucking in the stream, for there were one or two places where we had to swim, and the shallows were either sandy or muddy; but across we went, at speed, and the calf made a wake like Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea.

FIGHTING FIRE

On several occasions we had to fight fire. In the geography books of my youth prairie fires were always portrayed as taking place in long grass, and all living things ran before them. On the Northern cattle plains the grass was never long enough to be a source of danger to man or beast. The fires were nothing like the forest fires in the Northern woods. But they destroyed large quantities of feed, and we had to stop them where possible. The process we usually followed was to kill a steer, split it in two lengthwise, and then have two riders drag each half-steer, the rope of one running from his saddle-horn to the front leg, and that of the other to the hind leg. One of the men would spur his horse over or through the line of fire, and the two would then ride forward, dragging the steer bloody side downward along the line of flame, men following on foot with slickers or wet horse-blankets to beat out any flickering blaze that was still left. It was exciting work, for the fire and the twitching and plucking of the ox carcass over the uneven ground maddened the fierce little horses so that it was necessary to do some riding in order to keep them to their work. After a while it also became very exhausting, the thirst and fatigue being great, as, with parched lips and blackened from head to foot, we toiled at our task.

THE STOCKMEN

In those years the Stockman's Association of Montana was a powerful body. I was the delegate to it from the Little Missouri. The meetings that I attended were held in Miles City, at that time a typical cow town. Stockmen of all kinds attended, including the biggest men in the stock business, men like old Conrad Kohrs, who was and is the finest type of pioneer in all the Rocky Mountain country; and Granville Stewart, who was afterwards appointed Minister by Cleveland, I think to the Argentine; and "Hashknife" Simpson, a Texan who had brought his cattle, the Hashknife brand, up the trail into our country. He and I grew to be great friends. I can see him now the first time we met, grinning at me as, none too comfortable, I sat a half-broken horse at the edge of a cattle herd we were working. His son Sloan Simpson went to Harvard, was one of the first-class men in my regiment, and afterwards held my commission as Postmaster at Dallas.

At the stockmen's meeting in Miles City, in addition to the big stockmen, there were always hundreds of cowboys galloping up and down the wide dusty streets at every hour of the day and night. It was a picturesque sight during the three days the meetings lasted. There was always at least one big dance at the hotel. There were few dress suits, but there was perfect decorum at the dance, and in the square dances most of the men knew the figures far better than I did. With such a crowd in town, sleeping accommodations of any sort were at a premium, and in the hotel there were two men in every bed. On one occasion I had a roommate whom I never saw, because he always went to bed much later than I did and I always got up much earlier than he did. On the last day, however, he rose at the same time and I saw that he was a man I knew named Carter, and nicknamed "Modesty" Carter. He was a stalwart, good-looking fellow, and I was sorry when later I heard that he had been killed in a shooting row.

INDIANS

When I went West, the last great Indian wars had just come to an end, but there were still sporadic outbreaks here and there, and occasionally bands of marauding young braves were a menace to outlying and lonely settlements. Many of the white men were themselves lawless and brutal, and prone to commit outrages on the Indians. Unfortunately, each race tended to hold all the members of the other race responsible for the misdeeds of a few, so that the crime of the miscreant, red or white, who committed the original outrage too often invited retaliation upon entirely innocent people, and this action would in its turn arouse bitter feeling which found vent in still more indiscriminate retaliation. The first year I was on the Little Missouri some Sioux bucks ran off all the horses of a buffalo-hunter's outfit. One of the buffalo-hunters tried to get even by stealing the horses of a Cheyenne hunting party, and when pursued

WORKING OUT UNBRANDED CALVES

"We worked each animal gently out to the edge of the herd, and then with a sudden dash took it off at a run"

made for a cow camp, with, as a result, a long-range skirmish between the cowboys and the Cheyennes. One of the latter was wounded; but this particular wounded man seemed to have more sense than the other participants in the chain of wrong-doing, and discriminated among the whites. He came into our camp and had his wound dressed.

A ROAD RANCH ON THE DEADWOOD TRAIL

A year later I was at a desolate little mud road ranch on the Deadwood trail. It was kept by a very capable and very forceful woman, with sound ideas of justice and abundantly well able to hold her own. Her husband was a worthless devil, who finally got drunk on some whisky he obtained from an outfit of Missouri bull-whackers—that is, freighters, driving ox wagons. Under the stimulus of the whisky he picked a quarrel with his wife and attempted to beat her. She knocked him down with a stove-lid lifter, and the admiring bull-whackers bore him off, leaving the lady in full possession of the ranch. When I visited her she had a man named Crow Joe working for her, a slab-sided, shifty-eyed person who later, as I heard my foreman explain, "skipped the country with a bunch of horses." The mistress of the ranch made first-class buckskin shirts of great durability. The one she made for me, and which I used for years, was used by one of my sons in Arizona a couple of winters ago. I had ridden down into the country after some lost horses, and visited the ranch to get her to make me the buckskin shirt in question. There were, at the moment, three Indians there, Sioux, well behaved and self-respecting, and she explained to me that they had been resting there waiting for dinner, and that a white man had come along and tried to run off their horses. The Indians were on the lookout, however, and, running out, they caught the man; but, after retaking their horses and depriving him of his gun, they let him go. "I don't see why they let him go," exclaimed my hostess. "I don't believe in stealing Indians' horses any more than white folks'; so I told 'em they could go along and hang him—I'd never cheep. Anyhow, I won't charge them anything for their dinner," concluded my hostess. She was in advance of the usual morality of the time and place, which drew a sharp line between stealing citizens' horses and stealing horses from the Government or the Indians.

RUSTLERS AND STRANGLERS

A fairly decent citizen, Jap Hunt, who long ago met a violent death, exemplified this attitude towards Indians in some remarks I once heard him make. He had started a horse ranch, and had quite honestly purchased a number of broken-down horses of different brands, with the view of doctoring them and selling them again. About this time there had been much horse-stealing and cattle-killing in our Territory and in Montana, and under the direction of some of the big cattle-growers a committee of vigilantes had been organized to take action against the rustlers, as the horse thieves and cattle thieves were called. The vigilantes, or stranglers, as they were locally known, did their work thoroughly; but, as always happens with bodies of the kind, toward the end they grew reckless in their actions, paid off private grudges, and hung men on slight provocation. Riding into Jap Hunt's ranch, they nearly hung him because he had so many horses of different brands. He was finally let off. He was much upset by the incident, and explained again and again, "The idea of saying that I was a horse thief! Why, I never stole a horse in my life—leastways from a white man. I don't count Indians nor the Government, of course." Jap had been reared among men still in the stage of tribal morality, and while they recognized their obligations to one another, both the Government and the Indians seemed alien bodies, in regard to which the laws of morality did not apply.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE BAD LANDS

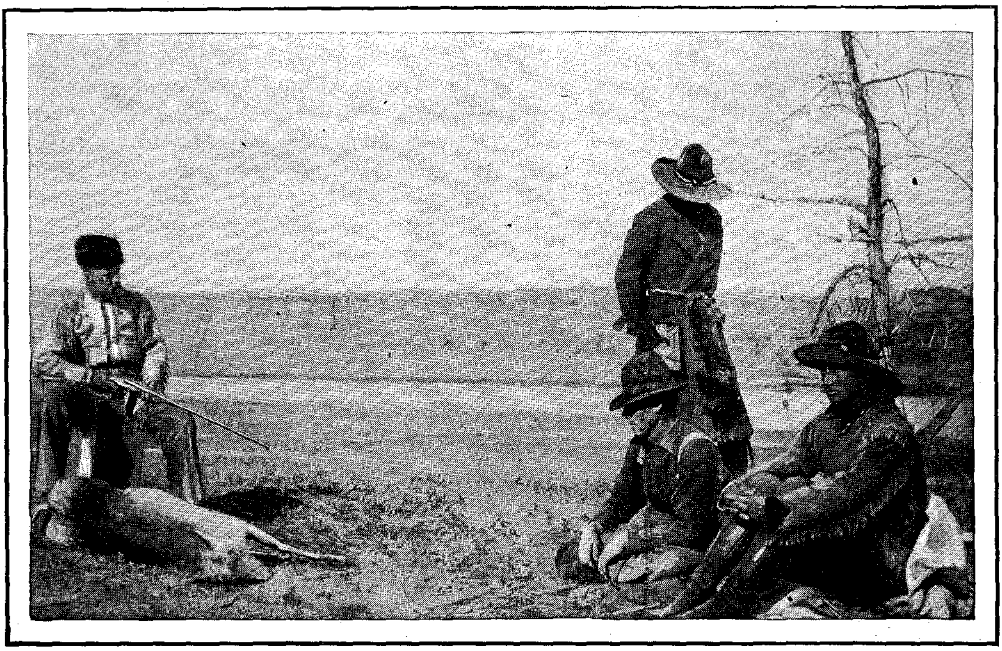
On the other hand, parties of savage young bucks would treat lonely settlers just as badly, and in addition sometimes murder them. Such a party was generally composed of young fellows burning to distinguish themselves. Some one of their number would have obtained a pass from the Indian Agent allowing him to travel off the reservation, which pass would be flourished whenever their action was questioned by bodies of whites of equal strength. I once had a trifling encounter with such a band. I was making my way along the edge of the bad lands, northward from my lower ranch, and was just crossing a plateau when five Indians rode up over the further rim. The instant they saw me they whipped out their guns and raced full speed at me, yelling and flogging their horses. I was on a favorite horse, Manitou, who was a wise old fellow, with nerves not to be shaken by anything. I at once leaped off him and stood with my rifle ready.

It was possible that the Indians were merely making a bluff and intended no mischief. But I did not like their actions, and I thought it likely that if I allowed them to get hold of me they would at least take my horse and rifle, and possibly kill me. So I waited until they were a hundred yards off and then drew a bead on the first. Indians—and, for the matter of that, white men—do not like to ride in on a man who is cool and means shooting, and in a twinkling every man was lying over the side of his horse, and all five had turned and were galloping backwards, having altered their course as quickly as so many teal ducks.

After this one of them made the peace sign, with his blanket first, and then, as he rode toward me, with his open hand. I halted him at a fair distance and asked him what he wanted. He exclaimed, "How! Me good Injun, me good Injun," and tried to show me the dirty piece of paper on which his agency pass was written. I told him with sincerity that I was glad that he was a good Indian, but that he must not come any closer. He then asked for sugar and tobacco. I told him I had none. Another Indian began slowly drifting toward me in spite of my calling out to keep back, so I once more aimed with my rifle, whereupon both Indians slipped to the other side of their horses and galloped off, with oaths that did credit to at least one side of their acquaintance with English. I now mounted and pushed over the plateau on to the open prairie. In those days an Indian, although not as good a shot as a white man, was infinitely better at crawling under and taking advantage of cover; and the worst thing a white man could do was to get into cover, whereas out in the open if he kept his head he had a good chance of standing off even half a dozen assailants. The Indians accompanied me for a couple of miles. Then I reached the open prairie, and, mounting Manitou, resumed my northward ride, not being further molested.

HUNTING

In the old days in the ranch country we depended upon game for fresh meat. Nobody liked to kill a beef, and although now and then a maverick yearling might be killed on the round-up, most of us looked askance at the deed, because if the practice of beef-killing was ever allowed to start, the rustlers—the horse thieves and cattle thieves—would be sure to seize on it as an excuse for general slaughter. Getting meat for the ranch usually devolved upon me. I almost always



SHERIFF DUTY

"When I served as deputy sheriff for the northern end of our county"

carried a rifle when I rode, either in a scabbard under my thigh, or across the pommel. Often I would pick up a deer or antelope while about my regular work, when visiting a line camp or riding after the cattle. At other times I would make a day's trip after them. In the fall we sometimes took a wagon and made a week's hunt, returning with eight or ten deer carcasses, and perhaps an elk or a mountain sheep as well. I never became more than a fair hunter, and at times I had most exasperating experiences, either failing to see game which I ought to have seen, or committing some blunder in the stalk, or failing to kill when I fired. Looking back, I am inclined to say that if I had any good quality as a hunter it was that of perseverance. "It is dogged that does it" in hunting as in many other things. Unless in wholly exceptional cases, when we were very hungry, I never killed anything but bucks.

Occasionally I made long trips away from the ranch and among the Rocky Mountains with my ranch foreman Merrifield; or in later years with Tazewell Woody, John Willis, or John Goff. We hunted bears, both the black and the grizzly, cougars and wolves, and moose, wapiti, and white goat. On one of these trips I killed a bison bull, and I also killed a bison bull on the Little Missouri some fifty miles south of my ranch on a trip which Joe Ferris and I took together. It was rather a rough trip. Each of us carried only his slicker behind him on the saddle, with some flour and bacon done up in it. We met with all kinds of misadventures. Finally one night, when we were sleeping by a slimy little prairie pool where there was not a stick of wood, we had to tie the horses to the horns of our saddles; and then we went to sleep with our heads on the saddles. In the middle of the night something stampeded the horses, and away they went, with the saddles after them. As we jumped to our feet Joe eyed me with an evident suspicion that I was the Jonah of the party, and said: "O Lord! *I've* never done anything to deserve this. Did *you* ever do anything to deserve this?"

HELL ROARING BILL JONES

In addition to my private duties, I sometimes served as deputy sheriff for the northern end of our county. The sheriff and I crisscrossed in our public and private relations. He often worked for me as a hired hand at the same time that I was his deputy. His name, or at least the name he went by, was Bill Jones, and as there were in the neighborhood several Bill Joneses—Three Seven Bill Jones, Texas Bill Jones, and the like—the sheriff was known as Hell Roaring

Bill Jones. He was a thorough frontiersman, excellent in all kinds of emergencies, and a very game man. I became much attached to him. He was a thoroughly good citizen when sober, but he was a little wild when drunk. Unfortunately, toward the end of his life he got to drinking very heavily. When, in 1905, John Burroughs and I visited the Yellowstone Park, poor Bill Jones, very much down in the world, was driving a team in Gardiner outside the park. I had looked forward to seeing him, and he was equally anxious to see me. He kept telling his cronies of our intimacy and of what we were going to do together, and then got drinking; and the result was that by the time I reached Gardiner he had to be carried out and left in the sage-brush. When I came out of the park, I sent on in advance to tell them to be sure to keep him sober, and they did so. But it was a rather sad interview. The old fellow had gone to pieces, and soon after I left he got lost in a blizzard and was dead when they found him.

Bill Jones was a gun-fighter and also a good man with his fists. On one occasion there was an election in town. There had been many threats that the party of disorder would import section hands from the neighboring railway stations to down our side. I did not reach Medora, the forlorn little cattle town which was our county seat, until the election was well under way. I then asked one of my friends if there had been any disorder. Bill Jones was standing by. "Disorder hell!" said my friend. "Bill Jones just stood there with one hand on his gun and the other pointing over toward the new jail whenever any man who didn't have a right to vote came near the polls. There was only one of them tried to vote, and Bill knocked him down. Lord!" added my friend, meditatively, "the way that man fell!" "Well," struck in Bill Jones, "if he hadn't fell I'd have walked round behind him to see what was propping him up!"

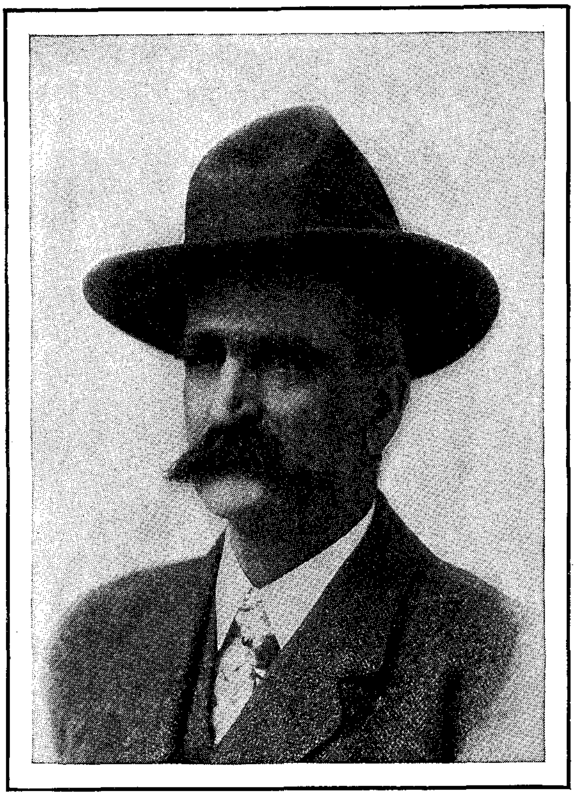
THE LUNATIC

In the days when I lived on the ranch I usually spent most of the winter in the East, and when I returned in the early spring I was always interested in finding out what had happened since my departure. On one occasion I was met by Bill Jones and Sylvane Ferris, and in the course of our conversation they mentioned "the lunatic." This led to a question on my part, and Sylvane Ferris began the story: "Well, you see, he was on a train and he shot the newsboy. At first they weren't going to do anything to him, for they thought he just had it in for the newsboy. But then somebody said, 'Why, he's plumb crazy, and he's liable to shoot any of *us!*' and then they threw him off the train. It was here at Medora, and they asked if anybody would take care of him, and Bill Jones said he would, because he was the sheriff and the jail had two rooms, and he was living in one and would put the lunatic in the other." Here Bill Jones interrupted: "Yes, and more fool me! I wouldn't take charge of another lunatic if the whole county asked me. Why" (with the air of a man announcing an astounding discovery), "that lunatic didn't have his right senses! He wouldn't eat, till me and Snyder got him down on the shavings and *made* him eat." Snyder was a huge, happy-go-lucky, kind-hearted Pennsylvania Dutchman, and was Bill Jones's chief deputy. Bill continued: "You know, Snyder's soft-hearted, he is. Well, he'd think that lunatic looked peaked, and he'd take him out for an airing. Then the boys would get joshing him as to how much start he could give him over the prairie and catch him again." Apparently the amount of the start given the lunatic depended upon the amount of the bet to which the joshing led up. I asked Bill what he would have done if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic. This was evidently a new idea, and he responded that Snyder always did catch him. "Well, but suppose he hadn't caught him?" "Well," said Bill Jones, "if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic, I'd have whaled hell out of Snyder!"

Under these circumstances Snyder ran his best and always did catch the patient. It must not be gathered from this that the lunatic was badly treated. He was well treated. He became greatly attached to both Bill Jones and Snyder, and he objected strongly when, after the frontier theory of treatment of the insane had received a full trial, he was finally sent off to the territorial capital. It was merely that all the relations of life in that place and day were so managed as to give ample opportunity for the expression of individuality, whether in sheriff or ranchman. The local practical joker once attempted to have some fun at the expense of the lunatic, and Bill Jones described the result. "You know Bixby, don't you? Well," with deep disapproval, "Bixby thinks he is funny, he does. He'd come and he'd wake that lunatic up at night, and I'd have to get up and soothe him. I fixed Bixby all right, though. I fastened a rope on the latch, and next time Bixby came I let the lunatic out on him. He 'most bit Bixby's nose off. I learned Bixby!"

Bill Jones had been unconventional in other relations besides that of sheriff. He once casually mentioned to me that he had served on the police force of Bismarck, but he had left because he "beat the Mayor over the head with his gun one day." He added: "The Mayor, he didn't mind it, but the Superintendent of Police said he guessed I'd better resign." His feeling, obviously, was that the Superintendent of Police was a martinet, unfit to take large views of life.

SETH BULLOCK



"SETH BULLOCK BECAME, AND HAS EVER SINCE REMAINED, ONE OF MY STANCHEST AND MOST VALUED FRIENDS"

It was while with Bill Jones that I first made acquaintance with Seth Bullock. Seth was at that time sheriff in the Black Hills district, and a man he had wanted—a horse thief—I finally got, I being at the time deputy sheriff two or three hundred miles to the north. The man went by a nickname which I will call "Crazy Steve;" a year or two afterwards I received a letter asking about him from his uncle, a thoroughly respectable man in a Western State; and later this uncle and I met at Washington when I was President and he a United States Senator. It was some time after "Steve's" capture that I went down to Deadwood on business, Sylvane Ferris and I on horseback, while Bill Jones drove the wagon. At a little town, Spearfish, I think, after crossing the last eighty or ninety miles of gumbo prairie, we met Seth Bullock. We had had rather a rough trip, and had lain out for a fortnight, so I suppose we looked somewhat unkempt. Seth received us with rather distant courtesy at first, but unbent when he found out who we were, remarking, "You see, by your looks I thought you were some kind of a tin-horn gambling outfit, and that I might have to keep an eye on you!" He then inquired after the capture of "Steve"—with a little of the air of one sportsman when another has shot a quail that either might have claimed—"My bird, I believe?" Later Seth Bullock became, and has ever since remained, one of my stanchest and most valued friends. He served as Marshal for South Dakota under me as President. When, after the close of my term, I went to Africa, on getting back to Europe I cabled Seth Bullock to bring over Mrs. Bullock and meet me in London, which he did; by that time I felt that I just had to meet my own people, who spoke my neighborhood dialect.

DOING IT FIRST

When serving as deputy sheriff I was impressed with the advantage the officer of the law has over ordinary wrong-doers, provided he thoroughly knows his own mind. There are exceptional outlaws, men with a price on their heads and of remarkable prowess, who are utterly indifferent to taking life, and whose warfare against society is as open as that of a savage on the war-path. The law officer has no advantage whatever over these men save what his own prowess may—or may not—give him. Such a man was Billy the Kid, the notorious man-killer and desperado of New Mexico, who was himself finally slain by a friend of mine, Pat Garrett, whom, when I was President, I made collector of customs at El Paso. But the ordinary criminal, even when murderously inclined, feels just a moment's hesitation as to whether he cares to kill an officer of the law engaged in his duty. I took in more than one man who was probably a better man than I was with both rifle and revolver; but in each case I knew just what I wanted to do, and, like David Harum, I "did it first," whereas the fraction of a second that the other man hesitated put him in a position where it was useless for him to resist.

MY FRIENDS OUT WEST

I owe more than I can ever express to the West, which of course means to the men and women I met in the West. There were a few people of bad type in my neighborhood—that would be true of every group of men, even in a theological seminary—but I could not speak with too great affection and respect of the great majority of my friends, the hard-working men and women who dwelt for a space of perhaps a hundred and fifty miles along the Little Missouri. I was always as welcome at their houses as they were at mine. Everybody worked, everybody was willing to help everybody else, and yet nobody asked any favors. The same thing was true of the people whom I got to know fifty miles east and fifty miles west of my own range, and of the men I met on the round-ups. They soon accepted me as a friend and fellow-worker who stood on an equal footing with them, and I believe that most of them have kept their feeling for me ever since. No guests were ever more welcome at the White House than these old friends of the cattle ranches and the cow camps—the men with whom I had ridden the long circle and eaten at the tail-board of a chuck-wagon—whenever they turned up at Washington during my Presidency. I remember one of them who appeared at Washington one day just before lunch, a huge, powerful man who, when I knew him, had been distinctly a fighting character. It happened that on that day another old friend, the British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, was among those coming to lunch. Just before we went in I turned to my cow-puncher friend and said to him with great solemnity, "Remember, Jim, that if you shot at the feet of the British Ambassador to make him dance, it would be likely to cause international complications;" to which Jim responded with unaffected horror, "Why, Colonel, I shouldn't think of it, I shouldn't think of it!"

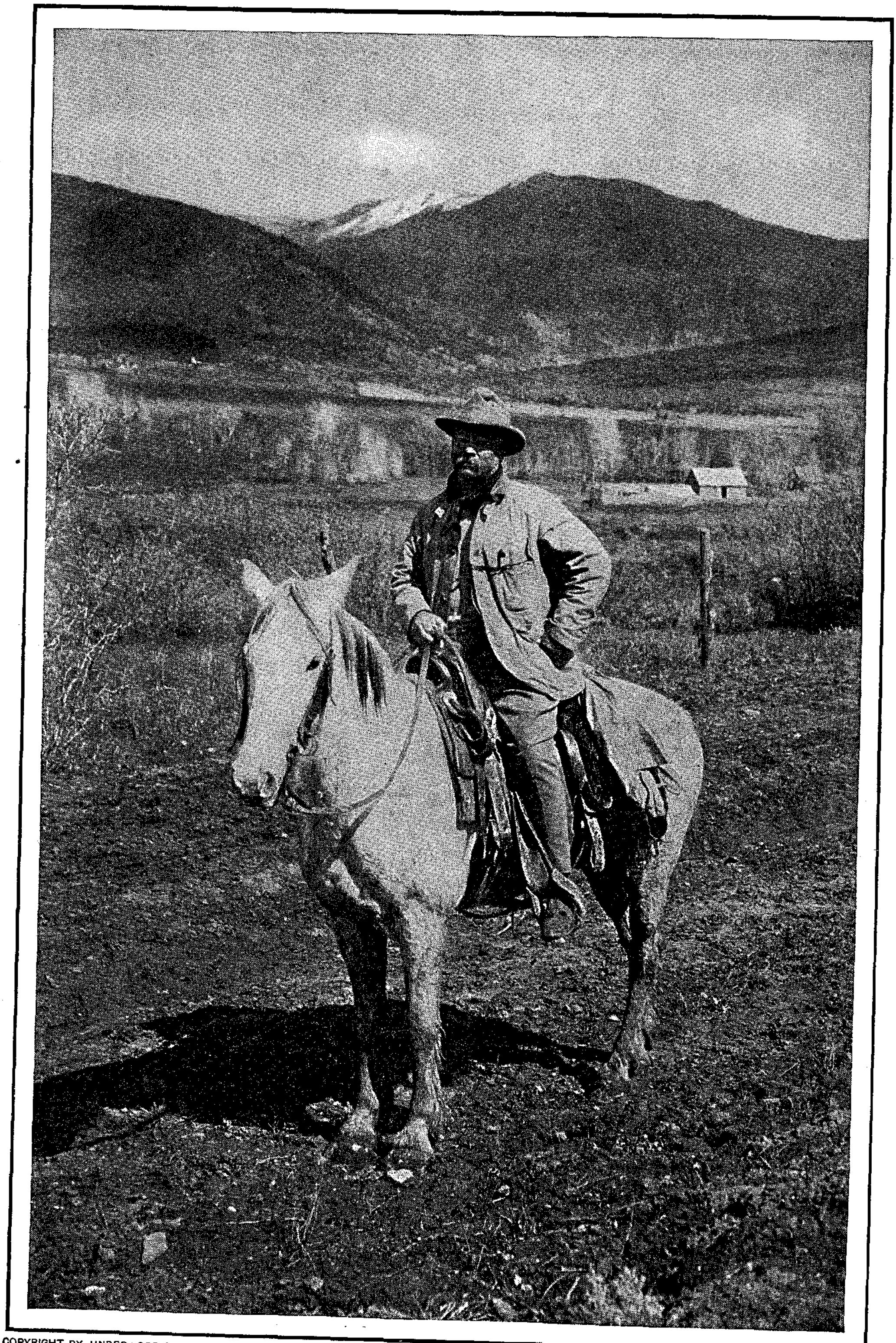
Not only did the men and women whom I met in the cow country quite unconsciously help me, by the insight which working and living with them enabled me to get into the mind and soul of the average American of the right type, but they helped me in another way. I made up my mind that they were men of just the kind whom it would be well to have with me if ever it became necessary to go to war. When the Spanish War came, I gave this thought practical realization.

Fortunately, Wister and Remington, with pen and pencil, have made these men live as long as our literature lives. I have sometimes been asked if Wister's "Virginian" is not overdrawn; why, one of the men I have mentioned in this chapter was in all essentials the Virginian in real life, not only in his force but in his charm. Half of the men I worked with or played with and half of the men who soldiered with me afterwards in my regiment might have walked out of Wister's stories or Remington's pictures.

There were bad characters in the Western country at that time, of course, and under the conditions of life they were probably more dangerous than they would have been elsewhere. I hardly ever had any difficulty, however. I never went into a saloon, and in the little hotels I kept out of the bar-room unless, as sometimes happened, the bar-room was the only room on the lower floor except the dining-room. I always endeavored to keep out of a quarrel until self-respect forbade my making any further effort to avoid it, and I very rarely had even the semblance of trouble.

WHY THEY TOOK BILL

Of course amusing incidents occurred now and then. Usually these took place when I was hunting lost horses, for in hunting lost horses I was ordinarily alone, and occasionally had to travel a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles away from my own country. On one such occasion I reached a little cow town long after dark, stabled my horse in an empty outbuilding, and when I reached the hotel was informed in response to my request for a bed that I could have the last one left, as there was only one other man in it. The room to which I was shown contained two double beds; one contained two men fast asleep, and the other only one man, also asleep. This man proved to be a friend, one of the Bill Joneses



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT RETURNING FROM THE GREAT BEAR HUNT, AT NEWCASTLE, COLORADO, IN 1905 whom I have previously mentioned. I undressed according to the fashion of the day and place, that is, I put my trousers, boots, shaps, and gun down beside the bed, and turned in. A couple of hours later I was awakened by the door being thrown open and a lantern flashed in my face, the light gleaming on the muzzle of a cocked .45. Another man said to the lantern-bearer, "It ain't him;" the next moment my bedfellow was covered with two guns, and addressed, "Now, Bill, don't make a fuss, but come along quiet." "I'm not thinking of making a fuss," said Bill. "That's right," was the answer; "we're your friends; we don't want to hurt you; we just want you to come along, you know why." And Bill pulled on his trousers and boots and walked out with them. Up to this time there had not been a sound from the other bed. Now a match was scratched, a candle lit, and one of the men in the other bed looked round the room. At this point I committed the breach of etiquette of asking questions. "I wonder why they took Bill," I said. There was no answer, and I repeated, "I wonder why they took Bill." "Well," said the man with the candle, dryly, "I reckon they wanted him," and with that he blew out the candle and conversation ceased. Later I discovered that Bill in a fit of playfulness had held up the Northern Pacific train at a near-by station by shooting at the feet of the conductor to make him dance. This was purely a joke on Bill's part, but the Northern Pacific people possessed a less robust sense of humor, and on their complaint the United States Marshal was sent after Bill, on the ground that by delaying the train he had interfered with the mails.

AT CLOSE RANGE

The only time I ever had serious trouble was at an even more primitive little hotel than the one in question. It was also on an occasion when I was out after lost horses. Below the hotel had merely a bar-room, a dining-room, and a lean-to kitchen; above was a loft with fifteen or twenty beds in it. It was late in the evening when I reached the place. I heard one or two shots in the bar-room as I came up, and I disliked going in. But there was nowhere else to go, and it was a cold night. Inside the room were several men, who, including the bartender, were wearing the kind of smile worn by men who are making believe to like what they don't like. A shabby individual in a broad hat with a cocked gun in each hand was walking up and down the floor talking with strident profanity. He had evidently been shooting at the clock, which had two or three holes in its face.

He was not a "bad man" of the really dangerous type, the true man-killer type, but he was an objectionable creature, a would-be bad man, a bully who for the moment was having things all his own way. As soon as he saw me he hailed me as "Four eyes," in reference to my spectacles, and said, "Four eyes is going to treat." I joined in the laugh and got behind the stove and sat down, thinking to escape notice. He followed me, however, and though I tried to pass it off as a jest this merely made him more offensive, and he stood leaning over me, a gun in each hand, using very foul language. He was foolish to stand so near, and, moreover, his heels were close together, so that his position was unstable. Accordingly, in response to his reiterated command that I should set up the drinks, I said, "Well, if I've got to, I've got to," and rose, looking past him.

As I rose, I struck quick and hard with my right just to one side of the point of his jaw, hitting with my left as I straightened out, and then again with my right. He fired the guns, but I do not know whether this was merely a convulsive action of his hands or whether he was trying to shoot at me. When he went down he struck the corner of the bar with his head. It was not a case in which one could afford to take chances, and if he had moved I was about to drop on his ribs with my knees; but he was senseless. I took away his guns, and the other people in the room, who were now loud in their denunciation of him, hustled him out and put him in a shed. I got dinner as soon as possible, sitting in a corner of the dining-room away from the windows, and then went upstairs to bed where it was dark so that there would be no chance of any one shooting at me from the outside. However, nothing happened. When my assailant came to, he went down to the station and left on a freight.

"BEING A FATHER" TO PEOPLE

As I have said, most of the men of my regiment were just such men as those I knew in the ranch country; indeed, some of my ranch friends were in the regiment—Fred

Herrig, the forest ranger, for instance, in whose company I shot my biggest mountain ram. After the regiment was disbanded the careers of certain of the men were diversified by odd incidents. Our relations were of the friendliest, and, as they explained, they felt "as if I was a father" to them. The manifestations of this feeling were sometimes less attractive than the phrase sounded, as it was chiefly used by the few who were behaving like very bad children indeed. The great majority of the men when the regiment disbanded took up the business of their lives where they had dropped it a few months previously; and these men merely tried to help me or help one another as the occasion arose; no man ever had more cause to be proud of his regiment than I had of mine, both in war and in peace. But there was a minority among them who in certain ways were unsuited for a life of peaceful regularity, although often enough they had been first-class soldiers.

It was from these men that letters came with a stereotyped opening which always caused my heart to sink—"Dear Colonel: I write you because I am in trouble." The trouble might take almost any form. One correspondent continued: "I did not take the horse, but they say I did." Another complained that his mother-in-law had put him in jail for bigamy. In the case of another the incident was more markworthy. I will call him Gritto. He wrote me a letter beginning: "Dear Colonel: I write you because I am in trouble. I have shot a lady in the eye. But, Colonel, I was not shooting at the lady. I was shooting at my wife," which he apparently regarded as a sufficient excuse as between men of the world. I answered that I drew the line at shooting at ladies, and did not hear any more of the incident for several years.

COMRADES

Then, while I was President, a member of the regiment, Major Llewellyn, who was Federal District Attorney under me in New Mexico, wrote me a letter filled, as his letters usually were, with bits of interesting gossip about the comrades. It ran in part as follows: "Since I last wrote you Comrade Ritchie has killed a man in Colorado. I understand that the comrade was playing a poker game, and the man sat into the game and used such language that Comrade Ritchie had to shoot. Comrade Webb has killed two men in Beaver, Arizona. Comrade Webb is in the Forest Service, and the killing was in the line of professional duty. I was out at the penitentiary the other day and saw Comrade Gritto, who, you may remember, was put there for shooting his sister-in-law [this was the first information I had had as to the identity of the lady who was shot in the eye]. Since he was in there Comrade Boyne has run off to old Mexico with his (Gritto's) wife, and the people of Grant County think he ought to be let out." Evidently the sporting instincts of the people of Grant County had been roused, and they felt that, as Comrade Boyne had had a fair start, the other comrade should be let out in order to see what would happen.

The men of the regiment always enthusiastically helped me when I was running for office. On one occasion Buck Taylor, of Texas, accompanied me on a trip and made a speech for me. The crowd took to his speech from the beginning and so did I, until the peroration, which ran as follows: "My fellow-citizens, vote for my Colonel! vote for my Colonel! *and he will lead you, as he led us, like sheep to the slaughter!*" This hardly seemed a tribute to my military skill; but it delighted the crowd, and as far as I could tell did me nothing but good.

On another tour, when I was running for Vice-President, a member of the regiment who was along on the train got into a discussion with a Populist editor who had expressed an unfavorable estimate of my character, and in the course of the discussion shot the editor—not fatally. We had to leave him to be tried, and as he had no money I left him $150 to hire counsel—having borrowed the money from Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, who was also with me. After election I received from my friend a letter running: "Dear Colonel: I find I will not have to use that $150 you lent me, as we have elected our candidate for District Attorney. So I have used it to settle a horse transaction in which I unfortunately became involved." A few weeks later, however, I received a heartbroken letter setting forth the fact that the District Attorney—whom he evidently felt to be a cold-blooded formalist—had put him in jail. Then the affair dropped out of sight until two or three years later, when as President I visited a town in another State, and the leaders of the delegation which received me included both my correspondent and the editor, now fast friends,

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A REUNION

"Twenty-nine years later my four friends of that night (of bobcats and old sledge) were delegates to the First Progressive National Convention at Chicago"—Mr. Roosevelt, seated. From left to right, J. A. Ferris, S. M. Ferris, A. N. Merrifield, G. W. Myer and both of them ardent supporters of mine.

A .38 ON A .45 FRAME

At one of the regimental reunions a man, who had been an excellent soldier, in greeting me mentioned how glad he was that the judge had let him out in time to get to the reunion. I asked what was the matter, and he replied with some surprise: "Why, Colonel, don't you know I had a difficulty with a gentleman, and . . . er . . . well, I killed the gentleman. But you can see that the judge thought it was all right or he wouldn't have let me go." Waiving the latter point, I said: "How did it happen? How did you do it?" Misinterpreting my question as showing an interest only in the technique of the performance, the ex-puncher replied: "With a .38 on a .45 frame, Colonel." I chuckled over the answer, and it became proverbial with my family and some of my friends, including Seth Bullock. When I was shot at Milwaukee, Seth Bullock wired an inquiry to which I responded that it was all right, that the weapon was merely "a .38 on a .45 frame." The telegram in some way became public, and puzzled outsiders. By the way, both the men of my regiment and the friends I had made in the old days in the West were themselves a little puzzled at the interest shown in my making my speech after being shot. This was what they expected, what they accepted as the right thing for a man to do under the circumstances, a thing the non-performance of which would have been discreditable rather than the performance being creditable. They would not have expected a man to leave a battle, for instance, because of being wounded in such fashion; and they saw no reason why he should abandon a less important and less risky duty.

BREAKING EVEN

One of the best soldiers of my regiment was a huge man whom I made marshal of a Rocky Mountain State. He had spent his hot and lusty youth on the frontier during its viking age, and at that time had naturally taken part in incidents which seemed queer to men "accustomed to die decently of zymotic diseases." I told him that an effort would doubtless be made to prevent his confirmation by the Senate, and therefore that I wanted to know all the facts in his case. Had he played faro? He had; but it was when everybody played faro, and he had never played a brace game. Had he killed anybody? Yes, but it was in Dodge City on occasions when he was deputy marshal or town marshal, at a time when Dodge City, now the most peaceful of communities, was the toughest town on the continent, and crowded with man-killing outlaws and road agents; and he produced telegrams from judges of high character testifying to the need of the actions he had taken. Finally I said: "Now, Ben, how did you lose that half of your ear?" To which, looking rather shy, he responded: "Well, Colonel, it was bit off." "How did it happen, Ben?" "Well, you see, I was sent to arrest a gentleman, and him and me mixed it up, and he bit off my ear." "What did you do to the gentleman, Ben?" And Ben, looking more coy than ever, responded: "Well, Colonel, we broke about even!" I forebore to inquire what variety of mayhem he had committed on the "gentleman." After considerable struggle I got him confirmed by the Senate, and he made one of the best marshals in the entire service, exactly as he had already made one of the best soldiers in the regiment; and I never wish to see a better citizen, nor a man in whom I would more implicitly trust in every way.

HOW I HELD MY AUDIENCE

When, in 1900, I was nominated for Vice-President, I was sent by the National Committee on a trip into the States of the high plains and the Rocky Mountains. These had all gone overwhelmingly for Mr. Bryan on the free-silver issue four years previously, and it was thought that I, because of my knowledge of and acquaintanceship with the people, might accomplish something towards bringing them back into line. It was an interesting trip, and the monotony usually attendant upon such a campaign of political speaking was diversified in vivid fashion by occasional hostile audiences. One or two of the meetings ended in riots. One meeting was finally broken up by a mob; everybody fought so that the speaking had to stop. Soon after this we reached another town where we were told there might be trouble. Here the local committee included an old and valued friend, a "two-gun" man of repute, who was not in the least quarrelsome, but who always kept his word. We marched round to the local opera-house, which was packed with a mass of men, many of them rather rough-looking. My friend the two-gun man sat immediately behind me, a gun on each hip, his arms folded, looking at the audience; fixing his gaze with instant intentness on any section of the house from which there came so much as a whisper. The audience listened to me with rapt attention. At the end, with a pride in my rhetorical powers which proceeded from a misundering of the situation, I remarked to the chairman: "I held that audience well; there wasn't an interruption." To which the chairman replied: "Interruption? Well, I guess not! Seth had sent round word that if any son of a gun peeped he'd kill him!"

FRONTIER PHILOSOPHY

There was one bit of frontier philosophy which I should like to see imitated in more advanced communities. Certain crimes of revolting baseness and cruelty were never forgiven. But in the case of ordinary offenses, the man who had served his term and who then tried to make good was given a fair chance; and of course this was equally true of the women. Every one who has studied the subject at all is only too well aware that the world offsets the readiness with which it condones a crime for which a man escapes punishment, by its unforgiving relentlessness to the often far less guilty man who *is* punished, and who therefore has made his atonement. On the frontier, if the man honestly tried to behave himself there was generally a disposition to give him fair play and a decent show. Several of the men I knew and whom I particularly liked came in this class. There was one such man in my regiment, a man who had served a term for robbery under arms, and who had atoned for it by many years of fine performance of duty. I put him in a high official position, and no man under me rendered better service to the State, nor was there any man whom, as soldier, as civil officer, as citizen, and as friend, I valued and respected—and now value and respect—more.

THE HELPING HAND

Now I suppose some good people will gather from this that I favor men who commit crimes. I certainly do not favor them. I have not a particle of sympathy with the sentimentality—as I deem it, the mawkishness—which overflows with foolish pity for the criminal and cares not at all for the victim of the criminal. I am glad to see wrong-doers punished. The punishment is an absolute necessity from the standpoint of society; and I put the reformation of the criminal second to the welfare of society. But I do desire to see the man or woman who has paid the penalty and who wishes to reform given a helping hand—surely every one of us who knows his own heart must know that he too may stumble, and should be anxious to help his brother or sister who has stumbled. When the criminal has been punished, if he then shows a sincere desire to lead a decent and upright life, he should be given the chance, he should be helped and not hindered; and if he makes good, he should receive that respect from others which so often aids in creating self-respect—the most invaluable of all possessions.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "Applied Idealism." It will appear in The Outlook of June 28

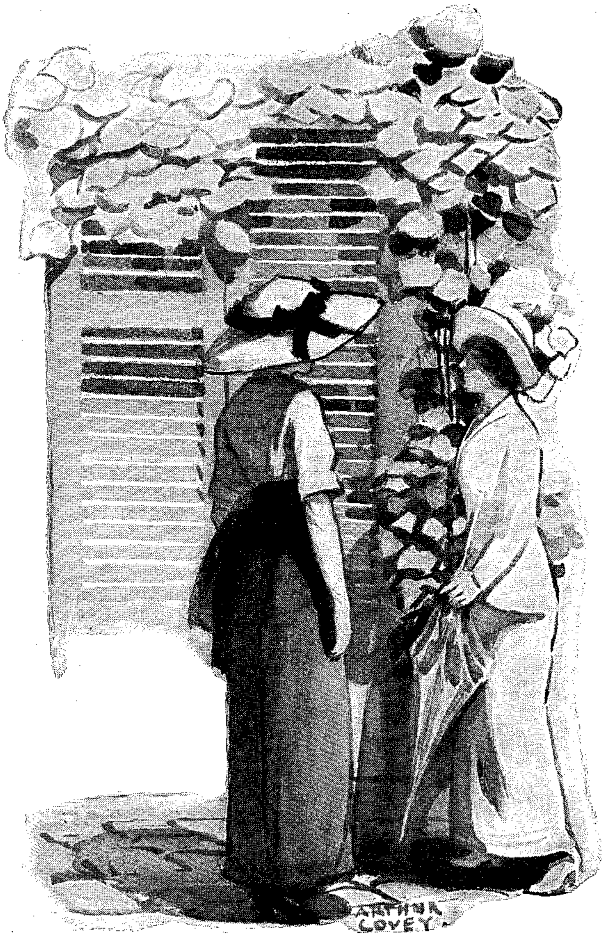
DON QUIXOTE

BY RICHARD BURTON

Smiles for him, yes, and tears—but most of all
Envy, for that he set his soul to win
Virtue and love and valor, and their call
Upbore him ever above sleight and sin.

His Dulcinea was of common earth?
And Sancho Panza scarce a trusty squire?
Not so. mistimed our pity and our mirth;
They live forever, in his soul's desire.

Shiningly sure the Spanish Don was right,
Who saw the world through eyes with faith agleam;
This melancholy, madcap, errant knight,
Who wrought so beautifully—in his dream!



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

A GLIMPSE OF THE PARIS HOME-WORKERS

BY
ELIZABETH
SHEPLEY
SERGEANT

WITH DRAWINGS BY
ARTHUR COVEY

MADAME CLAUDE knocked, and persistently knocked again, as we stood in a dark but clean-swept corridor on the fourth floor of an old house in Montmartre. At last the door opened a few inches—not more than two. Through the crack we saw one bright eye, a sharp little nose, and a patch of thin old cheek, brown, and marked with deep, rusty furrows.

"*Bon jour*, *Madame.*"

"Good-morning" (very dubiously).

"You are a necktie-maker?"

No answer.

"I ask because we want to learn something about your trade," Madame Claude went on, persuasively. "I am studying women's trades, in the hope, Madame, of being able to better them." She wound up rather lamely her appeal for information under the unblinking, the penetrating suspicion of that bright eye. A silence followed. We waited patiently.

"Mine is not a trade to grow rich on, Mesdames," came, after a long pause, in a tone of shrill decision through the crack.

"Of course not, Madame."

"All I can tell you, Mesdames, is this: what we are now, that we shall always remain," and the door closed in our faces with a snap of finality. But we felt the eye piercing our backs, as through the keyhole it watched us—incomprehensible meddlers that we were—go down the stairs and out of sight.

"There you have our typical Frenchwoman," sighed Madame Claude, "guarding her home like a dragon, living her own little life quite untouched by the lives of others. When shall we interest her in the common good?"

Madame Claude, though she longed to emancipate the *cravatière* (necktie-maker), was nevertheless loyal to the traditions of her race, and reproached herself for having failed to bring a letter of introduction. The *cravatière*, excellent woman, was protecting a real *foyer*, a home, a precious little cross-section of civilized life, against intrusion. For in Paris the door of the workingman's lodging is as secret and proud a barrier to pass as that of the *bourgeois* apartment. That is precisely why, when the canons of polite usage are observed—when, in short, she comes duly "recommended"—even an "intellectual" from across the sea may count on the door opening to her with a rare grace of welcome.

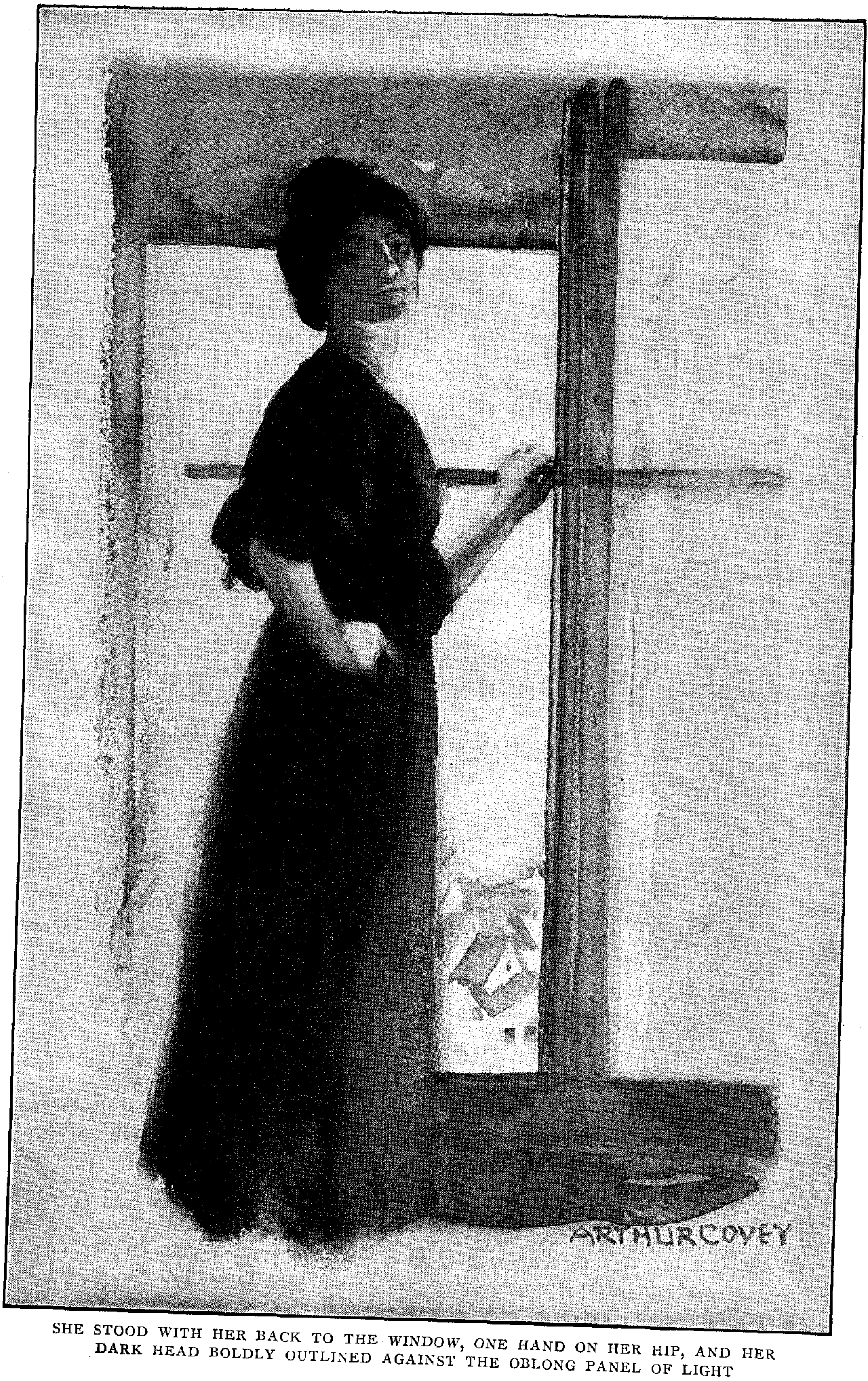
Indeed, in spite of our unfortunate first call, my sociological pilgrimages with Madame Claude were full of delightful illuminations. We climbed the steep, Neapolitan-like steps of Montmartre; penetrated the courts of Belleville; found our crooked way about behind Notre Dame; jingled bells at garden gates in that flowery suburb called "the Lilacs;" and grew as used to dull Grenelle as to those "Eastern Quarters" of turbulent report whose great gray squares are named after the Republic and the Bastille. And if out of our pursuit of serious ends, our search for "facts" and "principles," the human and personal characteristics of the *ouvrière en chambre* (the home worker) are what remain most vividly with me now, I can no longer fail to understand the extent to which the vast, bewildering edifice of modern Paris rests on her patient endeavor, or separate her from the world in which she lives. It is a world in which the bitterness of poverty is transformed by thrift and competence and cleanliness to a perfection of simple living, and in which good work, well done, is the mainspring of life.

"*On aime bien son métier*" (one loves one's trade). As I think of those innumerable spotless homes to which we were admitted last year the words sound in my ears and seem to explain the distinctive characteristics of the *ouvrière en chambre*. To Americans, brought up on the ready-made products of the factory system, the degree to which women's trades in Paris are still carried on in the homes of married women, rather than in workshops or factories, is a surprising revelation. A Frenchwoman of the people does not feel obliged to renounce her *métier* (trade) because she has assumed the duties of mother and housewife as well. On the contrary, it is customary for her to continue to practice in her own home the calling that before her marriage she has learned in some workroom of the central part of Paris. You wonder, perhaps, why this should be true of comfortable households as well as of poor ones; why in almost every case good work and good housekeeping should, moreover, go hand in hand. Then Madame says to you, with her little decorous smile, but in a voice that thrills with the ardor of creation, "One cares about one's trade." When work is given this sacramental devotion it is inevitable as hunger or sleep; under its benediction pots and pans and children's faces shine, and a mere embroidered initial or a flower stem acquires, and seems somehow to demand of its surroundings, a quality of exquisite distinction.

The tidy homes and the trades that we saw going on in them were, however, as various as the women who seemed so capable in the management of both. We found the oddest contrasts under the same roof. In one of the decayed "great" houses of old Paris, for example (you come upon them still in the queer, narrow streets near the Place des Vosges, and know them by their fine façades and their echoing stone stairways for noblemen's palaces fallen upon evil days), we discovered a *posticheuse* (worker in false hair), a corset-maker, and la Mère Sophie living side by side.

Stalwart Mère Sophie, though she followed a trade that is peculiarly Parisian in flavor—she gained her living in the markets—was not, to be sure, of the same race as the shy *corsetière* and Madame Becot, the *posticheuse*. To the corset-maker the welfare of society depended on the flexibility and firmness of her whalebones. Madame Becot, while her clever hands moved over a half-finished switch, gave us an inkling of her dexterous art and its connections with the race of coiffeurs: those little, black, oily men, she described them, who dress in frock-coats, smell horridly of perfume, and are, it seems, "difficult customers." Typical home workers both, they marveled that Mère Sophie dared venture forth in the black hours before dawn to impose the strength of her muscular arm, her screaming lungs, and her whole abundant person on the crowd in the *halles* (markets) where she bought and sold her vegetables.

Mère Sophie was, however, exceedingly proud of her trade. All but a peasant herself, her mind ran on the pains of those who till the soil to raise vegetables for Paris tables. She painted for us the hard life of the market gardener, and the harder life of his



SHE STOOD WITH HER BACK TO THE WINDOW, ONE HAND ON HER HIP, AND HER DARK HEAD BOLDLY OUTLINED AGAINST THE OBLONG PANEL OF LIGHT wife and her servant. These slaves of Parisian epicures, she explained, work on their hands and knees in the garden twelve hours a day, and, after cooking a dinner for their men towards ten in the evening, pile their produce on a wagon, start for Paris, and, jogging drowsily through the streets just as the night-hawks and playgoers are tumbling into bed, unload their vegetables at the *halles* in the small hours. Mère Sophie pitied the market gardener's wife—her own mother had been such a one—and considered that she had all the advantages of the occupation with less than half the labor. Her method was to drive a hard bargain with the sleepiest countrywoman she could find for an armful of beets and carrots, and then, evading the police—for she had no license—to sell them in the *halles* at a profit. Outside her door, which was approached by a small, steep stairway that opened unexpectedly to the sun, we saw her great muddy boots hung out to dry, and her wet petticoats, stained with the brown earth of her vegetables. "Wasn't her trade hard, exhausting?" we asked.

"I believe you," laughed Mère Sophie, who spoke the vulgar tongue, rubbing her huge hands over her calico knees, "especially to the voice. One never stops yelling!" But what did that matter, if you liked it?

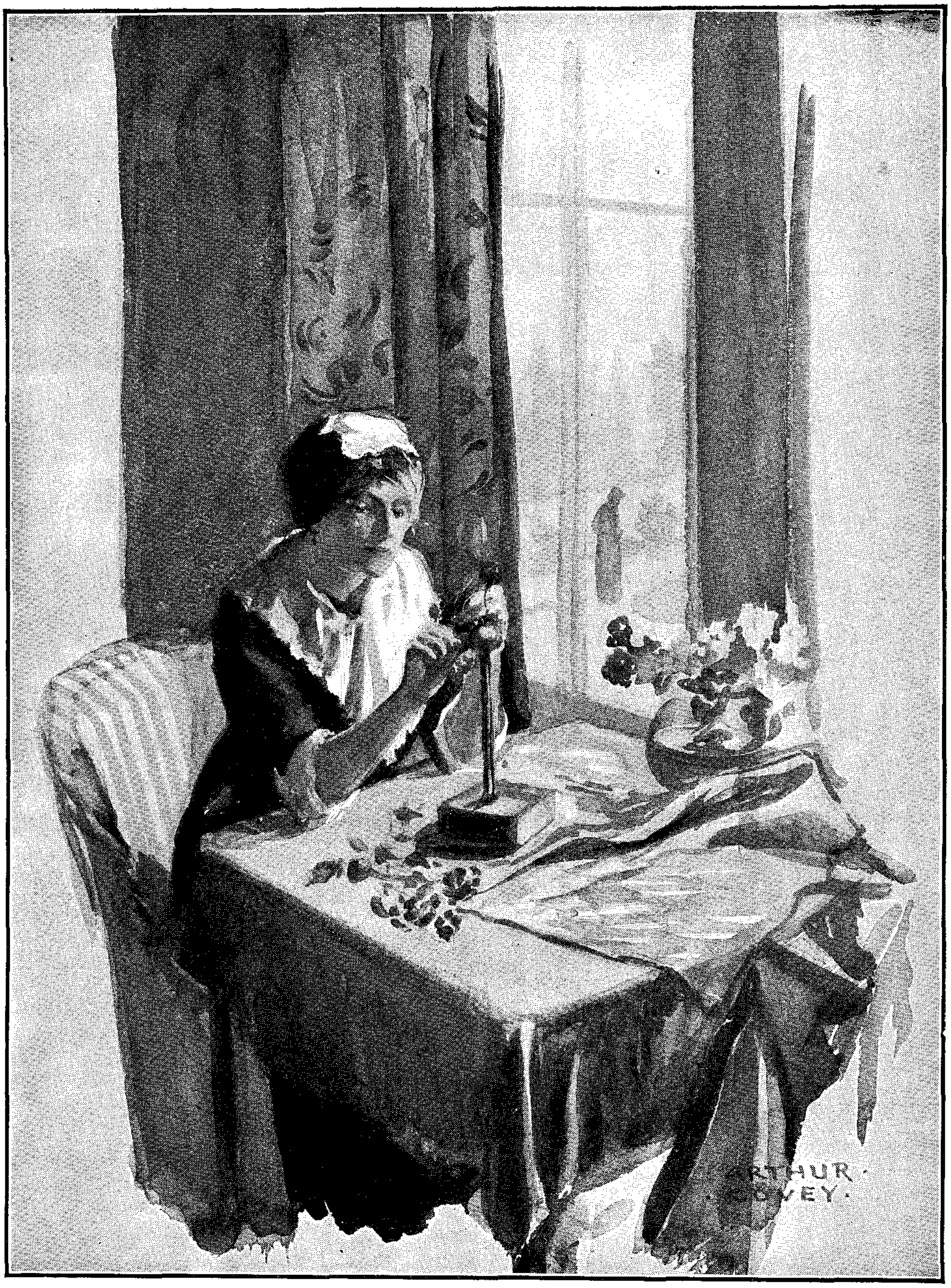
A no less ardent lover of her trade was Madame Turc, the *lingère*, obliged, to her cost, to make petticoats for a wholesale merchant whose trade was in the American market.

"Look at that, Madame," she said, holding up a much-beruffled skirt: "*C'est de la camelote.*" (It's cheap and shoddy stuff.) "I hate to have you see me with such work in my hands. It gives me shivers in my back to take such big stitches in such flimsy cloth—I, who had three years' apprenticeship in lingerie with the Sisters, and was taught to make fine, solid garments. But what would you? It seems that the great ladies of N'York demand these things. What a funny country, America! But Mademoiselle is from Boston—of course that's different," she hastened to add, suddenly aware that she was failing in the tact of a hostess. She had to take what was given her, the good and the bad together, and the worst of it was that, under the influence of this unfortunate American demand ("No French woman who respects herself would put this on, Madame knows," she repeated, shaking the lace ruffles disdainfully again), flimsiness had begun to pay better than "solidity."

Madame Turc had a grievance against America, and many of the other *lingères* had their legitimate grounds of complaint. For some of them earn no more than two sous an hour. The competition of the prisons and the convents and the provinces; the hard bargains of the middlewoman or contractor, who often acts as intermediary between shops and merchants and home workers—all these elements played their part, one was told, in the low rates that seemed to prevail in the lingerie and most of the other home trades. If starvation wages and sub-contracting imply the "sweating system," this system undoubtedly exists in Paris. Yet nobody who is familiar with the degradation of home industries in New York or in the East End of London will venture to call the Parisian industries "sweated" in the same sense. Whatever her suffering—and it is too often great—the *ouvrière en chambre* has not lost her self-respect.

Indeed, from the composite picture that my several months' acquaintance with her stamped upon my memory, each round, intelligent face, bent over the busy, untiring hands, emerges for me cheerful, smiling; in any case, firm and courageous. Although these faces were not fixed on far horizons, one realized that they had taken in the universe and their own place in the scheme of things with a comprehensive and philosophic glance. They were, in fact, always taking it in, peeping out now and then, a little ironically and with no thought of change, from the modest niche into which they had resignedly settled themselves, even while they turned all their patient attention to the great details of every day.

Of the peaceful and generally resolute faces I like best to remember Madame Girard's. Madame Girard is an artificial flower maker; and because she followed this most distinctive of the old Paris handicrafts for women, and, seeing and accepting the limits of her tiny life, made it within these limits a thing of beauty and significance, she stands out for me as the true type of the Paris workingwoman of the old school. It is a type of which a nation may well be proud. Madame Girard carried the fine French economy of living to its extreme expression. Let my compatriots who sum up Paris by the Boulevards ask themselves whether we can find on our continent one



SHE SAT FOREVER IN HER WINDOW THAT LOOKED OUT OVER THE HIGH GRAY WALLS INTO A PRIM CONVENT GARDEN

woman who lives alone, happily and respectably, on sixty dollars a year.

Madame Girard is, however, far more than respectable; she is "distinguished." She lives, not in a working-class quarter, where rents are low, but in the heart of the St. Germain quarter. There are many such humble and industrious tenants of the houses of the rich in Paris. When one meets them on the stairs, neat, hurrying little figures laden with bundles, who salute one politely with their bare heads or their white caps, one usually supposes them to be emissaries of the fine laundress or the dry-cleanser around the corner. If the truth were known, they may very likely be going to their own *chez soi*, a bit of a room at the end of some hidden, winding corridor.

In such a room, in a "great house" in the Boulevard St. Germain, I found Madame Girard making her moss-roses, which, like the room itself, had for her the charm of long usage and association. She was sixty-six years old, and had made exactly the same sort of roses, for the same manufacturer, day after day for fifty years. She sat forever in her window that looked out over high gray walls into a prim convent garden; a tiny black figure, shrunken, and busy as some little tireless ant at her never-ending task.

On the table before her one saw first a heap of delicate moss-roses—two roses and three buds on every stem, and every spray exactly like the next. From a quaint standard, with a potato at the top into which its wire stem was stuck, hung, head down, the half-finished rose on which she was working. The uncurled petals were spread out on the table; six dark petals, three "medium," three pale, and so on in regular succession. Madame Girard, heating her long-handled goffer in a glimmer of blue gas flame, pressed each heart-shaped bit of dark-pink muslin until it took the form of the curving outer petal of a rose, and then attached it with a touch of paste to her flower. The inner petals were crimped with the fingers; the secret of the *fleuriste's* art, as Madame Girard explained, lay in the fingers themselves, especially in the swift and subtle rotary movement used for winding stems and shaping buds and petals. Yet Madame Girard earned only one franc a day.

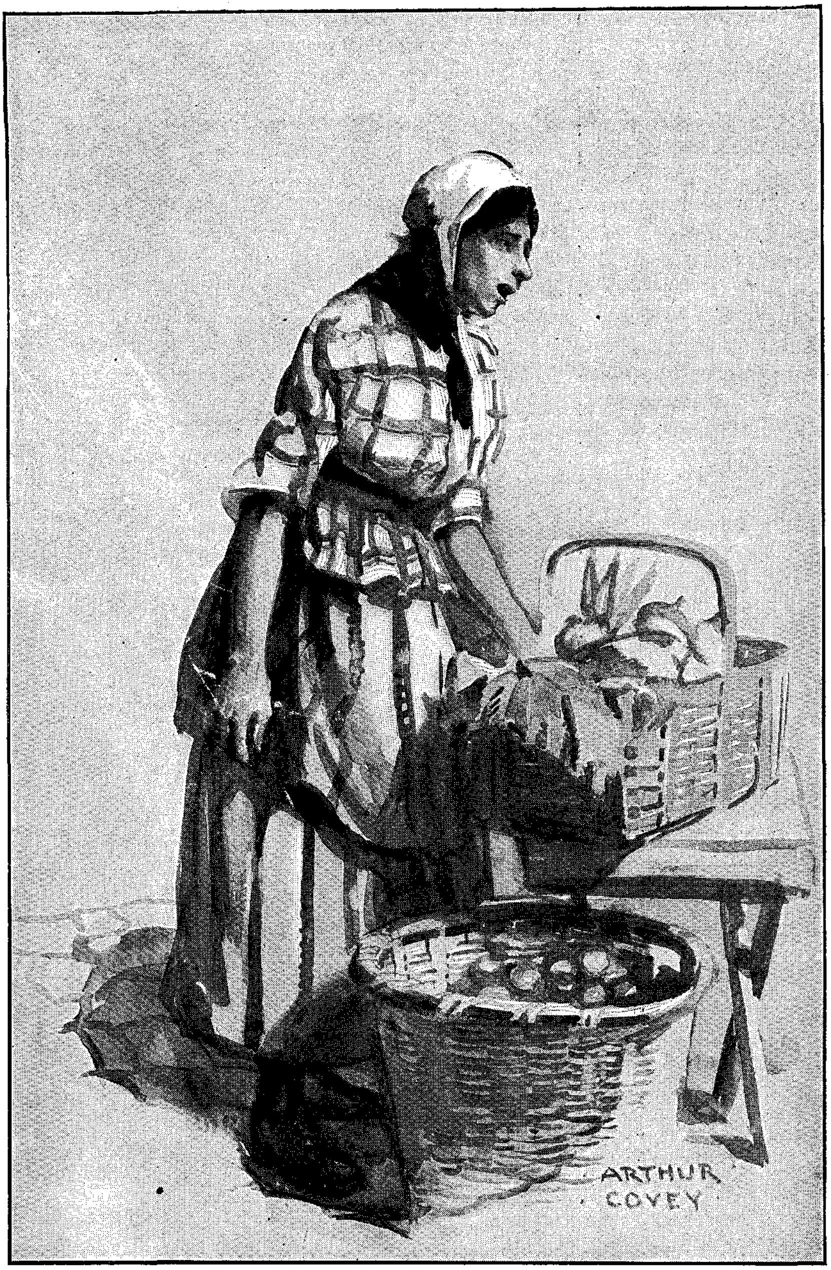
"Many people would call me an old fool to live here in this expensive room, for which I pay more than half my yearly earnings," she said. "But habit is too strong for me. Here I was happy with my husband; here I must live out my widowhood, so long as the good God pleases. I see the good Sisters telling their beads in the garden down there, and they are my company. 'Provided I can make my rent, and my soap,' I say to myself, as I curl my rose petals."

She considered herself very extravagant in the matter of soap, and indeed her floor and her walls fairly shone. Bare and small as it was, her room had something *pimpante* about it, a sort of grave, sweet bloom, like that the moss-roses own. One could have believed that the bees themselves kept it immaculate, and that Madame's fingers, never resting, never hesitating, deft and sure and transparent, had no need of earthly nourishment.

Nevertheless Madame Girard did eat; she told me the disposition of her yearly budget of three hundred francs. She spent three sous a day for bread, two for milk, two for white cheese. Two sous' worth of vegetables, and four of meat, made her a soup that provided several meals. Then there were twenty sous for coffee every month, eight sous a week for butter, and a few more for a little sugar and salt. That was the whole of her annual expenditure, except the rent and the soap, and such charcoal and petroleum for heat and light as were strictly necessary. As to her clothes, she "arranged," as she said. She went out only to market or to get her roses.

"It isn't a life for the young," said Madame Girard; "but for me, I am used to it. I get on pretty well. I should be most unhappy if I did not have my little roses."

She was very eager that I should not consider her roses really good. They were perfect of their kind, no doubt, but it was such a modest kind! I should see the roses that skillful *fleuristes* copied from fresh flowers—they were more beautiful than nature! A *fleuriste* who had the *cachet Parisien*, the true magic touch that Paris alone can give, and loved flowers enough, could make anything that grew; apprenticeship might then be said to last all one's life. She remembered very well how, in the workroom where she had her training, Madame the *patronne* (head of the firm) used to bring roses in from her garden to be copied, and the dyer used to work with a ravishing rose in a glass of water before him. She, too, had once expected to stand high in the trade, but had married young, and had very naturally gone on working for the same *patronne* afterward. This little moss-rose was the first model she had tried at home. She had succeeded with it, and it had been simpler to continue to make the same thing. With the husband and the two boys, she didn't have leisure to experiment upon any others; and by the time the children were grown she was quite too old to learn new ways. After that her husband had died, and her two sons had been killed in the army in Algeria. This only proved that a woman



" ONE NEVER STOPS YELLING !" BUT WHAT DID THAT MATTER, IF YOU LIKED IT

who had no trade was without security in life. It was a very stupid woman who could not manage her household and follow some trade as well. A little more money didn't come amiss; and then one enjoyed it so, one's profession, concluded the old woman, raising her eyes for a moment to smile at me as she laid another spray on her heap of roses.

" But mine isn't a life for the young," she murmured sadly again, shaking her head with sober resignation.

Nothing stood out more clearly for American eyes—eyes that are accustomed to seeing children working at their mother's side in home industries—than the fact that the really young in Paris have no share in these meticulous labors. Among the many family groups —mothers and daughters embroidering and flower-making together—that my own wanderings recall there was never a single child even in the poorest homes. The children were always at school, or at play, or absorbed in their lessons. High standards have many valuable by-products; no child could possibly make the simplest types of flowers in Paris, even those that the trade sums up scornfully as *camelote*. French parents, moreover, have that gift so blessed in their children, the gift of the "long view."

I remember, as a case in point, one family that lived in extreme poverty in a little flat at the back of a court near the cemetery of Père la Chaise, almost opposite that famous pitiful wall where the Communards were shot. Very properly, the pretty mother's trade was here of a funereal order: she made those nightmare wreaths of colored bead flowers with which the good French Catholic likes to adorn the tomb of his departed. Six children under seven years old—a very large family for a Paris workingman—and a rheumatic grandmother had to be fed by a devoted pair of parents.

The father "was sure to earn his five francs a day;" but Madame's bead marguerites brought in very little, and when she was asked to make the wire frame of the wreath as well—the "carcass," as the French has it—"Ah, then it's not gay," put in the old grandmother, whose wrinkled face, brown as a walnut under its stiff white cap-strings, nodded with interest in our conversation from her warm corner by the stove. It was she who proudly led us, with her limping step, into the next room to see the two youngest babies asleep in their cribs; though there were but three rooms, every child had its own clean little bed. The three elder ones, in their black aprons, with their straps of books—the eldest, a round-faced little boy, leading his two round-faced little sisters solemnly by the hand—soon came in from school. Madame exclaimed aloud, with astonished indignation, when I inquired—knowing how it would be in such a household in New York—whether the children never helped to string the beads.

"My little ones! Heavens, no!" If one were poor, that did not mean that one had a heart of stone. Children must go to school and then have their play. With a regular, hard-working life, one got on somehow. Here "everybody" was up at five o'clock; "everybody" was in bed by half-past seven. Sundays and holidays the same work, the same régime. Madame liked to make her wreaths—that was another pair of sleeves. A woman could not be the comrade, the true wife, of her husband, unless she, too, did her part.

Madame Claude was amused when I tried to explain the next day why these sentiments, which are in France those of the average domestic woman—the *femme d'intérieur*—would pass as "emancipated" in America.

"So it is only the young girl who is free to work in your country!" she said. International comparisons, we were agreed, bring out nothing so much as the fundamental unlikeness attached by custom to the same terms in different lands. "But here," Madame Claude continued, "we shall, I fear, see some one who, the world over, would be considered emancipated in the wrong sense."

We were climbing the narrow stairs of a four-story house in that blank and featureless region behind the Gare de Lyon. Madame Claude confessed that she felt a little doubtful of our reception. The unmarried mothers who kept their children as long as this one had were no weaklings, and it was sometimes awkward to have to explain that her Welfare Committee could not take charge of the children unless it were given complete control of them for a certain number of years.

The young woman who opened the door to us was slim, and tall, and shabbily dressed. Her coarse black hair grew very thick about a handsome face, slightly disfigured by a scar on one cheek. She received us eagerly, warmly even, apologizing, however, for the appearance of things. Though it was eleven o'clock, the big mahogany bed which filled all of one side of the small dark room was covered with a disorderly heap of dingy bedclothes. A tawdy wardrobe, with a mirror, occupied most of the remaining wall space. But a stove, a table, and a sewing-machine were squeezed in somehow between the door and the window, and by the bed stood a washstand with bottles on it, and bits of soap, and a basin of dirty water.

The woman, with a regretful look in this direction, explained that she was just getting ready to go for "her garters." Yes, she worked for a wholesale house in the Rue Réamur, stitching garters on her sewing-machine. She had to walk all the way and back again; at six sous the dozen pair a car-fare wasn't to be thought of. If she could only be sure of work when she got there, she wouldn't complain; it all depended on whether or not any orders arrived in the morning post. If there were none, she returned as she had come. On the other hand, she might get as much as three francs' worth, and have to sit up all night. This was quite too rare, however, since four other women, very much "recommended," had become her rivals. Though she had worked for the firm for eight years, they now got the preference because they brought little presents to the forewoman—a bouquet of roses, some chocolate. They were all married; they wanted only pin money, anyhow. Nevertheless, even if she could afford it, *she* wouldn't flatter the forewoman; she was too proud, too independent. "*Chacun sa liberté!*" (Freedom for everybody.) She stood with her back to the window, one hand on her hip, and her dark head, boldly outlined against the oblong panel of light, stood out for us with an almost defiant grace.

Her little girl? The harsh, declamatory tone changed at once, and she told us how the poor little thing was ill of bronchitis in hospital. Madame Claude set forth very sympathetically the purpose of her committee, and the advantages it offered a hard-working mother to bring up her child with honest farmer-folk.

Ah, yes, it was doubtless true, as Madame said, that the child needed country air. But what would you? She couldn't give her up. She hadn't lived for that little one, starved for her, slaved for her, during six long years, only to lose her now. The father had deserted her—she was exactly twenty then—because she refused to get rid of the baby. Men were like that; selfish, brutal creatures. But it gave one courage to see how the child adored her mamma. It was Mamma here, Mamma there, and when one wanted to send her to the public school nothing but sobs: "I want to stay with you, I want to stay with my Mamma!" It was evident that she would grow up a dunce unless measures were taken; so—Madame would be glad to hear—she had arranged to put her out to board at a school where the poor mothers might visit their little girls occasionally. The price was fifteen francs a month—a heavy charge when added to two hundred and fifty francs for the yearly rent. And earnings anywhere between three and ten francs a week!

"But there, Madame! I prefer to live on vegetables and water and see the child now and then. *Chacun sa liberté!*"

Madame Claude, evidently considering the school better than nothing, suggested that with some other work to replace these irregular "garters" the child's tuition might be assured; there was domestic service, or factory work. But the girl shook her head. In the factory one's extra money went for lunches, for clothes. She liked better to work at home. In service one was too much held down. "*Chacun sa liberté!*"

"What happens, then," said Madame Claude, forced into frankness by the visions conjured up in that squalid room—"what happens, then, when you do not 'make your week'?"

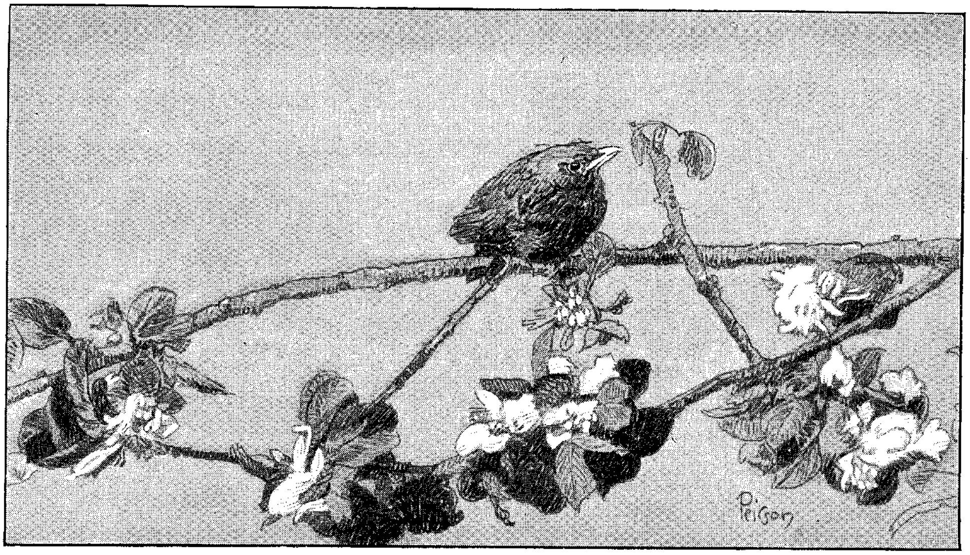
"Ah, now you're getting there, Madame. You know what the Paris employer says to such as I when we complain: 'Well, you're free, aren't you?' We are free, yes!" She gave a sudden bitter laugh. "When I don't make my week, there's always one remedy."

In a moment she was smiling and chattering again of her child. She wished us a cordial good-by, standing at the door, one hand on her hip, her head flung high, and calling after us:

"The ladies understood, bore no ill will? Madame might be tranquil about the child. *Chacun sa liberté!*"

"Liberty, liberty," sighed Madame Claude, as we went away haunted by that unhappy cry. "What, then, of fraternity, one's duty to one's neighbor? The man was free to leave the mother, the employer is free to grind her down. But hers is the most sad freedom of all. What that child must already have seen! I am the one whose hands are tied."

This was the only slovenly room that Madame Claude and I saw, and the only woman whose work and whose life did not seem to rest on the firm foundation of some fixed ideal. They illustrated, as Madame Claude said, the other side of the case: what work at home is likely to become, even in Paris, under the vulgarized demands of modern industry. While machines and "cheap stuff" are despised in France, this poor bit of wreckage on the great sea of labor will, however, remain far less representative of the Paris *ouvrière en chambre* than the Madame Girards—those effective women, so highly civilized within their narrow boundaries; those excellent mothers and housewives; those passionate lovers of their trades who, bent over the one small, patient task in which they have learned perfection, and hidden away in a cherished obscurity, still set the standard of beautiful handiwork for the world, behind their secret, fast-closed doors.

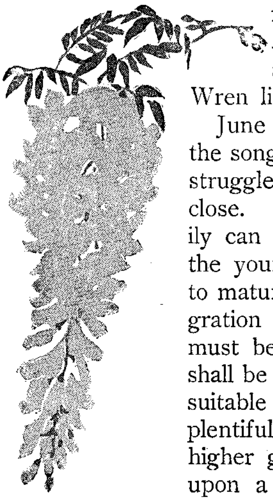


NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

JUNE—THE SINGING MONTH

JUNE is peculiarly the month of love and beauty, of the mating and home-making of birds, the blooming of flowers and their courtship by insect beaus, the expansion and activity of eager life. Birds are wearing the gayest plumage and caroling the brightest songs, for now is the culmination of their year, and all deck themselves anew—“ a livelier iris comes upon the burnished dove.” In some cases special ornaments are added to their plumage, as the aigrette of the white heron. It is appropriate, perhaps, that these exquisite plumes should adorn the coiffures of our June brides, for every one was taken from a bird-bride slain in the flush of her joy. The goldfinch and bobolink, having discarded their dull winter suits, are jaunty in sable and gold, or in the gay motley of the harlequin of the meadows.



The singing of the birds is now at its climax—the crowning grace of this sweetest segment of the round year. How much of the joyousness of June is due to their melody! It welcomes the rising of the day upon a blooming and odorous world with glorious matins, and ushers in the evening with vesper hymns. Every hour of this happy time is ringing with bird-music, as it is redolent of the aroma of blossoms. This singing of birds in the spring is an irrepressible expression of excitement and delight over love-making and domestic happiness, plentiful food and sunshine. Rivals pipe lustily against one another. Jenny Wren listens, and makes her choice.

June is nursery time for most of the songsters, whose nestlings rarely struggle out of the cradle before its close. Manifestly, the earlier a family can be raised the better, giving the young a longer period in which to mature before the autumnal migration must begin; but the time must be chosen so that chilly nights shall be avoided, and that insect food suitable for callow young shall be plentiful when they arrive. The higher grade of life is dependent upon a lower. Steady warmth is requisite to bring from their eggs the needed grubs and caterpillars, whose hope of becoming beetles or butterflies is soon extinguished between the jaws of some more active creature. Really, they thus serve as high a usefulness as do the few who survive to attain the brilliant brief glory of an imago; yet perhaps they are not content! How diligently the parent birds seek and bring such food to their little ones! And the quantity is prodigious. This is no place for statistics, but if a reader will pause to calculate the millions of insects consumed daily at this season, remembering that almost all are caught in the act of despoiling our forests, field crops, or gardens, he will understand why patriotic persons want to keep the Nation's birds alive, entirely apart from any enjoyment of their lovely ways and voices, or of their decorative value on a hat.

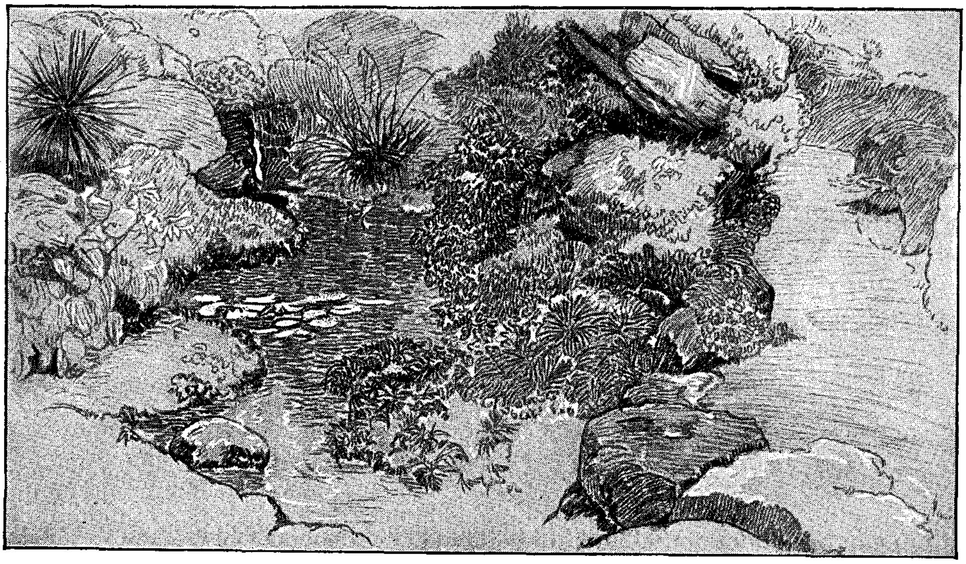
On the other hand, the birds themselves are in much the same peril as the insects, for now snakes are hunting high and low, and the smaller mammals have families to feed. Chipmunks, red squirrels, rats, minks, weasels, skunks, foxes, wildcats, all become hunters of birds and their nests—worst of all, the crow and the rural house cat. In remote places the beautiful spotted fawns of the deer are finding the use of their legs, and learning lessons in woodcraft as they timidly follow the does to the feeding grounds; but the bucks are hiding away with aching brows, for their antlers are sprouting rapidly in the "velvet."

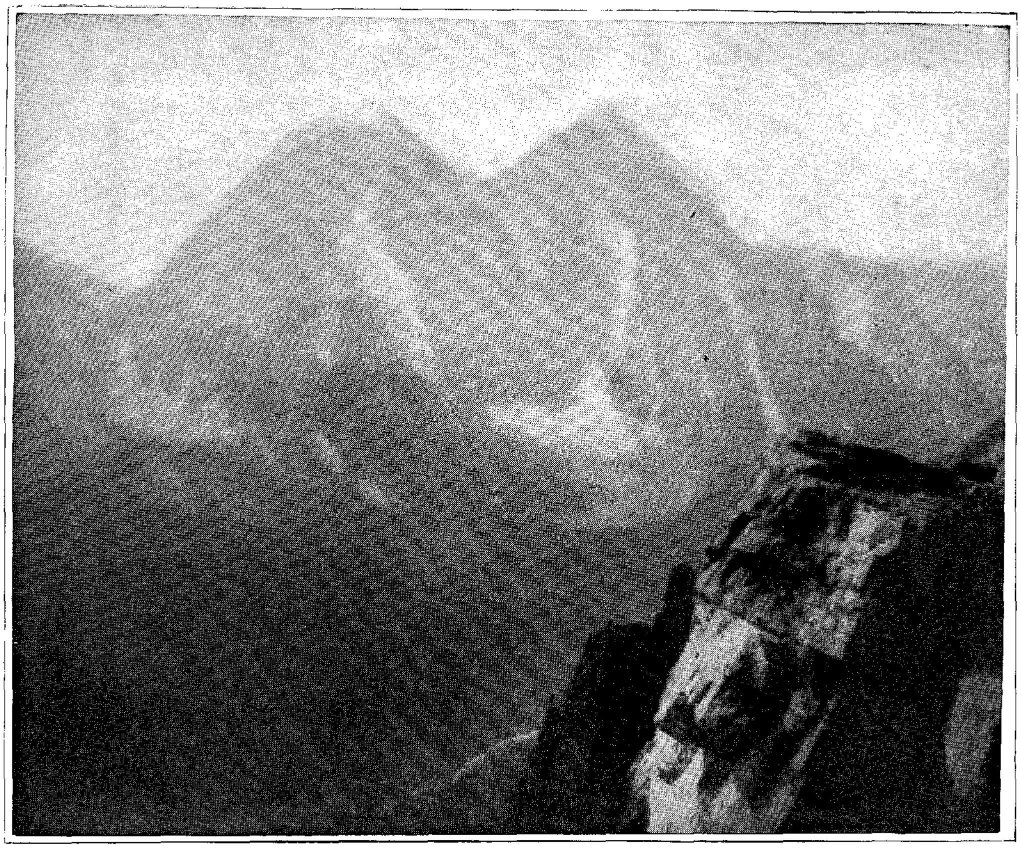
Every brook and pond is an aquarium in eager activity. Tadpoles of the lesser frogs are graduating into proud little frogs, and coming ashore to march away in large companies to see the world; some moist morning the villager finds that hundreds have invaded his street and yard, and tells his neighbor they rained down! Baby toads appear in the garden. Wood tortoises, fresh-water turtles, and some snakes are burying eggs in loose soil. Salamanders are casting their skins (the delicate little vermilion ones becoming common in the woods), and they and the bullfrogs are spawning.

Fishes are wide awake. Sturgeons, Spanish mackerels, rock-bass, cunners, *et al.*, appear along the coast, tempting fishermen, and spawning on sandy shallows or among the eel-grass. In fresh waters bullheads are guarding nesting-holes in the river banks; mated pickerels are gliding over grassy shallows, leaving eggs to be largely devoured by crayfish, water-bugs, and minnows; perch are spawning; dace and shiners are radiant in nuptial colors; sunfish and bass are preparing their pebbled nests, and wooing and warring over them from dawn till dark.

June is the heyday of the year—the acme of vitality in plant and animal.

"Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly within it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."





MOUNT TEMPLE, CANADIAN ROCKIES

THE SPECTATOR

"DO you happen to have a microscope in your pocket, sir?" The Spectator could not have been more surprised at the question than if he had been asked whether he happened to have a buzz saw in his pocket. The questioner was a stalwart but somewhat decayed-looking individual, dressed in rough clothes and with a slouch hat that had once been respectable. He had been leaning against a post on the station platform in a small town in British Columbia. The Spectator was also idling on the platform, for he had stayed overnight in the small town so that he might see by daylight the magnificent scenery of the Canadian Rockies, and he was waiting for a somewhat overdue train—as is the custom, apparently, of summer travelers in some parts of Canada. The decadent individual, in explanation of his question, took a handful of irregular pieces of stone from his coat pocket and said, "I just picked these up from the float, and they look good to me, and if I had a microscope I would be sure about them." "Where did you get them?" asked the Spectator. "Just up on the hill there." "And what is the 'float'?" "Why, sir," said the man, seeing he had a tenderfoot to deal with, "the float is what we prospectors call the loose rock that is lying on the surface. If you break up that rock, you can tell whether there is likely to be gold in the ground." And then the prospector went on to tell of his methods, of travels from Alaska to Mexico in search of the precious metal, of the varying fortunes of a prospector's life, and how his own personal luck happened to be just now at the ebb—and, most marvelous of all, as his tale ended while the Spectator's train approached, he did not make any appeal for a "grubstake."

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Before the Spectator left British Columbia he met other prospectors, but they were mostly of the kind who ride on the Pullmans and who have graduated from the somewhat uncertain occupation of prospector to the at present more lucrative one of real estate speculator. For be it known that, while its mining properties are by no means exhausted, northwestern Canada is just now more interested in a general " boom " in real estate and other good things. Town lots are soaring, farm lands have trebled in value within a few years, and everywhere one meets the spirit of enthusiastic optimism that accompanies flush times. " A year ago," said one of the boomers, " I picked up twenty lots, in the town we just passed, for $110 apiece; last week I sold them for $850 apiece." Another fellow-traveler of the Spectator's said, "I come from Port Alberni, and we have got the best thing on the Coast there—a fine harbor, fine buildings, and the greatest future of any place near the Sound." Port Alberni was a new one for the Spectator, but afterwards he found that the name was really printed on the railway map. " Why, a few days ago," went on the Port Albernian, " a friend of mine offered $15,000 cash for a single vacant lot on our best business street, and couldn't get it, for it was worth more." The farm lands, too, are proving equally profitable, apparently. "This land," said a farmer to the Spectator, as the observation car passed a prosperous-looking place on the Frazer River, " produces the best potatoes in the world. A neighbor of mine will clear $20,000 from his potatoes this year." And another one said, " This is a great grazing country. If a man has a little capital, a good deal of pluck, and some luck, in the course of five or six years he can make a whole bunch of money here out of cattle-raising." As for wheat—well, as every one knows, western Canada is now called " the granary of the British Empire."

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The railways of Canada are sharing in the country's prosperity, as they have indeed in part produced it. The Canadian Pacific, which between Winnipeg and Vancouver owns alternate sections of land for twenty-four miles on each side of its track, can hardly dispose of its holdings fast enough to satisfy applicants, many of whom are Americans. One of these, a former resident of North Dakota, said to the Spectator: " The Canadian Pacific may own Canada, as they say, but up here we get better treatment both from the railroads and the Government than we do in the States. Our taxes, for instance, are much lighter. I paid $45 taxes on 160 acres in North Dakota, and I only pay $32 on 320 acres here." Another farmer said: " We can raise more wheat in this country in three months than the Canadian Pacific can haul away in the other nine months of the year." So the " C. P. R.," as it is familiarly called, is double-tracking its road; the Canadian Northern is building a parallel road, which for part of its route will run closer to the C. P. R. than the West Shore does to the New York Central; further north still another railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is approaching completion; and yet another road will probably be built to reach an outlet on Hudson Bay.

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All this activity, or a large part of it, is due to the magical influence of one idea—the Panama Canal! The Panama Canal is to furnish cheap transportation to Europe for Alberta's potatoes and Manitoba's and Saskatchewan's wheat; the cities of Vancouver and Victoria and Rupert and Port Moody and Port Alberni and all the rest, big and little, are to wax prosperous on the ships that are to come to them for cargoes; the town lots are to be passed on at highest prices to the stores and hotels that must be built to provide for the increased business that the ships and the railways will bring. Is it any wonder, considering the vast influence that this American project has had in promoting the prosperity of western Canada, that a more than friendly feeling towards Americans is manifested there, or that some of the newspapers of Alberta and Saskatchewan are saying, " Where shall we sell our wheat when this country is fully developed? Why not to the Nation of 90,000,000 at our southern doors?"

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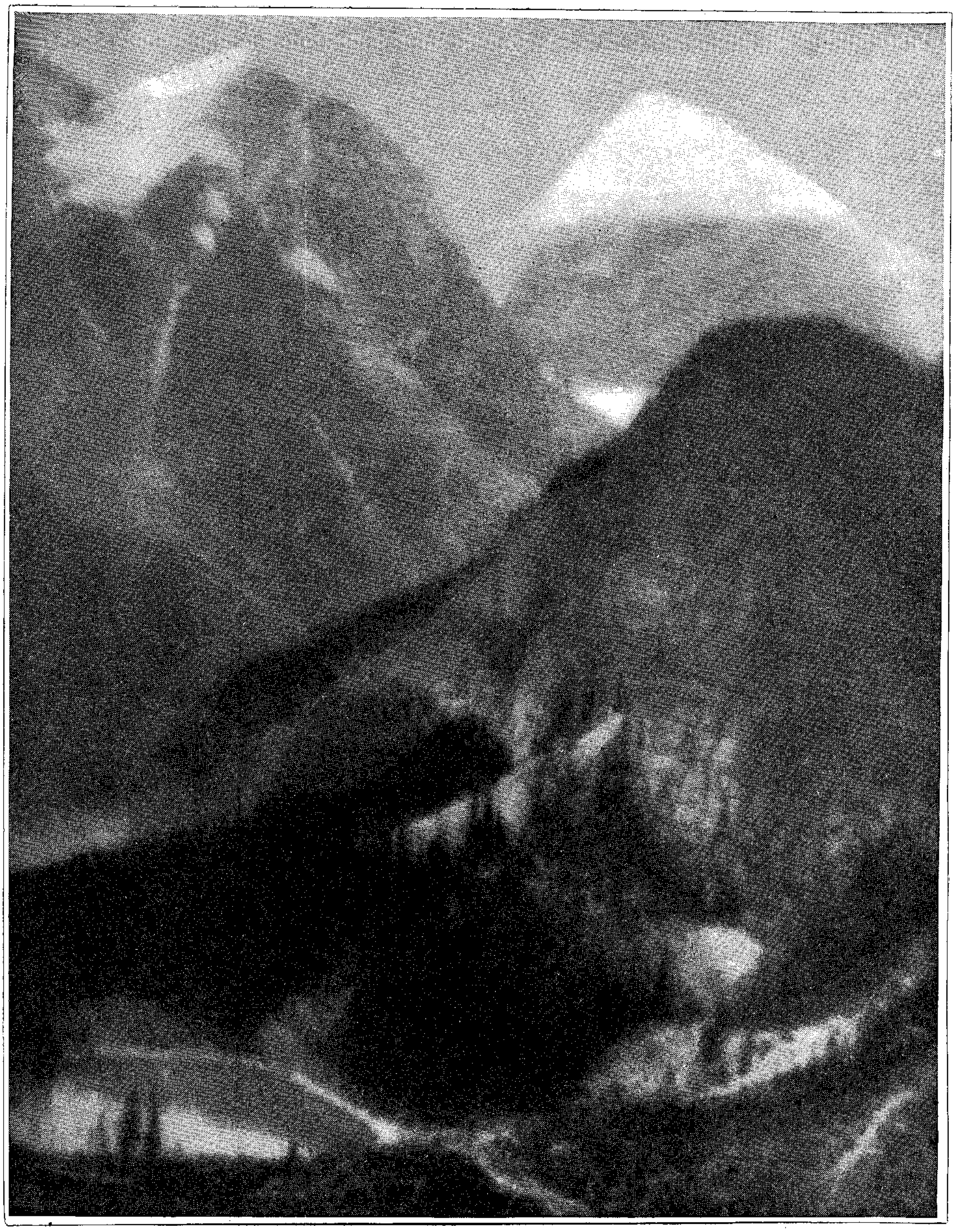
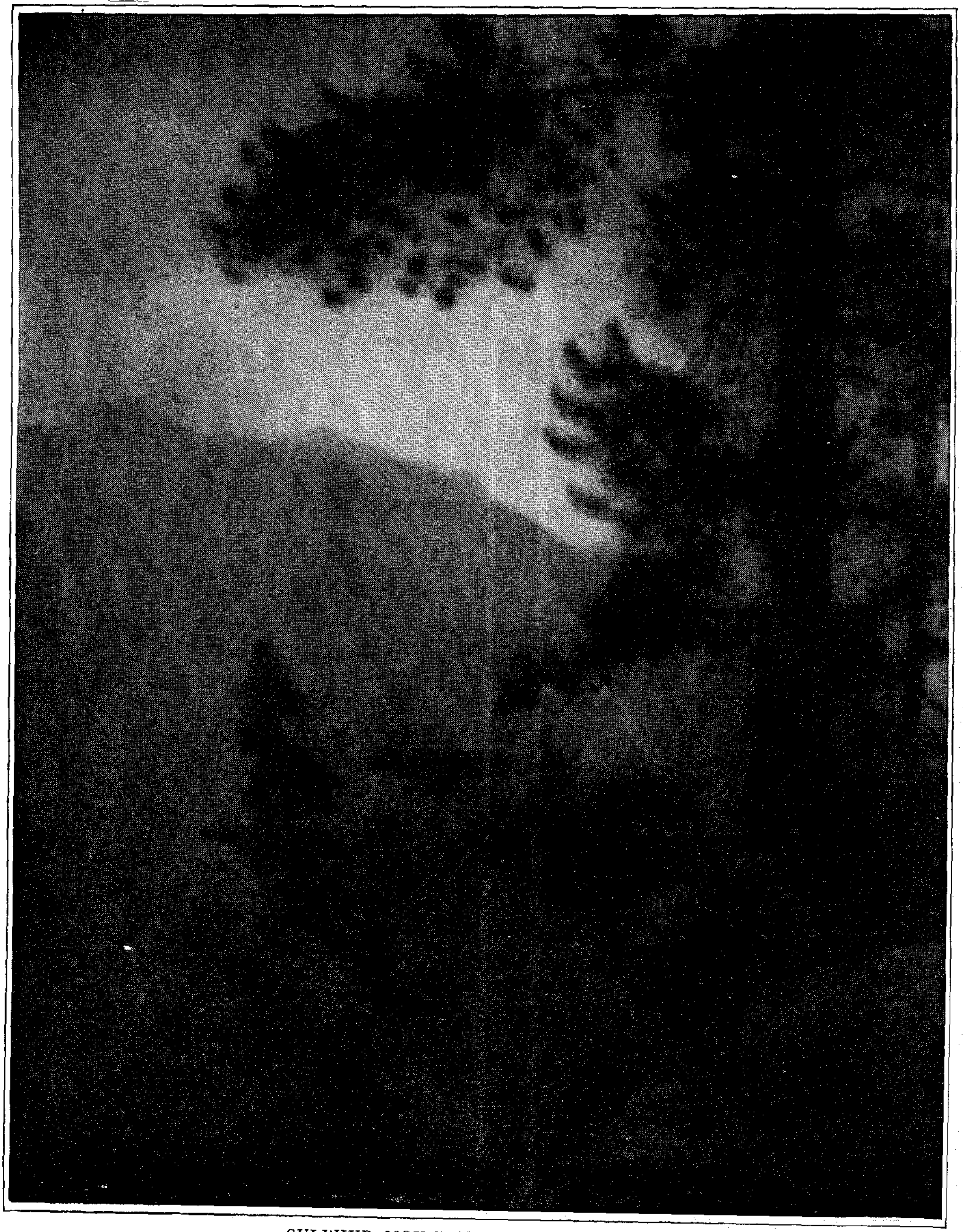
This friendly feeling does not mean that annexation has any advocates, so far as the Spectator observed, among our Canadian neighbors. The friendship is towards Americans as individuals rather than toward the United States as a political power. And this reminds the Spectator of a most curious psychological phenomenon that he took note of in Canada. The loyalty of Canadians to England amounts to a passion; but it is a passion for a sentiment, an ideal, and does not extend to personal relations with anything like the same intensity. Canadians



LAKE IN THE CLOUDS, AND THE BEEHIVE, CANADA

love England as their mother, but they are somewhat prone to disagree personally with their brothers of English birth. Not once, but many times, the Spectator heard stories of Canadians' antipathy to Englishmen as individuals; and he sought an explanation of the feeling. A Manitoba business man gave this explanation: "The feeling against the English immigrant here—and the feeling is certainly widespread—is due almost solely to the class of Englishmen that come to Canada. They are largely a Cockney element that have the prejudices of their class, and their attitude too often toward us is expressed in the words, 'Don't we own the blasted country? The people 'ere are only a lot of bloody Colonials, don't you know!' Don't misunderstand me: we love England and we wel-



SULPHUR MOUNTAIN, BANFF, CANADA

come heartily the cultivated English gentleman when he visits us; there is no more delightful companion in the world. But we don't like the supercilious attitude that many English immigrants at first take toward us. We are much more drawn to the Americans who come to cast in their lot with us." So the Spectator reflects that, after all, the Canadians are at least as friendly to Americans, as possessors of a common continent and inheritors of the same problems in developing it, as to their brethren across the water—except for that little matter of sentiment towards "home."

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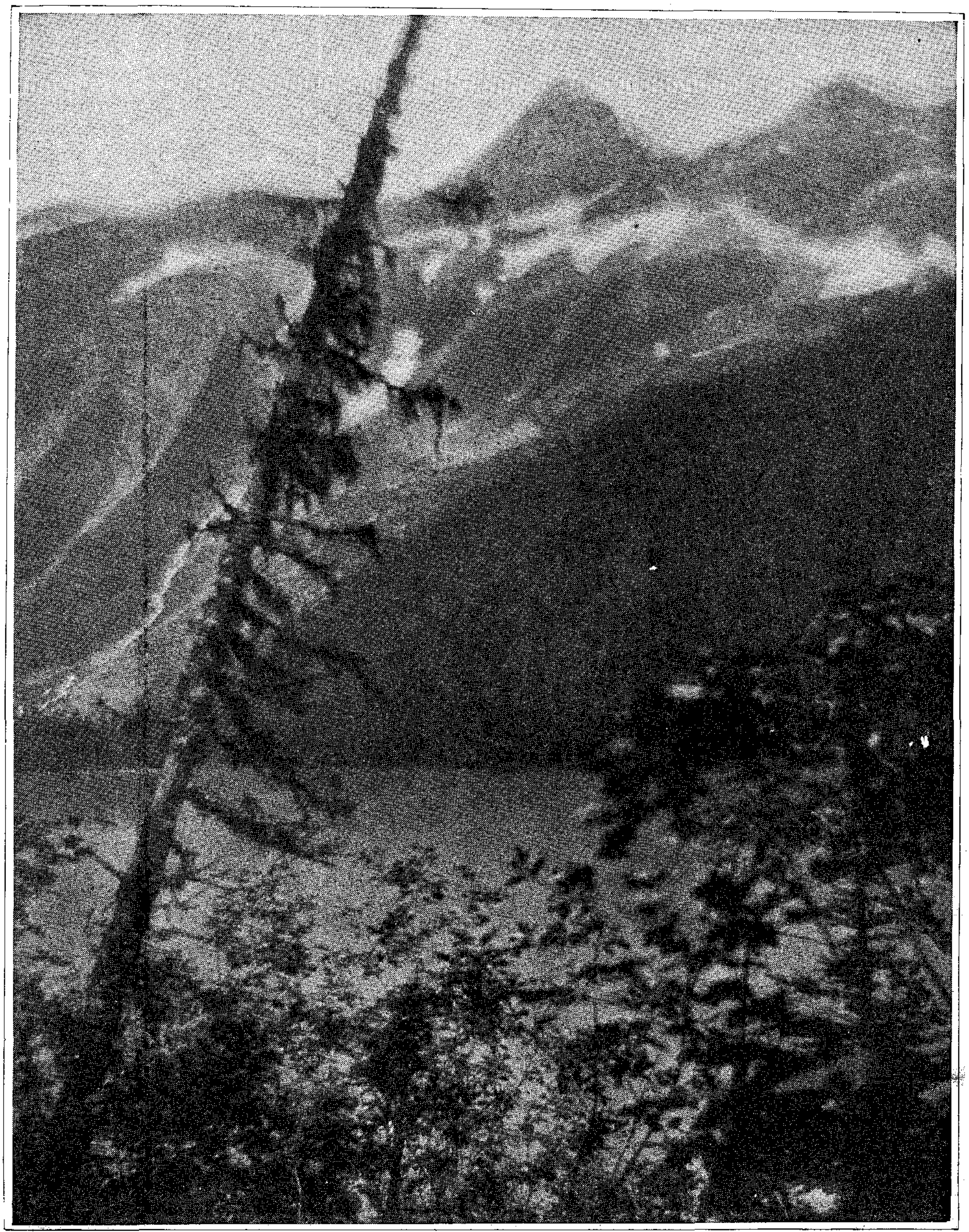
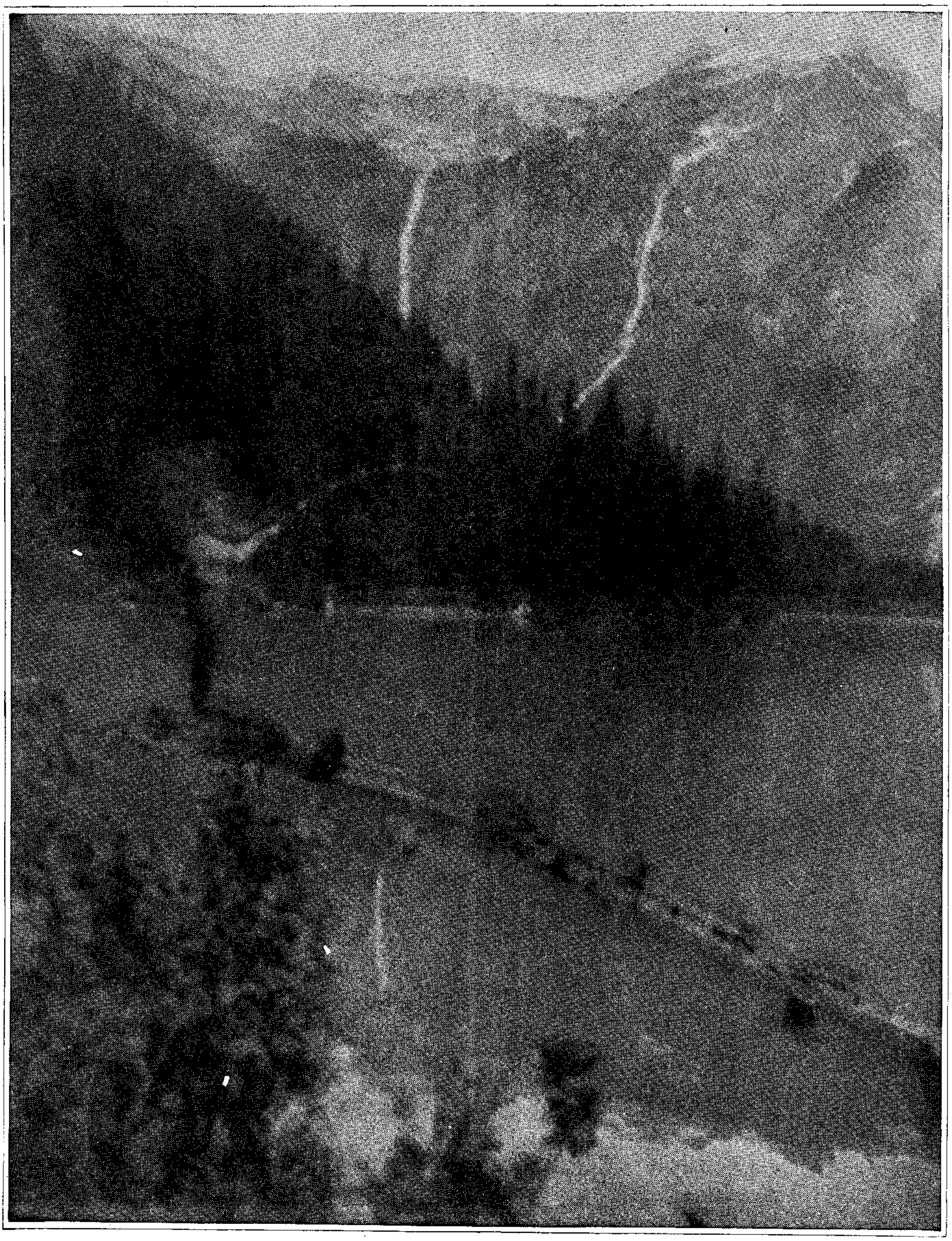
But it is not alone the splendid possibilities of western Canada and the Canadians' buoyant faith in them that make the country inter-



AVALANCHE LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

esting to an American visitor. It was its wonderful mountain scenery that first attracted the Spectator. The phrase "the Switzerland of America" has been applied to so many localities of minor scenic interest that the Spectator had begun to doubt whether the continent possessed any mountain scenery that even remotely resembled the Alps. His own judgment, however, after seeing something of both countries, is that parts of the Canadian Rockies are truly Alpine in their picturesqueness; and he was confirmed in this judgment by the terse comment of a genuine Switzer, one of the mountain guides imported from Switzerland by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the benefit of American mountain climbers (and excellent guides they are, by the way—so excellent that they do



NEAR SPERRY CAMP, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

not encourage amateurs to engage their services for difficult climbs). Asked as to the character of the Rockies and the difficulty of their ascent, this experienced mountaineer replied simply, "They are about the same as in my country." To this the Spectator would add that to his observation the Canadian Rockies give an impression of vastness in a way that the Alps do not. The huge piles of rock that make up the Canadian mountains seem broader-based; the buttresses of the peaks, in the shape of the lower foot-hills, more extensive; the valleys wider; the heights less heaven-piercing, but the snow-fields larger. As a fellow-traveler expressed it, "The Alps are an Arabian steed; the Rockies are a Percheron. The beauty of the one system is in its peaks; the impressiveness of the other is in the majesty of the vast broken summits and the spread of their enormous bases."

◆

The Canadian Rockies are still young in their relation to humanity; they have been known to the explorer for only a few score years, and to the summer tourist for a still shorter time. But their reputation has grown so fast that even now the hotels at the various attractive stopping-places—Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Glacier—cannot comfortably accommodate the hosts that flock to them. While these mountains are a long journey from the East, and while most New Yorkers and New Englanders will prefer to take a tour in Europe as a more varied and but little more costly pleasure trip, the Spectator was astonished at the number of globe-trotters whom he met in the Canadian Rockies. There was the traveled Englishman who had climbed some of the Himalayas and yet was free in his admiration of these heights; and the ladies from New Zealand, who were equally free in their disapproval of certain features of some of the hotels and yet seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely with their long walks and mountain climbs; and the pilgrims from Indiana, aged sixty-nine and seventy-four, whom the Spectator overtook on the trail up one of the lesser mountains and who finally got to the summit while the Spectator paused by the wayside—one of them, by the way, being the same enthusiastic traveler who two years ago (some newspaper readers may remember the incident) was fired upon by a Mohammedan fanatic at Jerusalem and badly wounded, but who recovered to resume her globe-trotting as indefatigably as ever; there was the Yorkshireman who, having been a sailor in his youth and having later waxed rich, was spending his old age comfortably in seeing the out-of-the-way places of the world and who had just come from a cruise in the South Sea Islands; there were various travelers of high and low degree, including one of the former class who confessed to the Spectator that he dropped his title for economic reasons when traveling, and several of the latter class who were globe-trotting principally because they had plenty of money and were not averse to advertising that fact. And there are going to be still more travelers of all sorts and conditions in this great mountain region, for it will increasingly become the playground of the Northwest—attracting visitors from the United States as well as Canada, and also mountain lovers from all over the world who must see it to make their scenic education complete.

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Canada's great mountain park, however, is soon to have a formidable rival for popularity in the United States just south of the international boundary line. Here, in northwestern Montana, is the newly opened Glacier National Park, which comprises in its eleven hundred square miles perhaps a greater variety of scenic attractions than can be found in the same area of the much larger Canadian National Park. Glacier Park is really being opened to tourists only this season; for, though parties have been taken through it for two or three seasons, the accommodations have been somewhat primitive, the trails rough, and the hardships of travel too great for the average summer vacationist, particularly of the gentler sex. The Spectator is not averse to a little pioneering, and thoroughly enjoyed his few days in the Park in the summer of 1912, with its trips on horseback over steep, rough trails, its picnicking meals *en route*, its encounters with native guides whose memories of early Western experiences were still vivid, and its glimpses of Indian life. He remembers, however, one Eastern tourist who was surprised, not to say indignant, because there were no roads through this vast wilderness of mountain peaks, and who had apparently gathered from the word "park" the idea that Glacier Park was laid out on the lines of Central Park, New York City.

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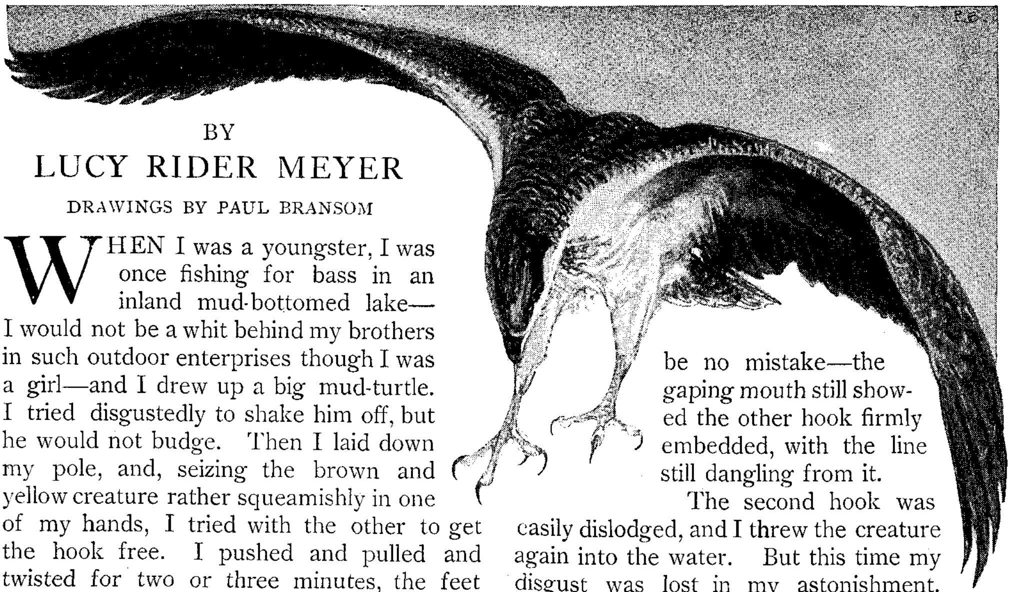
With the building of modern hotels and the laying out of better trails and roads, which is rapidly being done, Glacier National Park will soon count its visitors by the thousand. It comprises among its attractions a lake on which floating ice can be seen in midsummer—appropriately named Iceberg Lake; other lakes whose scenic setting is scarcely inferior to that of the far-famed Lake Louise in Canada; canoeing and fishing for tourists of aquatic tastes; and everywhere the majestic snow-capped mountains. With the Yellowstone National Park not far away, the Grand Cañon of Arizona further south, and the Yosemite wonderland in California, Glacier Park is now to be included as one of the people's playgrounds in our Western country which must not be omitted from their itinerary by those who would "see America first."

IS NATURE RED?



BY

LUCY RIDER MEYER

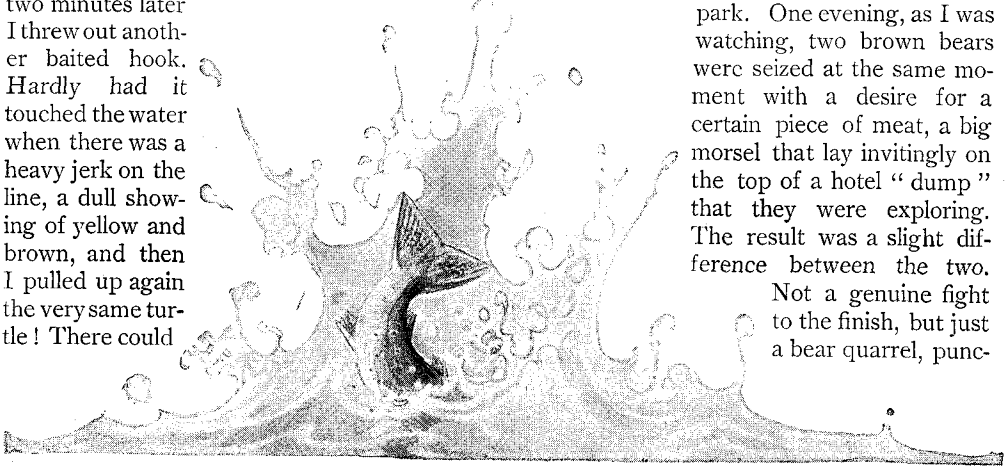
DRAWINGS BY PAUL BRANSOM

WHEN I was a youngster, I was once fishing for bass in an inland mud-bottomed lake—I would not be a whit behind my brothers in such outdoor enterprises though I was a girl—and I drew up a big mud-turtle. I tried disgustedly to shake him off, but he would not budge. Then I laid down my pole, and, seizing the brown and yellow creature rather squeamishly in one of my hands, I tried with the other to get the hook free. I pushed and pulled and twisted for two or three minutes, the feet and tail of the turtle beating the air meanwhile and giving me the impression that he was suffering agonies. I kept thinking how I should feel if the hook were in my mouth. I sickened finally at the job, and, none of my brothers being near to laugh at me, I hastily cut the line, though to do so meant the loss of one of my best fish-hooks, and threw the fellow back into the lake. He dropped like a stone, and I shuddered as I imagined him paddling off into some secluded corner under a stone to suffer from his ugly injury. Or rather to die, for of course he could never eat again. I was very unhappy.

Out of sight out of mind, however, and two minutes later I threw out another baited hook. Hardly had it touched the water when there was a heavy jerk on the line, a dull showing of yellow and brown, and then I pulled up again the very same turtle! There could be no mistake—the gaping mouth still showed the other hook firmly embedded, with the line still dangling from it.

The second hook was easily dislodged, and I threw the creature again into the water. But this time my disgust was lost in my astonishment. Not to speak of the dense stupidity of the beast—taking again the same bait in the same place only two minutes after biting on a hook—what kind of flesh and blood could he be made of not to mind the hurt?

When I studied zoölogy a few years later, and learned the difference between warm and cold blooded animals, the mystery was in part explained. Then, years later still, I was in the Yellowstone National Park—that Elysium for wild animals, for no one dare molest them or make them afraid within the bounds of the great, carefully guarded inclosure—and had the rare good fortune to watch at leisure the bears that roam through the park. One evening, as I was watching, two brown bears were seized at the same moment with a desire for a certain piece of meat, a big morsel that lay invitingly on the top of a hotel "dump" that they were exploring. The result was a slight difference between the two. Not a genuine fight to the finish, but just a bear quarrel, punc-



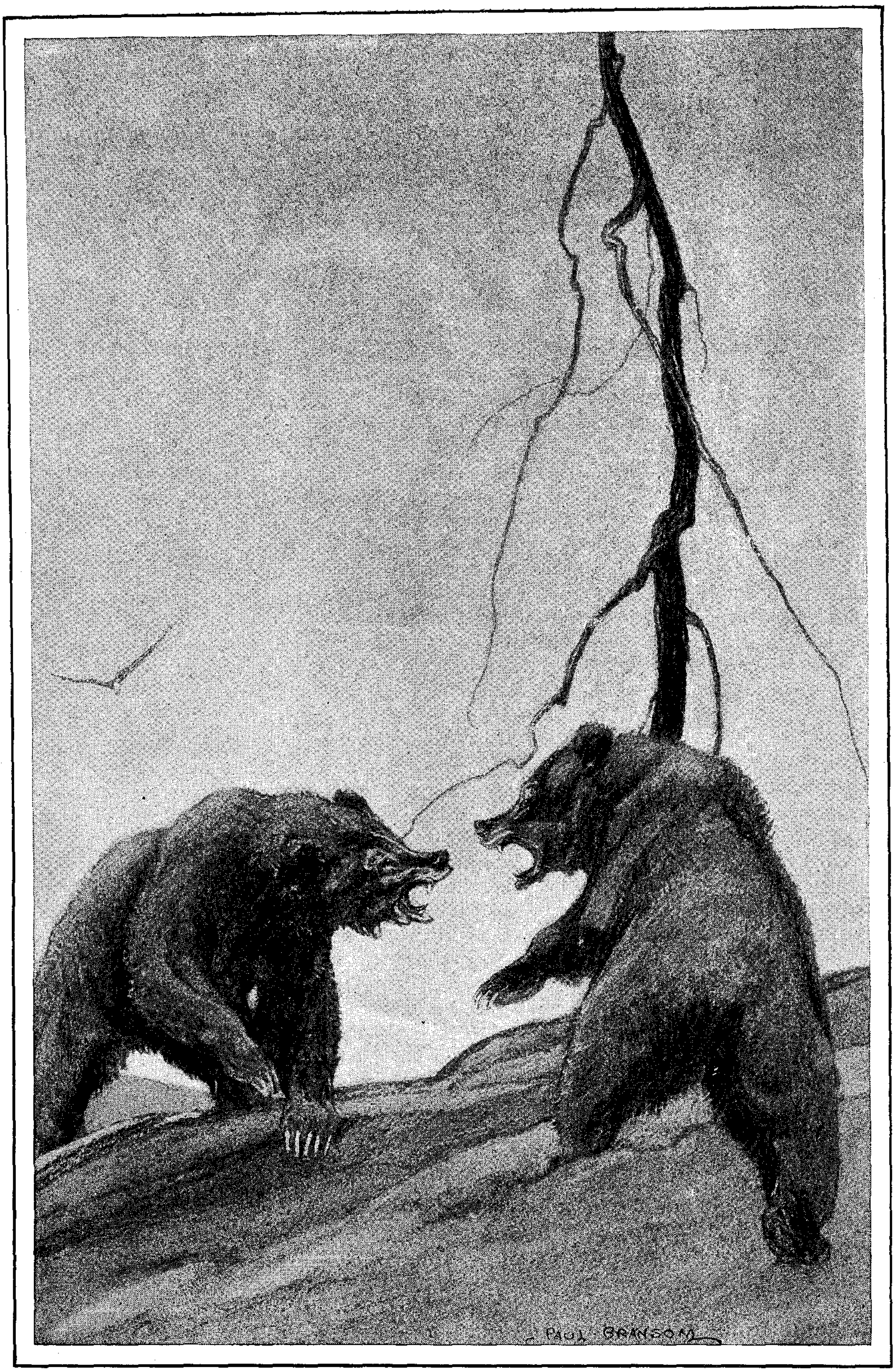
tuated with ursine grunts and growls and enlivened by a few quick business slaps at each other. It was over in a minute—another bear walking off with the meat, of course—but during the scrap one of the bears brought his paw down along the shoulder of the other, claws out, tearing open a rent in the skin fully eight inches long. It showed red and bleeding through the brown fur. The bears had been noisy during the fight, and I expected now to hear pitiful whining from the wounded creature. But not at all. They glared at each other as two young roosters will do at the end of a juvenile bout, then dropped their heads and began rooting around in the dump—the wounded one the same as the other, in utter unconcern of his pain, if he had any. Like a flash I remembered my experience with the turtle. The bear differed in being warm-blooded, yet even he did not seem to suffer.

That night, in the quiet of my tent, with my nose buried in the blankets—for, though it was August, the weather at night was like winter—I thought long over the old, perplexing question of my girlhood: Do wild animals suffer? I reflected that all wild animals, practically, come to a violent death. Some fight about it, some flee; but the end is the same. Fighting, fleeing, in imminent danger of being eaten or actually being eaten, do they suffer as we should under the same circumstances? Is nature "red in tooth and claw" with what redness means to man? How could a good God—ah, that was the rub!—how could a good God thus order his great world? I thought of the Amazon plains, and the African wilds, and of Fiske's world of fiercely struggling little live things just beneath the sod, where animals big and little, good and bad indifferently, were being killed and eaten by myriads all the time. I must understand.

I reasoned out a part of the problem that long night. May not we human beings have injected our personality, so to speak, into the lower animals, attributing our own high reasoning powers, and especially our own keen sensibilities, to actions which in them are only instinctive? We think of the happy little insect in his summer dance on the surface of the pool shrewdly zigzagging about to avoid a possible frog or fish in the water below, who yearns for flies for dinner but whose method of hunting them is on straight lines. The fly is afraid of death, we say, and calculates carefully for its avoidance. But can a fly possibly know anything about death? No animal has sufficient powers of generalization to understand in the faintest degree what death is, much less to grasp the idea that he himself must die. A horse or a dog will see his team-mate or his playmate drop at his side without the slightest concern. And while there is much effort and struggle in that which undoubtedly results in the prolonging of life—mainly by that accumulated wisdom of uncounted generations of animals properly called instinct—yet it cannot be put forth consciously to prolong life. For there can be no apprehension of the value or desirability of life on the part of animals, and no conscious avoidance of death.

Why do they struggle, then? Why does the fish flop so agonizingly? If it were genuine agony, such as a human being endures when dying—but even that is much less than it looks to be, the wise men tell us—who could ever go a-fishing again? But it is not. The explanation is not difficult. Some primitive fish, happening to flop a little, saved his life from the talons of a bird or beast of prey by his flopping, and transmitted a tendency to flop—dull at first, but gradually acquiring intensity—to countless generations after him. But the brother of our primitive fish, neglecting to flop, was promptly caught and eaten. There was no transmitting of his non-flopping disposition to his descendants, for he had none. And gradually all the non-floppers were destroyed by fish-hungry animals or perished in drying-up pools. Only the flopping fish survived, and they are our fish of to-day. If a man were a fish, still retaining a man's brains, he would doubtless flop too, should occasion arise, but it would be because of his reason. But the fish with the fish's brain flops from instinct, which is not reason at all, but the dim accumulated remembrance of millions of experiences inducing prompt and wise action. However much agility an animal may show, however much of what in man would be shrewdness, however much alertness and desperation he may seem to manifest in his conflicts, it cannot be from fear of death, since he has not the faintest conception of the significance of the word, whether as applied to himself or others.

But wild animals are sometimes injured not unto death, and sometimes they are ill. Hardly with illnesses comparable to the diseases of humanity, but with the malaise and inconvenience that must come, for in-


PAUL BRANSOM

"JUST A BEAR QUARREL"

stance, from the presence in the body of parasites that slowly eat out the life. Instances innumerable come to mind as one remembers the scientific work of entomologists who pit one species of insect against another to rid us of our orchard pests. Is there suffering here? A tiny creature lays its eggs in the body of a larva which has been safely (?) housed away in its cocoon; and when the time arrives for the larva to come forth a butterfly, nothing appears. The rightful occupant of the little house has entirely disappeared—eaten up alive, in naked literalness, to furnish food for some other creature's babies. The cocoon is empty, or has perhaps been taken possession of as a ready-made residence by the creatures that have cannibalized its rightful owner. Now, not to speak of the question of the morality of this high-handed performance—a question which would certainly arise to embarrass the second comers if they were human—does the original cocoon-dweller, the dispossessed and eaten-up larva, suffer physically as would a human being under like circumstances?

My mind vaguely worked over this question for months and years, till one day I fell on the ice and was aroused to the reality and decided quality of human suffering, at any rate. As the long days of convalescence came, my nurse, an exceedingly bright and observing young woman, told me of an experience she once had with a big Swede during her hospital training. It shed much light on my problem. I give the account in her words as nearly as I can remember.

"It was in my last year of training," she said, "and I was in charge of the men's surgical ward. One night there was brought in a big fellow with one leg terribly injured—he had fallen under the wheels of a freight car. The interns said it was a perfectly clear case—the leg must come off. No need of calling the surgeon on duty—the surgeons come only in the daytime, you know, except in emergencies. The leg was pretty well ground off, anyway, and the operation would be simple. But the man got wind of what they were about to do, and objected so strongly to the loss of his leg that he finally won. They decided they would wait till Dr. Morsch came in the morning. But when he came, his verdict was the same—there was no hope whatever for the leg, and hope for the man's life only by amputation. But the big fellow pleaded desperately; demanded to be taken back to his home—he had no home but a boarding-house, and we knew he would have no chance at all there—begged and cried and protested and swore he'd much rather die than lose his leg. I never heard anything so pitiful. It was mental agony. Finally, the doctors impatiently bundled him back to the ward—they had had him already on the operating-table—telling him he had only a day or so unless he listened to reason. I'll never forget how he looked as they brought him back—the happiest man alive! And, to the astonishment of everybody, the complications the doctors had prognosticated didn't occur, and the leg began to mend. It was really the growing of a new leg—of at least some six inches of one. I never saw anything so interesting as the pushing out of the spicules of bone from each broken end, like the formation of ice crystals on freezing water. The fellow was a marvel in the way he endured the pain. I never once heard him groan, and after he got so he could sit up and watch the dressing of the fracture he was as interested as any of us. It was a star case, reported in all the medical journals. He talked very little English, and his one refrain was: 'It iss mos' vell—see? I haf told you jus' so!'

"The greatest difficulty we had with our Big Ben was to keep him quiet. He would move his leg whenever the fancy struck him, even though the least movement drove those spicules of bone into the flesh, and sometimes fairly through the skin. I asked him one day if it didn't hurt him, and he grunted assent, but the hurt was not bad enough to keep him from doing it again and again. Oh, yes, it was in splints, of course, but in some way he'd twist it loose. We finally had to bind the whole leg fast to the iron bedstead, and then the man got well. He left the hospital the happiest man that ever walked on two legs."

I thought of my own broken bone, and could not imagine what discomfort of confined position could make a human being twist a broken leg out of the splints. And never groan! I—I had raised the roof, and hadn't been ashamed of it, either.

Then I remembered the turtle and the bear. And here was a human being who seemed to suffer little. Could there be a difference in nerve quality even among human beings? The big Swede's nerves were certainly different from mine. And if a man, because of a not highly organized nervous system, a warm-blooded human being, suffers comparatively little, how much less still a cold-blooded creature?

My nurse and I talked at length about the matter, and she gave me another incident—this one, however, about a chicken, not a man. She was visiting a friend, a farmer's daughter, one summer, and a chicken that had been badly wounded on a barbed wire fence was brought into the house. Half in fun, Miss Frank volunteered to act as surgeon in the case, and sewed up the cut in the most approved aseptic style. ("My patient made a good recovery, too," she boasted.) "When the stitches were going in, the little thing squawked till I was very uncomfortable," she said. "You know I'm accustomed to ether. But it couldn't have really hurt her very much, for before the last thread was tied that little hen was gormandizing on some shelled corn that my pitying friend brought her. How we laughed! She wasn't very hungry either—Mr. Hall's chickens were always well fed."

But the thought still haunted me that from fear, at least, animals must suffer acutely. They certainly act as if they did. The rabbit, for instance, that does not make even a pretense of fighting, but trusts altogether to its legs, and its abbreviated tail, which does not afford a place for the seizing teeth of its pursuer in the event of a close run—the rabbit certainly acts as if it had a knowledge that all rabbits are eaten in the end, and that its turn may come any minute. An instinctive knowledge, if one prefers to call it that, but a very real and terrifying one. And the poor little field-mouse—perhaps the most timid thing in the world. The hawk watches for him by day and the owl by night. The fox esteems him a dainty morsel. The bloodthirsty weasel can smell him over long trails, and even the bear does not disdain to claw over a stone hoping to find a choice bit of mouse meat for dessert. No wonder the timid creature trembles and flutters and acts as if he were dying with fright every time he ventures from his nest under a mossy stone. It seems like a real fear—a fear that "hath torment"—Fear as we understand the word. And if it is, how is it possible for the tiny creature to have any good times at all—the "good times" that we intuitively feel are the rightful heritage of all God's creatures?

But here again we are surely reading into the actions of animals the impossible—to them—motives that lie behind similar actions in a being with high reasoning powers. The psychology of the lower animals is a science yet in its infancy, but so far as it has advanced it has not strengthened our belief in the ability of these animals to generalize or to perform any of the higher functions of reason. Even when animals have been led by instinct to actions similar to those which in man have been arrived at by reason—though, in the last analysis, a greater part of our life than we think is instinctive, reason only confirming its judgments—there cannot be connected with them the keen and high sensibilities of the human being. The one danger threatening rabbit and mouse is, in a word, Death—death, or the fear of it, which causes by far the greater part of the sufferings of the human kind. But rabbit and mouse cannot possibly know anything about death—how can they fear it?

But what of the conflicts among animals? The terrible tension of battle, the agony of the struggle to the death—a real struggle to extremis even though animals may not know what death is? The answer to this question came to me also in the experience of another, a modest young giant of an itinerant Methodist minister in the West, who traveled more than a thousand miles on foot one year, and who met with many "wild beasts at Ephesus" and wilder men in Montana. I heard him tell the story last winter. I give it also in his own words as well as I can recall them:

"I remember still how cold it was at three o'clock that Saturday morning," he said "though I am used to cold weather. The train did not stop at Swanscott, where I lived, and I had five miles to walk to catch the five o'clock morning express—the latest train that would get me to Little Wolf in time for my Sunday work. I kissed my wife good-by, stole a glance at my sleeping babies, and trudged out into the cold—when I struck town I learned that it was forty-four degrees below zero. But my coat was heavy and I pulled my woolen cap well down over my face, for every inch of skin that was uncovered felt as if invisible fingers were pinching it. Ever feel the cold like that? It isn't bad after one gets used to it. I am a perfectly well man and I am used to it. I enjoy it.

"I went by the railway track, the nearest way and the best walking. The keen air in my lungs was almost intoxicating in quality, and I felt like a king as I tramped along. There was no moon, but the stars were glorious, and their light, reflected by the brilliantly white snow, gave light enough for my way.

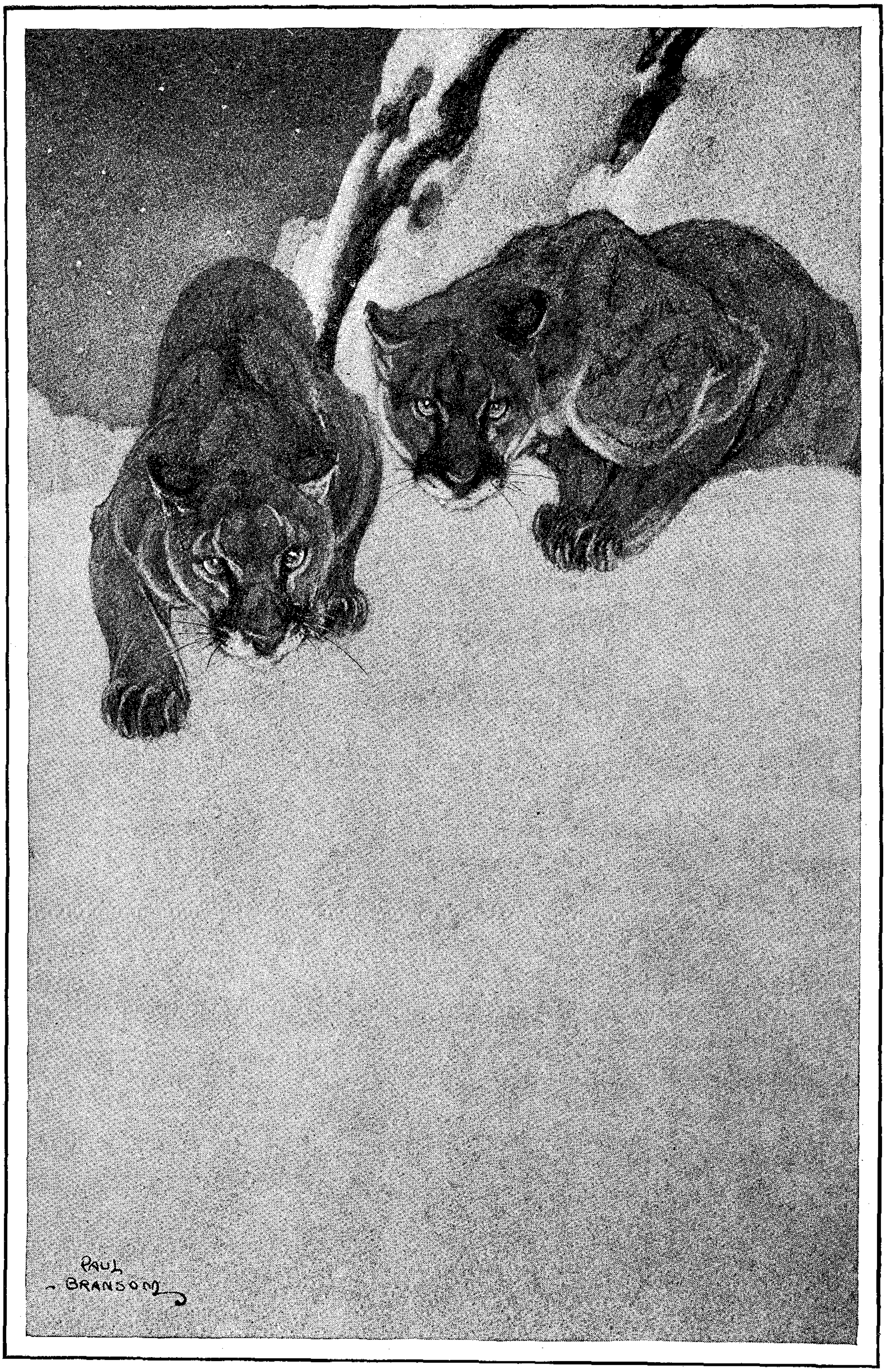
There was not a particle of wind, and the stillness was wonderful. The only sound I could hear was the crunch of the dry snow under my shoes.

"I had gone about half the way when I came to a place where the railway crept unusually close to the sandy cliff or bluff along the side of which it was built. As I was walking along this stretch with steady, swinging steps, something—some angel of a primeval instinct, some sound so slight that it reached my attentive animal ears only, not my brain—made me glance hastily up, and I jerked myself back just in time to escape being hit by a large body flying in front of me. I distinctly felt the rush of air as the creature passed. I knew at once that it was a mountain lion that had jumped at me from the cliff. Missing me, it hit the earth the other side of the track, and I could hear it scramble along the ground as it tried to save itself from going down the hill.

"I was terribly frightened. I ran. I ran very fast. Did you ever feel the hair rise prickling with terror all over your head? I did then. It seemed to me it would lift my cap—queer how one thinks of trivial things at such a time. If ever a man took ten feet at a jump in running, I did then. I knew the beast would be after me again, and, sure enough, in a little while I heard his steps behind me. Then I could hear him panting—no doubt he heard me panting, too. In an agony of terror, it came to me that I must face him or die, and, without reasoning, I obeyed the impulse and suddenly wheeled about. The lion stopped, too, both of them—for I saw now that there were two—as soon as they could control their momentum. We glared at each other motionless for a minute. I saw I must fight, and I was ready. I raised my hand very slowly and buttoned my coat collar tight about my neck—they always jump for the throat, you know. Then, with still a passing thought of escape, I began taking long, slow steps backward, my eyes still fixed on my foes. But when I moved they moved too, slowly creeping toward me. For every step I took they took two. So I stopped again, choosing a place where the ground was level and the footing sure. This time the lions did not stop when I did, but, as I expected, came creeping on, the larger one ahead. I could see in the starlight their crouching forms back of the eyes that glowed like literal balls of fire in the darkness. I had no weapon, nothing but my little leather satchel. That was packed solid, however, and I lifted it slowly above my head, intending to strike with it at the first one that jumped. My plan of defense was perfectly definite. My shoes were heavy, and I had kicked football in my college days. It came into my mind in another odd flash of inconsequent memory how little I knew what I was really training for in the old football team.

"The situation was, to say the least, interesting, and every detail is burned into my memory. Once before in my life I had been in danger from wild beasts—attacked by a bear, or rather chased by one. Then I had the help of a dog—noble fellow, his life went to save mine—but this time I was thrown entirely on my own resources, and they could fairly be pronounced rather slender. Yet I was not afraid. That was the most interesting part of it all—my feelings. I remember them perfectly. I have often recalled them, and have used them sometimes in my sermons to illustrate a psychological point. When I was running I was afraid—horribly, miserably afraid. But as I faced the lions every particle of fear left me, and I flashed into an exalted state of mind and body that was, I think, courage in the highest degree. I did *not* dread the moment of conflict. I waited it with intense eagerness, just as we wait sometimes for the end of an exciting story. Every ounce of my body was alertly ready. I never in my life felt so big and so *alive*—so entirely confident. I suppose psychologists would say that I was no longer a man, that I had dropped back into a purely animal condition—the condition of a creature that had had thousands of experiences of conflicts through myself and my savage ancestors, and had always come off victorious. Yet with these purely animal sensations and impulses I used my human reason in planning my course. Moreover, I had a wonderful spiritual quickening—a kind of clearing away of sense barriers between me and God. My soul flashed out to him in intimate contact. I was exultingly sure that he was with me and that he would help me. I know now, of course, that I hadn't a ghost of a chance with the beasts. A single mountain lion is altogether too much for an unarmed man—I hadn't even a penknife—and here were two ferocious creatures famished by the long Montana winter! Yet I was perfectly confident—sure I should win in the conflict.

"The foremost lion was on his belly crawling toward me an inch at a time. The big muscles on his haunches knotted themselves for


PAUL BRANSOM

"THERE WERE TWO!"

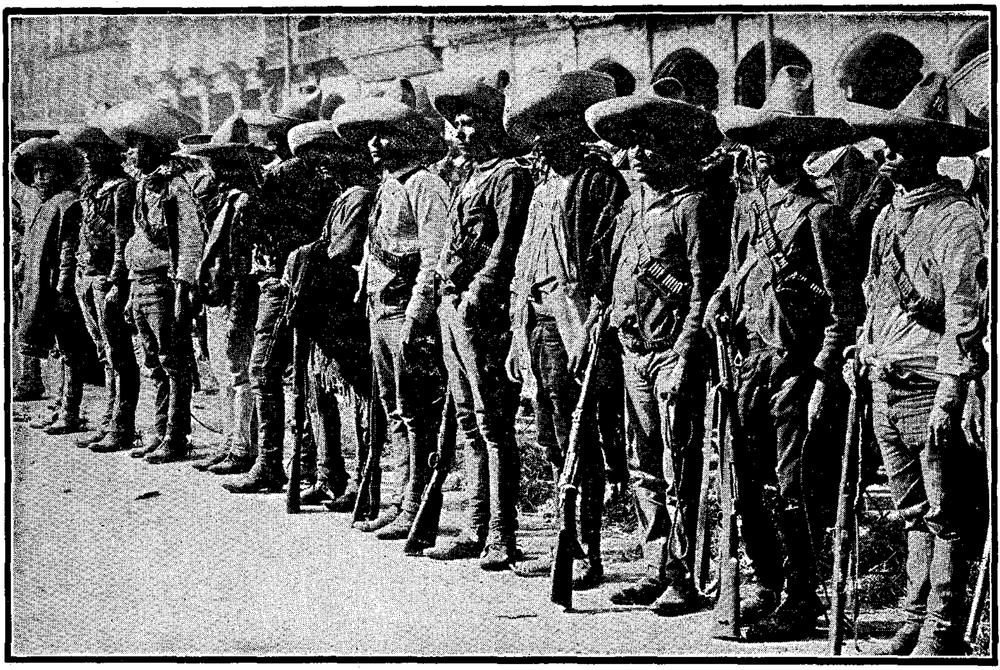
the spring. But at what seemed the very last moment there was a tremendous whistle that seemed, in the clear air, to sound in our very ears, and a freight train came booming around a slight curve in the road, the headlight glaring full into the faces of the beasts. They turned and bounded up the sides of the cliff, screeching at every jump. They had been as silent as death before, but now! I never heard such blood-curdling yells. My fear all came back. My hair came up again, prickling all over my head, and again I turned and ran. I had another little bluff to pass, and I was horribly afraid the big cats would be waiting for me there, but they were not. And so I am here to tell the story."

The story so modestly told had for me an interest beyond that of the man's almost miraculous escape. It answered a lingering question in my problem concerning the suffering of animals. It made me understand that even conflict may be a joy among the lower animals, no anxiety about the outcome being possible with them. May it not be comparable to the satisfaction a man gets in hard physical exercise? Children will run as lambs gambol when there is no reason for the running save the pure "fun of it."

And such further research as one who is not an expert may give confirms me in my belief. Especially the fact of which physiologists assure us, that much of the muscular contraction of dying animals—the highest animal of all not excepted—which so distresses those who witness it, is entirely involuntary. It goes no farther back than the muscles themselves—certainly not to the sentient brain. An absolutely headless (or beheaded) creature, and so a brainless creature, for most animals wear their brains in their heads, will respond to muscular irritation.

Domestic animals? They doubtless suffer more. Sometimes by diseases superinduced by their limited freedom and artificial environments, sometimes from the direct carelessness and brutality of man. Paul's "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," it is true, but it is "together" with man—as man has touched it. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have a legitimate place in our civilization.

But in the interest of common sense and sanity and mental comfort—yes, and in the interest of "going fishing" for relaxation or "swatting flies" for sanitary protection—let us disabuse our minds of the sentimental notion that the lower animal possesses the possibilities of acute feeling, either for pleasure or pain, which is the terrible but precious heritage of his human relative. The world of the lower animals is a joyous one. Knowing nothing of anxiety or regret or remorse, untouched by any fear for the future, and especially by any fear of death, that sinister event around which so large a proportion of human woe centers, wild animals feel to the full—that is, to their "full"—the "wild joy of living." They enjoy many things—air, water, the relaxation that comes with sunshine, the invigoration of the frost, their food, the company of their fellows in sex and rudimentary social relations, the exhilarating pursuit of their prey, flight and escape from their enemies, and even fierce conflict when it comes. Death, when it really comes to them, is usually quick and comparatively painless, not at all like the death of human beings, which is often preceded by long illness and accompanied by long-drawn-out physical and mental distress. Animals suffer very little. Nature is kind, Tennyson and Fiske to the contrary notwithstanding.



DISMOUNTED RURALES AT THE ZOCALO

HOW MEXICANS FIGHT

BY EDWIN EMERSON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN MEXICO

SINCE the overthrow of the Madero Government there has been much fighting in Mexico—on the northern frontier in Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Nuevo Leon; also in the interior, in Durango, Zacatecas, Jalisco, Puebla, and in the State of Mexico; likewise on the west coast in Sinaloa and the Federal Territory of Tepic, and southward in the States of Morelos, Guerrero, Oaxaca, Campeche, Tabasco, and Yucatan.

In two of these disaffected States the entire State forces, headed by their constitutional Governors, have been fighting against the central Government of Huerta and Diaz. In other States, like Morelos and Guerrero, practically the whole Indian population is in arms against the military authorities. In all the other States mentioned, as well as in the more inaccessible regions of otherwise peaceful States, like Tamaulipas on the northern frontier, Michoacan in the center, and Vera Cruz on the Atlantic coast, there has been constant trouble with irresponsible bands of armed men, many of them former Maderistas, and many others mere bandits, who have been giving no end of trouble. These troubles are part of the so-called work of "pacification" that has been cast upon the interim Government of General Huerta before he is to make way for the triumphant entry of (as I believe) the coming President, General Felix Diaz.

In view of all this fighting it may be of interest to Americans, who have no opportunities of direct observation along the frontier, to get some idea just how Mexicans fight in these modern times.

Our countrymen who live along the border in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California, as we all know, have a sovereign contempt for the fighting methods of their Mexican neighbors—and with good reason. Even had the old lessons of the Alamo, of San Jacinto, of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and of the easy conquest of California been forgotten, the descendants of our Western frontiersmen have had plenty of opportunity during the last three years to conceive a new contempt for the much-vaunted prowess and fighting spirit of our dark-skinned neighbors across the Rio Grande. All Americans in El Paso, for instance, know that the "great Mexican battle of Juarez," the one victory achieved by the combined forces of Madero, Orozco, Villa, Viljoen, and Garibaldi against the Government forces of ex-President Diaz, resulting in General Diaz's utter overthrow and flight from the country two years ago, was actually won by a handful of American adventurers, acting directly contrary to the orders of their Mexican generals, who were already retreating southward in the face of their enemy.

Still, though the Mexican spirit, or rather lack of spirit, is the same as in the days of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, and Molino del Rey, the actual mode of warfare has changed so much since the introduction of magazine rifles, machine guns, and rapid-fire artillery, that a new description of up-to-date fighting methods in Mexico may be of interest.

With the exception of some poor tribes of aboriginal Indians in the Sierra Madre mountains and in the tropical jungles of Oaxaca, Tabasco, and Chiapas, all fighting men in Mexico are now equipped with modern firearms, mostly Mausers, 30-30 Winchesters, and French or Danish machine guns. The mountain and field artillery is of equally modern manufacture—Hotchkiss, Krupp, and Schneider-Canot. All the professional officers of the Mexican army have the best of opportunities for good, scientific instruction in the use of these weapons at the military schools of Chapultepec, Tlalpam, and the Polytechnic School in the capital.

Yet, while these opportunities for instruction must be conceded to be of the best—as good as anywhere in Europe or in the United States—the actual practice in the field throughout Mexico's last three years of warfare has proved wretched to a degree.

Lest this be taken to be a prejudiced statement, I mean presently to give instances from my own recent observations in the field and from the authentic experiences of many other eye-witnesses of recent fighting in Mexico. But before doing so, let me explain the causes for this state of affairs.

Immediately prior to the fall of ex-President Diaz the regular army of Mexico was believed to be in a high state of efficiency, with an alleged fighting strength of forty thousand men, who, according to the War Office records, ought to have been well equipped with modern arms and ammunition. As a matter of fact, as was speedily revealed by the events of the Madero revolution, this was merely a paper showing, and it proved impossible for General Diaz to put into the field more than twelve thousand men. Even these were found to be wretchedly clothed, ill fed, ill paid, and equipped with defective ammunition. Since that time there have been so many upheavals and changes in the

ARTILLERY GUARDING THE PALACE

THREE OF THE TLALPAM CADETS WHO STARTED THE *FELIXISTA REVOLUTION*

army, and so many undisciplined and ill-equipped irregulars and so-called volunteers have been mustered into or grafted onto the regular army of Mexico, that everything has gone topsy-turvy. Former rebels, ex-bandits, politicians, and family friends of the various Ministers of War and chiefs of staff have been made colonels and generals and have been invested with commands in the field. Since the fall of Madero in particular, a growing number of former bushwhackers have been received into the rank and file of the Mexican army, while a great many of General Huerta's and General Diaz's old schoolmates, comrades-in-arms, and cronies have been jumped over the heads of others to be promoted to colonelcies and generalships. Thus, at one stroke, all the three hundred cadets of the Military Academy at Tlalpam, who led the mutiny in favor of Felix Diaz, were promoted to lieutenancies and active commands in the army, so that the Government since then has been driven to advertise in the newspapers for new pupils for the Government military schools.

The result of all this has been indescribable confusion, uncertainty, and discontent engendered by military jealousies in the ranks and among the officers. The scramble and plotting for official preferment has been such that it has left no time or inclination for such crying needs as better organization, field tactics, and target practice.

Apart from showy maneuvers by raw volunteer recruits at the capital during one fortnight of frenzy when American intervention was expected last year, I have never seen any Mexican troops or naval forces engaged in target practice, though throughout the last three years I have constantly been at points where I could observe Mexican soldiers or sailors at their regular military work. When the American men-of-war recently stationed in Mexican waters engaged in target practice, it was such an unaccustomed spectacle to the Mexicans that all the Mexican newspapers printed articles of surprise, astonishment, and indignant speculation over such unheard-of proceedings.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the shooting in all Mexican battles has been so poor?

During the recent street fighting in the City of Mexico the two principal targets, it will be recalled, were the National Palace and the Arsenal, known in Mexico as "The Citadel." The Government forces in the Palace shot at the Citadel with field-pieces and machine guns, while the rebels in the Citadel, in turn, shot at the Palace with their machine guns and artillery, of which they had plenty. Yet both these buildings, after the ten days' shooting was over, showed scarcely a mark, and nobody that was in them, throughout these ten days, was ever hurt by artillery fire. But, on the other hand, all the private houses in the neighborhood, none of which harbored soldiers, were pockmarked with shrapnel and rifle bullets. All of the houses of some of the wide streets leading from the Citadel showed plentiful streaks of shrapnel marks, proving that the field-pieces, stationed at the street ends, must either wantonly have fired at the innocent house-fronts or must have slewed to right or left with each discharge of cannon. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that nearly nine-tenths of the killed and wounded were non-combatants.

The total number of casualties from the street fighting has been estimated at several thousand. Of these more than five hundred were of those who were killed on the main plaza, known as the Zócalo—mostly innocent country folk who had gathered there to sell flowers, sweetmeats, and other wares, and who did not realize in time what the military maneuvers on the plaza signified. In view of the tremendous amount of ammunition that was fired away on both sides during those ten days in February, this number of casualties in so densely populated a city as Mexico is really surprisingly small. The main reason why more people were not killed and wounded is because the vast majority of shots were fired without any tangible aim and went high.

Walking along those streets in Mexico City where the fighting occurred, it is easy to see now, from the marks of the bullets on the house-fronts and on telegraph and trolley poles, that almost all shots struck higher than a man's height—generally they struck from ten to thirty feet above the street level. Only in a very few places, coming under the fire of machine guns that were laid flat on the pavement, can the curious observer find bullet-marks on house-fronts or tree-trunks within a foot or two from the ground.

During the actual fighting it was a common sight to see soldiers running up and down the streets and firing their pieces up in the air from the "carry" without taking any aim whatsoever.

During this street fighting there were several instances of friendly troops firing into each other on the Government side as well as on that of the rebels. On the first day of the fighting a squadron of dragoons that had been summoned by telephone to the Palace, on entering the avenue of the "16th of September," which leads to the Zócalo, were received with a withering fire from the Government troops at the other end of the street, who took them for rebels. Needless to add that the astonished dragoons were summarily dispersed, after losing one-half of their men and horses.

On another occasion two sections of rebel artillery, having been separated by their battery commander at the apex of a triangle formed by two streets and sent down these two divergent streets, on catching sight of each other at the first cross-street, so far lost their heads as to come into action against one another, at a point-blank range of barely five hundred yards.

During the confusion of these days, when rumors of disaffection and treason came from all sides, it happened several times that isolated detachments of troops no longer knew which side they were fighting on. All that the common soldiers were allowed to know was that they were fighting for their "chief," whoever he happened to be.

Needless to say there were countless desertions from the ranks—a comparatively easy matter in so crowded a city as Mexico and with so heterogeneous a collection of soldiery from all parts of the country. Some of the adventures of these deserters were typical of Mexican civil warfare.

Thus I heard one poor Indian who had escaped from the ranks, after throwing away his rifle, uniform coat, and cap, by stealing a push-cart and pretending to be a peddler, tell this story to an admiring circle of his women friends:

"I had just come into the City from Mixcoac and was on my way to the market, not knowing there was any trouble, when some of the boys near the Citadel grabbed me and made a soldier out of me. They gave me a gun and a belt full of bullets, and somebody put a cap on my head. Then a chief hit me with the flat of his sword and told me to run along with the other boys under his command to fight the other fellows who were trying to run up against the Citadel. I ran along as far as the next corner, when suddenly the other fellows began shooting, poom-poom, and many of the boys in front and behind me fell down dead or crawled away with bullet-holes through their bodies. All the

ARTILLERY LOOPHOLE IN THE CITADEL

REBEL ARTILLERY AT THE CITADEL

rest of us dropped our rifles and ran back up the street where we had come from. I ran around the corner and down another street, when suddenly I found myself right in the midst of some of the other fellows.

"'Where do you come from?' said their chief, pointing his pistol at me.

"'I come from Mixcoac,' I said, 'and I mean no harm.'

"'Well,' said he, 'take one of these rifles and a cartridge-belt off that dead man and come along with us, to fight the enemies of our Government.'

"There was no way out of it, so I became a soldier again, and went along with them to the next corner—the very corner from which we had been fired at only five minutes ago. Here we got into a trench and started firing at the men at the other end of the street, the same boys I had been with just a little while before. They tried once or twice to get at us, but whenever they came we fired so fast and so hard that they scurried around the corner again.

"When evening came I said to the chief: 'I have had nothing to eat nor to drink since early morning.'

"'Very well,' said the chief. 'I think the others have had enough, and won't come at us again for some little time. You, and the sergeant there, go over to the market, three blocks back and see what you can find to eat and drink. Don't be gone long, and be sure to bring back something for the other boys.'

"So the sergeant and I went back to the market, and he told me he was from San Augustin, and I told him I was from Mixcoac, and we both agreed we wanted no more of soldiering; so when we got to the market we went into a dark corner and got rid of our soldier stuff, and after that I saw him no more. I saw a push-cart standing over on one side, without anybody watching it, so I just took hold of the cart and trundled off with it in the dark."

This is what is described in Mexico by the Spanish word *cambiarse*, that is, to change from one side to the other. As recent history has shown, it is a practice in vogue among Major-Generals as well as high privates.

The difference between the Generals and the common soldiers is that the officers are supposed to know how to fight, while the poor recruits pressed into such service barely know enough to shut their eyes and pull the trigger of the guns that have just been forced into their hands.

Such senseless shooting is an almost universal method of infantry fire in Mexico. No American or foreigner whose ill luck it has been to have to witness a Mexican battle or street fight has ever failed to notice this.

During the famous battle of Bachimba in Chihuahua, last year, when General Huerta definitely overthrew Orozco's rebel hordes, I saw whole battalions of Mexican infantry shooting in this fashion. For more than four mortal hours I watched the whole left wing of General Huerta's army firing incessantly at a line of barren hills where there were no enemies at all. During this same time the artillery, consisting of twenty field-pieces, amused itself firing at long range upon another line of hills from which there never came a sign of return fire. No one among the war correspondents and foreign military observers who watched this battle was surprised to learn afterward that nearly two million rounds of ammunition had been expended with no other effect than to cause the enemy to withdraw in good form and at comparative leisure, leaving hardly any casualties on the field.

During another battle between Government forces and rebels at Sombrerete near Torreón, some time before that, I saw the Government "sharpshooters," stationed on a church tower, fire their rifles and machine guns straight up in the air, while the church was being assaulted with dynamite hand-grenades from below, until the men above had to surrender, having wasted all their ammunition upon the empty air.

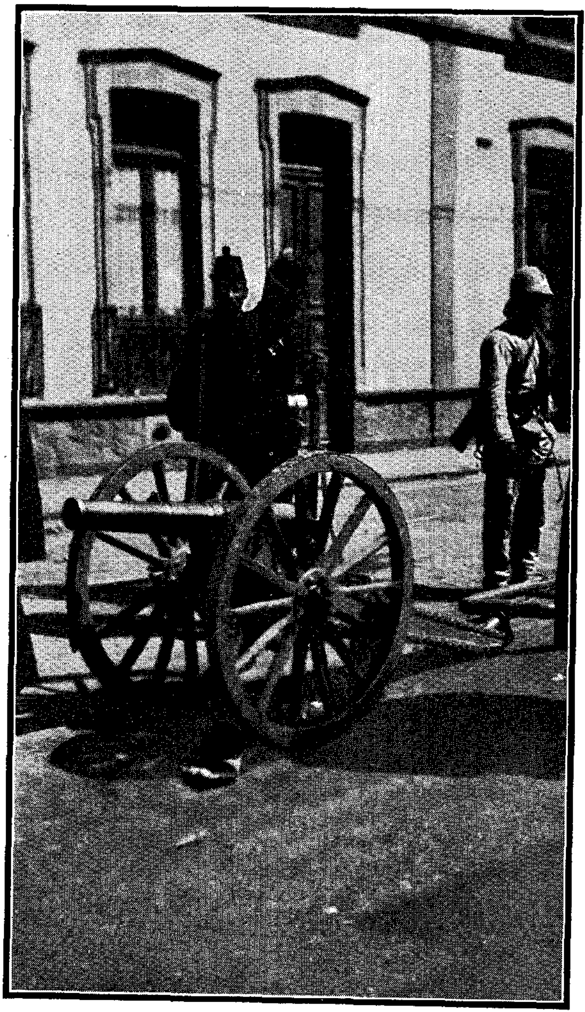
During the famous rebel siege of Mazatlán, on the west coast, I heard and saw the Mexican Government gunboat El Guerrero fire a total number of more than three thousand shots in the direction of the supposed rebel lines. At the close of the bombardment, when the American Consul, Mr. Alger, of Mazatlán, and I went out to the rebel lines to propose a truce, we discovered that not a single shot from the gunboat had caused any damage to the rebels.

It would be a mistake to infer from all this that the Mexicans in their wars do not want to hurt their fighting brethren or that they are afraid to get at each other. On the contrary, when they do come to close quarters, they fight with a savage ferocity and reckless valor worthy of troops that are better led.

During the recent street fighting in the City of Mexico two squadrons of rurales were led down a narrow street straight into the machine-gun fire of the rebels in the fortified positions of the Citadel, only to be mowed down by the deadly hail of bullets. Yet some of these brave fellows got within half a stone's throw of the Citadel.

Thus, too, President Madero, as is well known, during the fiercest fighting of the first day, boldly mounted a horse in the midst of the howling rabble surrounding him and rode straight up the long, narrow street of San Francisco all the way to the Palace, waving his hat to his friends and followers, while bullets were whistling in every direction.

Unfortunately for him, the fight that was put up by the Government forces, who pretended to remain loyal to his cause, after the manner of most Mexican fights, was utterly



MEXICAN ONE-POUNDER NEAR THE AMERICAN EMBASSY

REBEL GUN NEAR THE CITADEL

lacking in intelligent direction, that is, " head work." With an enemy firmly intrenched in the very heart of the City in a thoroughly well-armed and well-provisioned Citadel, it should have been plain to any one of the professional military men who surrounded Madero that the only way to reduce such a stronghold was to mount field-pieces on any one of the commanding heights around Mexico City, such as the famous Castle of Chapultepec, for instance, which, in addition to its ideal situation for artillery work, has been provided with an easy ascent and special bastions for field guns. The selfsame reasons which, two generations ago, impelled our General Scott to seize this hill and castle, regardless of the heavy losses involved, so that he might have Mexico City at his mercy, should have prompted Madero's officers to send some of their numerous field batteries to the top of this hill, instead of wasting them in futile street firing at impossible short ranges. It is true that Madero himself was no military man in any professional sense of the term ; but he had with him in his last days of need over a dozen thoroughly trained regular army officers, such as Generals Huerta, Maas, Ocaranza, Angeles, Cauz, Colonel Navarrete, and Captain Basso, of the Mexican navy, all of whom had received a careful professional military education besides recent training in artillery work in the actual field. Yet none of these experienced officers, so President Madero complained shortly before his death, ever made any practical suggestion how to get at their enemy in the Citadel, nor did any of their various batteries posted at haphazard in the flat streets ever succeed in making a scratch on it.

Since these recent events in Mexico City an explanation for the unsatisfactory results of the street fighting, from a military point of view, has been sought by an official investigation of the alleged defects of the Government's artillery ammunition, and a bill has been put through the Mexican Congress to purchase new and better ammunition. As a matter of fact, however, it was not the fault of the ammunition that more of the combatants on either side were not hurt, but the real blame lay with the battery officers and with the gun-pointers, who were too ignorant or who got too excited, while under fire, to attend to the simplest rudiments of artillery work, such as setting the range or setting the ammunition fuses in conformity with the ranges. Thus it happened that of the thousand or more projectiles that were fired in the direction of the Palace not a single one burst close enough to do any injury to the thick masses of soldiery that were gathered within its courtyards and all over its long flat roof.

With such ineffective firing, between two main strongholds widely separated by more than half a hundred solid blocks of stone and cement houses, it will be seen that the struggle for mastery might have remained undecisive for several weeks more, or longer, had it not been for the sudden collapse of the Government's cause through treachery.

Now that the military army clique which wrought Madero's downfall has gained the upper hand, there has been a great revival of military enthusiasm in Mexico. Many of the younger officers have been put into the saddle as generals, and new levies of troops are being raised in all the States still loyal to the Government. It is even proposed to introduce universal compulsory military service in Mexico, so as to raise a standing army of 500,000 men. At least this is the fond dream of General Mondragon, a young favorite of Generals Huerta and Diaz, who now holds the portfolio of Minister of War.

Under his zealous direction the old system of military zones has been abolished in favor of a new system of mobile army divisions all over the country; new orders for big guns and modern artillery ammunition have been given in Europe; and new large contracts for army supplies are being placed in the United States. But amid all this renewed military enthusiasm no one as yet appears to have thought of introducing such an unheard-of reform as target practice or field maneuvers.

The other day, when I ventured to suggest the expediency of such a reform to a Mexican colonel of my acquaintance, he said with a smile of pity: "You forget that our brave soldiers are natural-born warriors. They get their training in the field by actual warfare, and they learn to shoot in fierce hand-to-hand battle. Such men need to save their energies and their bullets for the real moment of combat. To use up our valuable elements of war in mere sham encounters, and in putting holes through blank targets, would be an unjustifiable waste of good material."

So long as such ideas prevail in Mexico and are subscribed to by the leading spirits in the army, the revolutionary warfare now being waged throughout that country will remain on the same primitive Indian basis that has always been in vogue in Mexico.

MACHINE GUN BATTERY IN MEXICO CITY

TALES OUT OF COURT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRANT

SIXTH TALE

TO ABIDE THE EVENT

THE lobby of the Reeve House looked like the waiting-room of a busy railway station the morning after the verdict in the Gedney case. Trunks, bags, boxes, and all the paraphernalia of travel lay scattered about the floor in every direction, and the guests, with overcoats and hats on, mounted guard over their belongings or stood chatting with the proprietor at the office desk as his employees shuffled in and out transferring the baggage to the hay cart that was always pressed into service when the Circuit Court adjourned.

The hour for speeding his parting guests was usually a sore trial for Old Man Reeve, and it was not merely the financial loss involved in the exodus that dampened his normally buoyant spirits. On the contrary, it is probable that he would have been glad to relinquish all chances of profit if he could have induced the Bar of Fraser County to prolong its stay in Belo, for the only time he really lived was during the sessions of the court. The rest of the year he simply "rusted out," as he expressed it, although the legal fraternity declared that he grew fatter and jollier and generally more youthful every day he lived. Certainly he always appeared to be in fine feather when he welcomed the profession on its quarterly returns to the county seat; but there was one sign of age which he had undeniably displayed in recent years, and that was his marked aversion to bidding any one good-by. That he was well aware of this weakness, and desired to conceal it, was apparent from the fact that he generally managed to absent himself altogether from the scene during the last day of the term, leaving Zeb Turner, the handy man of the ancient hostelry, as master of the closing ceremonies.

But on this occasion the old man occupied his favorite perch on the bookkeeper's stool behind the desk, and as he sat there chatting with the familiars of the lobby his face was so unmistakably jovial and contented that some one jestingly remarked that he didn't seem to be grieving much at the departure of his friends.

"No, sir, I can't weep on anybody's shoulder to-day," he responded, cheerily. "Last night's verdict made me as frisky's a colt, and Dave Gedney's gained 'bout ten years in's many hours. . . . Ain't I scared the Supply Company'll boycott me for sidin' so openly agin' 'em?" he continued, with a loud guffaw. "No, sir, I ain't! There never wuz no love lost between me and them sence they started huntin' fer Dave's scalp. He'n me's been friends too long for me to cuddle his enemies. Reckon it's lucky that great counsel they lugged up from the city didn't stay here. I might 'a' been tempted to pizen his tea! But 'twarn't necessary. Dick Poinder settled his hash. He done 'em. . . . What are you all howlin' 'bout? I don't see the joke. Dunham is his name? Of course I know that, but I don't see nothing partic'ly funny 'bout it. . . . Take a check from you, Mr. Plimpton? Yes, sir, I'd take Confederate bills from any member o' this Bar. Never knew any you folks to stick me yit, and hope I'll die 'fore I take to suspectin' my friends. No use tryin' to skin a man who's got so many lawyers 'round him, eh? Well, maybe there's somethin' in that, Counselor. . . . Yes, sir; stage'll be 'long in 'bout half an hour. Never knew 'em to miss a train yit. No such luck for the Reeve House! . . . Telegram for Mr. Gedney? All right, boy, I'll sign for it. . . . Here, Zeb, hop upstairs with this to Mr. Gedney's room. . . . He's had 'bout eleventeen of them congratulatin' messages already this mornin', and I bet there's been bunting on his factory sence sun-up. My! They won't know him when he gits home, he's grown so young over night. Spry? Well, he's a reg'lar four-year-old, thanks to the jury! . . . Want a receipt, Mr. Plimpton?"

The lawyer shook his head as he blotted the signature on his check.

"Mr. Gedney doesn't owe any thanks to

those jurors, Pete," he observed. "That was a pretty mean trick they played on him last night, I think."

"What? Stayin' out till they'd had their supper?" laughed the old man. "Shucks! I'd near forgotten that. Yes, sir, it *wuz* sorter triflin' with his nerves. But, say, I've a notion that they warn't only just plottin' for a free meal. I b'lieve the foreman wuz guyin' you, Mr. Brundage, when he sprung that yarn. I wuz talkin' to some of the other fellers afterwards, and they let on they didn't think 'twas quite becomin' to find a real quick verdict in a big case like that. You see they know'd the Supply folks'd been fightin' Gedney off for more'n a year. Some of 'em wuz on the panel when the case first come up in court five terms back, and they calc'lated that 'twarn't hardly decent to settle a three days' trial in three minutes. So I reckon a few of 'em cast blank ballots and kept on castin' 'em so's to make themselves sorter important. I ain't got the hull truth of the matter yit, but I'm thinkin' my guess ain't far from right. . . . Want your trunk, Mr. Corning? Ain't it ben brought down yit? Sho! . . . Here, you Zeb, git somebody and hustle Mr. Corning's things down, and, while you're at it, take a look into Mr. Poinder's room, boy, and see ef his trunk's closed. If 'tis, strap it up and bring it along. He won't have much to spare, time he's back."

"Where's he gone, Pete?" demanded Brundage.

"Over to court, Counselor."

The State's Attorney nodded.

"Of course," he assented, "the Judge postponed the formal motions in the case until this morning, didn't he? Well, it's the last act in the great drama of the Supply Company *v.* Gedney & Son, and it oughtn't to take him long to ring down the curtain on that. I wonder he didn't leave it to a clerk."

Old Man Reeve shook his head decisively.

"No, siree!" he asserted. "Them formal motions, as you call 'em, is nuts to the winner, and ef I wuz Mr. Poinder I wouldn't miss seein' the Supply folks sit up on their hind legs and beg for a new trial for anything. And then I'd soak 'em for the biggest extra allowance and all the costs I could get! Dick Poinder ain't no gloater, but he'd be somethin' less than human if he didn't want to stamp the ground in over that there 'Resurrectionist.' Gosh! I'll never forget *his* face when the foreman spoke his little piece last night! I'm goin' to think 'bout it when I get the rheumatics. Betcher it'll make me laugh! He wuz the most surprised man—"

"Who are you talking about, Pete?" interrupted Warren, pausing as he passed the desk. "Wallace Dunham? Humph! He wasn't surprised. He was absolutely flabbergasted, and I don't blame him. First he believed he was going to win hands down; then he thought Kinsley was going to dismiss the jury and give him a new lease of life, and then the verdict knocked the wind clean out of him."

The proprietor's eyes twinkled reminiscently as he lit his pipe.

"There warn't nothin' else in him to knock, Mr. Warren," he chuckled. "I sized him up as a big bag of wind soon's I sot eyes on him, and I reckon I warn't far wrong. That sort of a 'Resurrectionist' may be able to revive dead cases in the city, but in this county his final trump won't open no graves. Little Peck knows our people better'n any city shark that ever lived, and I b'lieve the Supply folks made a big mistake in handicappin' him with that Dunham man. What do you think, Mr. Brundage?"

The State's Attorney shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know, Pete," he responded. "He disappointed me, but I rather think he impressed Judge Kinsley."

The old man nodded reflectively.

"You're right there, Counselor," he admitted. "He certainly scared Kinsley, and maybe 'impressed' is a politer word. But *Mr. Poinder* warn't afraid of him. He had him ag'in the ropes most of the time, just as I know'd he would soon's he got him in the ring."

"I should say this had been a perfect example of a running fight," commented Watkins, as he tossed a calling card on the desk. "There's been more running than fighting in it, anyway. . . . That's my mail address, Pete."

The proprietor slipped the card into the letter-box beside him.

"All right, sir," he responded. "Of course there wuz more runnin' than fightin' to it," he continued. "It wuz an obstacle race from start to finish, with the Supply folks buildin' the obstacles and Gedney clamberin' over 'em till his legs wuz pretty nigh wobbled off. I reckon some of you fellers don't exactly realize how near gone Dave wuz. But now it's all over I don't mind tellin' you he almost threw up the sponge last term, and another adjournment this session would have put him down and out. You see, as long as the Supply Company had this suit ag'in him lots of his customers fought shy of doing business with him for fear of gettin' themselves mixed up in the trouble, and his credit wuz at the snappin' point, which wuz just what them Supply devils wanted. He'd have had to sell out to 'em or bust inside of another month, and I reckon that between bustin' and taking what they'd have given him there wouldn't have been no great choice. The banks treated him fair and square enough, but they saw his finish unless this case wuz out of the way, and they allowed they wouldn't carry him another term nohow. . . . Hello! here he comes. Right this way, Dave!"

Mr. Reeve's allusions to the sprightliness of his friend were not borne out by the senior partner of Gedney & Son as he descended the lobby stairs, for he moved very slowly, leaning heavily on the hand-rail, and his drawn and haggard face still showed the terrific strain to which he had been subjected. But those who had seen him on the same stairway the previous evening when the verdict was in doubt readily understood the proprietor's optimistic report of his health. He certainly was a very different person from the half-crazed, disheveled old man who had aroused the sympathy of the legal profession as no other layman had done for many a year in Belo. Feeble and nerve-wracked he undoubtedly was, but as he moved down the stairs, clothed in his neat, old-fashioned garments, there was something so dignified and courageous in his bearing that the lobby suddenly broke into a spontaneous round of applause. The little old gentleman's gaunt face flushed with pleasure as the sound of the hand-clapping reached his ears, and, pausing two or three steps from the foot of the stairs, he gravely lifted his tall hat in recognition of the courtesy.

"Speech!" shouted somebody, and the applause began again, swelling this time to quite a small ovation. A smile of gratification flickered on the veteran's lips, but his eyes were suspiciously moist as he slowly raised a trembling hand commanding silence. The lobby instantly responded, but for a few moments the hush remained unbroken as the old man struggled to master his emotions.

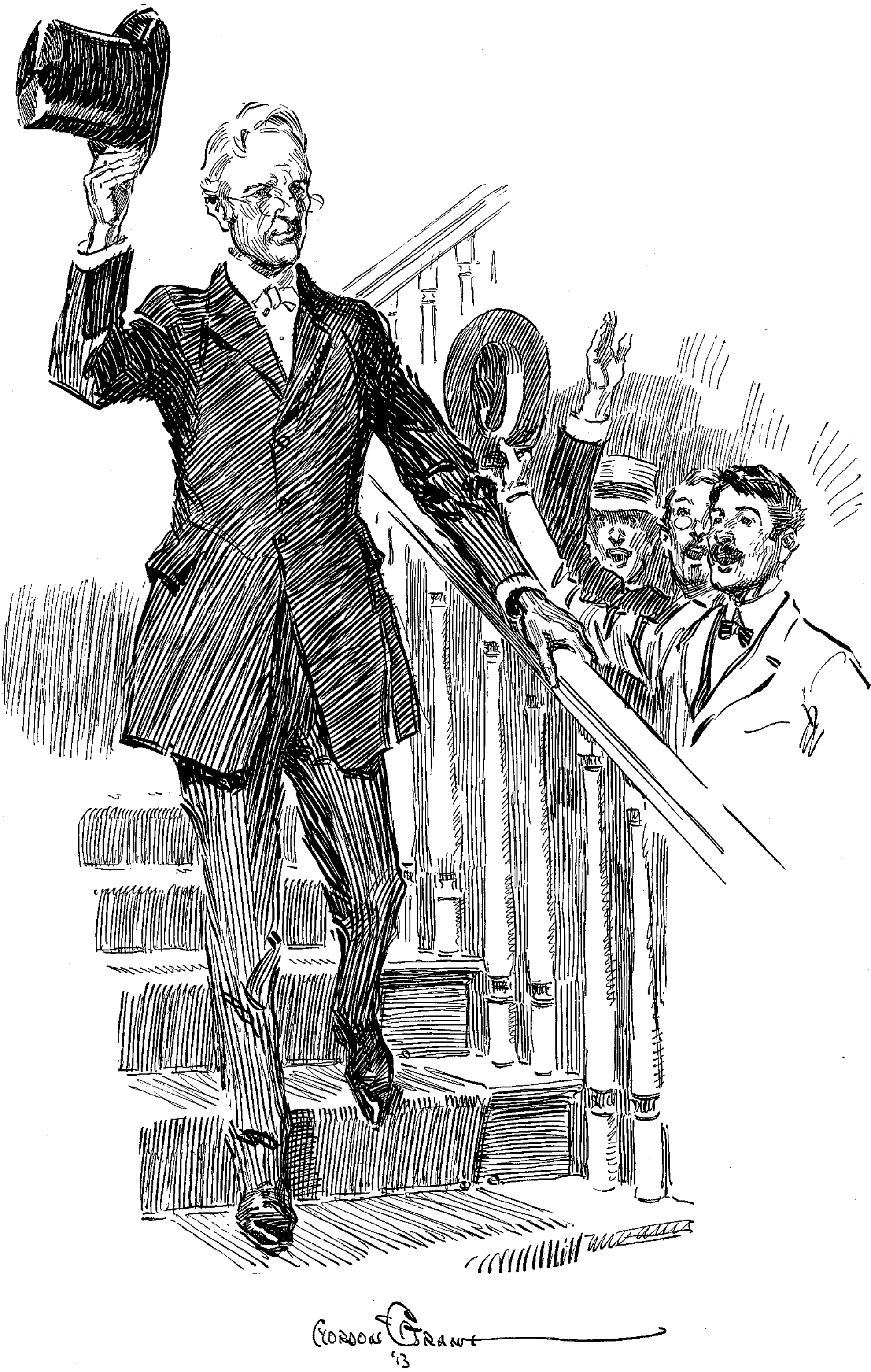
"Gentlemen," he began at last in a low voice that quavered slightly, "I cannot express my appreciation of this greeting. All I dare trust myself to say is thank you—thank you a thousand times. But, gentlemen, it is not me you should applaud, but my counsel, Mr. Poinder, of whom the Bar of Fraser County has good reason to be proud this day."

"Three cheers for Dick Poinder!" shouted a voice, and they were given with a will.

"That tribute does you honor, gentlemen," resumed the speaker. "No lawyer ever fought more skillfully, more fearlessly, or more untiringly for a client than Mr. Poinder in his defense of the house of Gedney & Son. He has been more than a legal adviser to us. He has been a friend whose indomitable courage has enabled me to keep the field when hope was almost gone. I can never repay him for the services he has performed."

Mr. Gedney's voice broke, and he paused nervously, fumbling with his handkerchief while the little group of listeners waited in respectful silence as he endeavored to regain his self-control.

"Bear with me a moment," he continued, speaking very slowly. "I want to say something more to you, and I will try to say it as calmly and briefly as I can. . . . Your distinguished colleague has achieved a great triumph for me. But, gentlemen, in fighting my battles he has, I make bold to say, been likewise championing you, and not only you, but every one who loves his country, for he has been defending the law of the land. . . . You who have seen me haunting this place term after term know how long we have struggled to get our case to trial, and you know the means that have been employed to thwart us. But I wonder if you realize that it has been the Administration of Justice that has been on trial during all these weary weeks and months? . . . I have been too vitally interested in the immediate outcome of this particular action to philosophize very deeply concerning the general state of the law. But, absorbed as I have been by the knowledge that further delay in this litigation would ruin my whole life-work, I have never lost sight of the fact that something far more important than my individual fortunes was at stake in this cause, and I believe it was this that sustained me and strengthened the arm of my devoted counsel. . . . My friends, when the law becomes the sport of the unscrupulous and a weapon of oppression in strong hands, the very existence of this Republic will be in peril. Thank God, that day


Gordon Grant '13

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GAUNT FACE FLUSHED WITH PLEASURE AS THE SOUND OF THE HAND-CLAPPING REACHED HIS EARS has not yet dawned; and it remains for you, who are sworn officers of the court, to say that it never shall arrive. But the peril is very real, gentlemen, and your responsibility is great—greater than that which rests upon any other body of Americans to-day. . . . Perhaps I have said too much, but we are parting, never probably to meet again, and the warmth of your greeting has encouraged a garrulous old man to speak his mind. I thank you."

The speaker paused, and, swaying slightly, leaned against the balustrade, smiling faintly in recognition of the hearty applause that greeted his closing words, and before it died away Old Man Reeve started for the stairs.

"Git a chair for him near the window in my office, Mr. Brundage," he whispered, as he passed the State's Attorney. "He's overtaxed his strength a bit. And, Zeb! bring us the flask of brandy you'll find in the dining-room sideboard. Here's the key. . . . Now, Dave, just lay a finger on my arm. . . . Sure, I know you kin walk alone, but ef two heads is better'n one, why shouldn't four feet be twice as good's two? . . . There you are! That's a pretty uncomfortable-lookin' chair, Mr. Brundage. Ain't we got nothin' better outside? Well, never mind. Dave says he likes this. . . . Want to sit up straight, eh? . . . Got a sorter stitch in your side? Humph! That's too bad; but I'll have a nip of brandy for you in 'bout a minute, and that'll fix you all right. . . . What's that? . . Son's got somethin' better, has he? Good! Where is he? Upstairs? All right. I'll fetch him."

The old man turned, and, hurrying into the lobby, found himself confronting a newcomer who was staring around the room as though searching for a familiar face. The man was equipped from head to foot for motoring, but despite his big goggles and the fur helmet which concealed most of his face, there was something in his huge bulk and domineering presence that speedily turned the proprietor's look of amused surprise into a scowl as he recognized Wallace Dunham, and, nodding curtly, started to pass on. The visiting jurist, however, laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"You are Mister— ?" he hesitated, groping for the name. "You are the proprietor here, are you not?" he continued, shoving up his goggles as he spoke.

Old Man Reeve shook himself free, and turned away abruptly.

"You win," he responded over his shoulder, as he moved toward the stairs.

"Then wait a moment, please."

The Resurrectionist drew off one of his fur gauntlets and, unbuttoning his huge overcoat, produced a leather pocketbook.

"My chauffeur had breakfast here this morning, I believe," he began, "and I want—"

"Settle it with Zeb, the boy over there by the door," interrupted the old man. "He 'tends to the help. I ain't got no time to bother with you now."

Mr. Dunham frowned impatiently as the proprietor disappeared up the stairs, and then, turning with a smile of tolerant superiority, recognized the State's Attorney, who was emerging from behind the office desk.

"Good-morning, Mr. Brundage," he observed. "Our host seems somewhat short tempered to-day. Maybe you will introduce me to a gentleman named Zeb, who is, I believe, deputed to receive cash insults for his chief?"

Brundage laughed, and beckoning to the handy man of the Reeve House, presented him with due formality.

"Mr. Zeb, I'm charmed to make your acquaintance," continued the lawyer in a bantering tone. "Will you be good enough to inform me what I owe for my chauffeur's breakfast? Fifty cents? That hardly seems adequate to me, knowing as I do the enormous appetite acquired by chauffeurs in their healthful outdoor labor. But if you deem it sufficient I must, I suppose, reluctantly concur in the result, merely requesting that you will transmit my thanks to the excellent Boniface whom you so ably represent."

Zeb eyed the speaker with an expression which plainly showed that he did not relish these facetious remarks and was prepared to show his resentment more forcibly if occasion required. He received the half-dollar in silence, however, and, dropping it into his pocket, swung on his heel without a word.

Dunham watched him with a mocking smile and then turned to Brundage.

"I fear yonder yokel is not blessed with a nice sense of humor," he observed. "Upon my word, I think countrymen are the sourest mortals God ever made. I've hardly heard a laugh since I left town, and if I don't get back there soon I'm afraid my face will grow so long they'll charge me double price for shaving. By the way, is there a telegraph office in this establishment?"

The State's Attorney shook his head.

"No," he responded. "But there's one

in the railroad depot, if you're going in that direction."

Mr. Dunham consulted his watch.

"I'm not," he responded. "And I haven't time to go out of my way, either. I wonder, if I left a message, whether any one here could take it—"

"Certainly," interposed Brundage. "Put it in the bookkeeper's window there, and Mr. Reeve will send it down with the stage-driver. He'll be here inside of half an hour."

"Good!"

The Resurrectionist stepped to the desk, drew a telegraph blank toward him, and, rapidly penciling a few words, shoved the message with a coin through the round hole in the glass partition guarding the clerical desk.

"You'll call the old boor's attention to that when he comes down—won't you, Brundage?" he inquired. "Thanks ever so much. Good-by."

The occupants of the lobby sauntered out on the piazza as Mr. Dunham strode from the room, and stood watching him as he mounted into the driver's seat of the waiting car. There was nothing remarkable in the way the chauffeur tucked the rug around his employer, and his method of cranking the machine was commonplace in the extreme, but the little group in front of the Reeve House followed each move as though they were witnessing a novel experiment, every detail of which should be carefully observed. Mr. Dunham looked up as the engine began to throb, and, catching sight of his audience, waved a hand toward them as he drew his goggles into place.

"So long, gentlemen," he called out as he threw in the clutch. "See you next term, I hope."

The car sprang forward, and as it disappeared around a bend in the road with a defiant screech of its siren, the watching lawyers turned to each other with questioning glances. But it was Warren who voiced the thought that was uppermost in their minds.

"I wonder what he meant by that parting salutation," he reflected.

"Durned if I know," yawned Plimpton, "unless he thinks the Appellate Court holds its sessions here."

"That's it, of course," asserted Corning. "They're going to appeal the Gedney case, and he supposes it'll be argued in Belo. His guess is about as good as his chances of winning on appeal, in my opinion."

"Well, he's a sport, anyway," commented Foster. "Most men would have been a bit sore after the hiding he got yesterday, but he's a better loser than I thought he was last night. I don't believe many of us would be as good-tempered under similar circumstances. . . . Hello! What's that, I wonder? It sounds as though somebody had fallen down the stairs!"

The speaker turned as he spoke, and, hurrying to the open door, uttered a cry of alarm that quickly brought the others crowding around him.

On the lobby floor lay Mr. Gedney, face downwards, his arms extended, his hands clenched, and his hat rolled to one side. For a moment the lawyers gazed helplessly at one another, and then Mr. Brundage sprang forward, and, kneeling beside the fallen man, gently raised his head.

Some one ran to the dining-room and hurried back with a glass of water, but Brundage merely shook his head when it was offered, and, bending over the prostrate man, carefully felt his pulse. The white-faced group around him watched the test in almost breathless silence, and the tension was at the breaking point when young Corning spoke.

"Shall I go for a doctor?" he whispered hoarsely.

The State's Attorney, with his fingers still on Mr. Gedney's wrist, did not answer for a moment. Then he slowly nodded.

"I suppose so," he responded. "But I'm afraid it's too late. He's gone, I think. Foster, you've had some medical experience. See if you find any sign of life here."

No one spoke as Foster complied with this request, and it was not until he raised his head, after vainly listening for a heartbeat, that Brundage broke the silence.

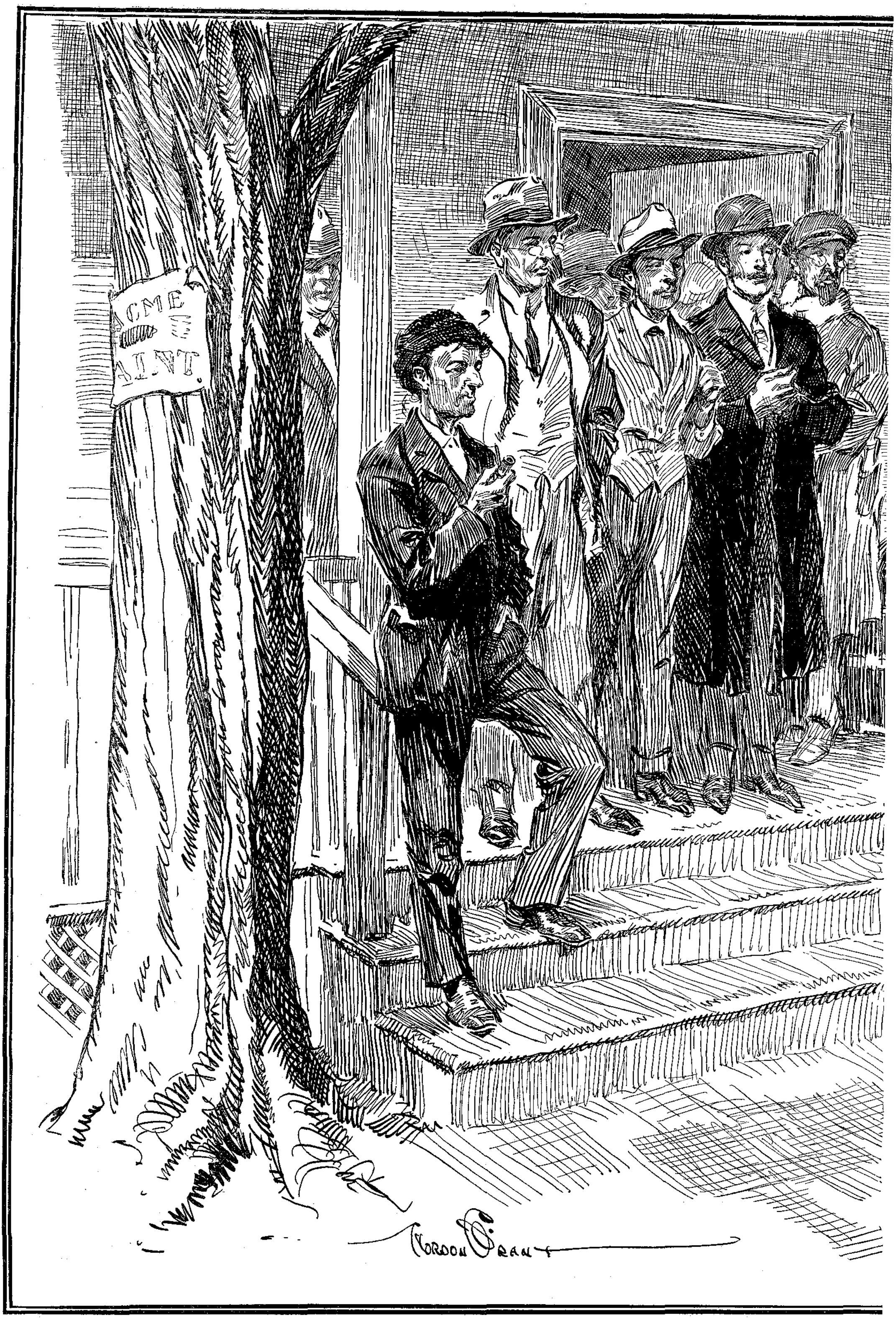
"Plimpton, run upstairs and keep Pete from coming down," he suggested. "He mustn't know this yet."

The lawyer nodded, but pointed to the body on the floor as he moved toward the stairs.

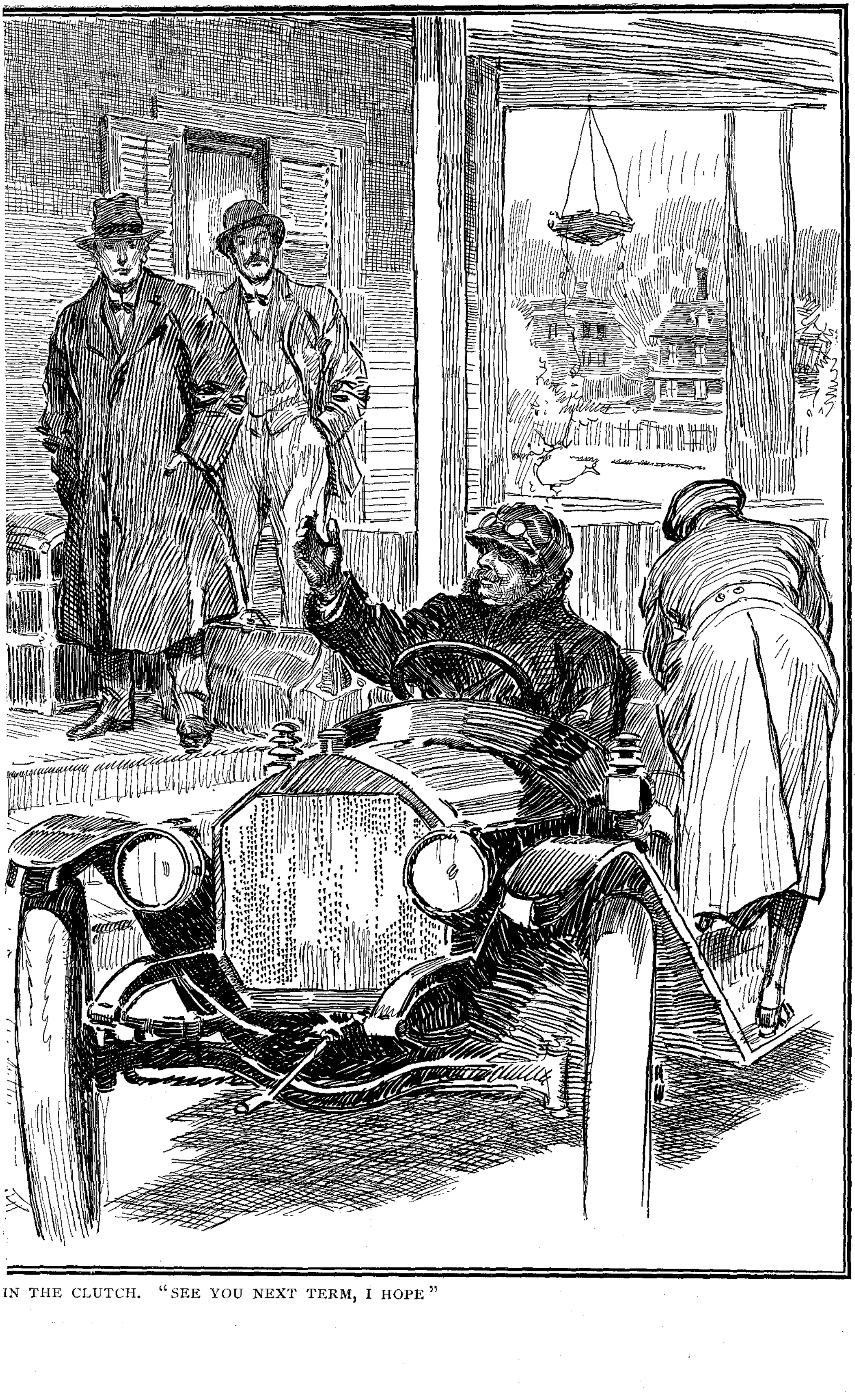
"What's that in his hand?" he whispered.

The State's Attorney glanced in the direction indicated, and, kneeling again, raised the dead man's right hand, and, gently releasing the clenched fingers, drew forth a crumpled paper.

"Good God!" he muttered, as he smoothed out the sheet upon his knee. "It's Dunham's telegram. . . . Gedney must have found it on the desk. . . . No wonder it


ACME
AINT.
Gordon Grant

"SO LONG, GENTLEMEN," HE CALLED OUT AS HE THREW



IN THE CLUTCH. "SEE YOU NEXT TERM, I HOPE" killed him. Listen!" he continued. "It's addressed to the Farmers' Supply Company. '*Congratulations,*' it reads. '*On strength of my exceptions Judge Kinsley set aside Gedney verdict this morning and ordered a new trial. Costs to abide the event.*' Signed, '*Wallace Dunham.*'"

"The Resurrectionist!" gasped Warren.

"The murderer, you mean," corrected Corning.

Mr. Brundage laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder.

"Don't, my boy!" he protested, quietly. "No member of the Bar can afford to talk like that. You know perfectly well that every lawyer is licensed to do all that Dunham did and a good deal more. Don't let *us*, at least, fool ourselves by putting the blame where it doesn't belong. This poor fellow has been executed by the law whose crimes we are condoning every day, and such work will continue until public opinion—"

"Hush!" interrupted Foster from the window. "Here comes Poinder. . . ."

[THE END]

THE READER'S VIEW

LIVINGSTONE AND THE ANNEXATION OF CUBA

This year being the centenary of David Livingstone, it may not be uninteresting to point out that in the volume entitled "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," by David and Charles Livingstone, we come upon a passage which, in the light of subsequent historical achievement, may be regarded as well-nigh prophetic.

While discussing the cruelty and the almost incredible mortality which the capture of slaves entails among the African tribes, the authors lay the responsibility for the iniquitous traffic chiefly at the door of Spain and Portugal. This leads them to make the significant remark: "The United States would confer a blessing on Spain, and tear away much of the veil that blinds her, by annexing Cuba." The meaning of course is this: annexing that island would tend to discourage the traffic in exported Africans, since Cuba was at the time one of the most important Spanish slave markets; the author's primary purpose, then, was the amelioration of conditions in Africa. Written nearly fifty years ago, and inspired by purely humanitarian motives, this is probably one of the earliest suggestions of the kind looking toward the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wisconsin.
C. H. IBERSHOFF.

JAPANESE EXCLUSION AND THE PHILIPPINES

Considering the pressure that Japan is bringing to bear on the United States in the matter of the California Land Bill, it is interesting to speculate on what would become of the Chinese and Japanese exclusion laws of the Philippine Islands if the Filipinos were given their independence. An avowedly pro-independence paper of Manila, "La Vanguardia," in an editorial of March 17, admits that "with the Philippine Islands independent, Japan and China will not tolerate exclusion, and in a few years the Filipinos will be but a speck in the vast wave of immigration that is sure to come," unless that contingency is provided for in some way. The experience of Java, the Straits Settlements, and Hawaii is evidently just coming to the knowledge of the native Philippine press.

In the matter of international pressure it is fortunate that the United States is a large, strong, and rich country; that the California Land Bill is probably within our treaty rights; and that Japan, a debtor nation, is not apt to raise much of a fuss with a customer who buys sixty per cent of her exports. The Philippines, on the other hand, are small, weak, and poor, and cannot even advance the "racial incompatibility" or the "lower standard of living" argument in support of Chinese and Japanese exclusion. However, it is encouraging that the native Philippine press is beginning to see some of the real problems that confront independent nations. The Filipinos will be ready for self-government when they begin to doubt their ability to solve the immigration problem, the Mohammedan problem, and the problem of the wild tribes by enthusiasm and magic.

Madison, Wisconsin.
O. GARFIELD JONES.

OLD CLOTHES

It was twelve days after the Dayton flood, and at one of the relief stations long lines of women had waited for hours. These were women who had spent two or three cold, hungry, desperately anxious days crowded into upper rooms or attics while the river raged through the streets. Some of them by heroic effort had been rescued in boats. Some of them had clung all night in tree-tops. Through the long, dark night, apparently cut off from human help, they had watched fires blaze all around them.

Since the flood the almost ceaseless drip, drip of rain had become well-nigh unbearable; the cold in the soaked, sodden city was intense. People told each other that the river was high with a question in face or inflection; on all sides were wreck and ruin. Many of these women had had little food, many of them had no heat, no beds, no means of cooking; but they waited in long double lines, cheerfully, patiently, for the most part without complaint.

One line waited for shoes—shoes for their little children, shoes for their husbands working in the water and in the horrible, slimy river mud which covered nearly all of Dayton. And were there any shoes? Yes; two big, orderly piles, one of shoes for the left foot, one of shoes for the right foot, no two of which could be mated. On a bench stood a row of workingmen's shoes bearing the marks of long, hard service, crooked of heel, worn of toe, and one of them with a hole through the sole which a fifty-cent piece would not have covered.

On the same day, at another relief station, another line of women waited for clothing, women who had had no change of clothing for twelve days and nights, women who had no clothes of any description except those in which they stood. And were there clothes for them? Yes; huge piles, ragged, unclean, ill-smelling, horrible, utterly unfitted for the needs of even the most shiftless poor.

The nation-wide sympathy which found expression in all sorts of valuable supplies and new, suitable garments was frustrated and delayed for days because relief stations, packing-cases, freight cars, and railways were congested with miserable old clothing, much of which was sold for paper rags.

MARY E. GLADWIN,
Chief Nurse, the Red Cross in Dayton.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND THE COST OF LIVING

It is peculiar that there is so little said these days concerning one of the prime causes of the high cost of living. The tariff, the great quantity of money in the land, and the trusts no doubt contribute very largely towards making living expensive. But little stress is ever laid upon the cause that towers above them all in importance, viz., the extravagance of the American people. Of course something is said from time to time with reference to its being a cause, but it has seldom been put in such a way as to be understandable by the average man. Concrete examples and illustrations are necessary to hammer home this idea.

Every time a person expends money for things he does not need, he increases a demand and reduces a supply which will make some one less able to pay a higher price than he otherwise would. If the people can be imbued with this idea, they will begin to understand how extravagance becomes almost a crime.

To illustrate by a concrete example, we will say that in a certain city there are five hundred men who could get along with one automobile each. Instead of that they each buy three. There are then one thousand automobiles purchased and taken out of the supply, which of course increases unnecessarily the demand and decreases unnecessarily the supply. Multiply this five hundred by the number of important cities in the land, and it is at once seen what an enormous unnecessary demand is created for automobiles. Thus the price is kept up to the maximum, and the man who can ill afford one machine has to pay a greater price for that one machine on account of the extravagance of his neighbor. Illustrations of this kind can be worked out in every product that is grown or manufactured.

Again, a false demand is created by those people who insist upon "laying in" a supply of everything. If people would buy what they actually needed and as they needed it, the high cost of living would be greatly reduced.

Bedford, Indiana. HENRY P. PEARSON.

RAIN IN INCHES AND TONS

A graphic climax to Mr. Arthur Ruhl's interesting statistical statement as to the phenomenal rainfall in Ohio [The Outlook, May 3] might have been found in the subjoined estimate, based upon the established fact that an inch in the rain-gauge indicates a fall of 100 tons per acre.

In 2,436 square miles there are 1,559,040 acres; 10 inches rainfall produces 1,000 tons of water per acre; 1,559,040×1,000=1,559,040,000 tons. Thus over a billion and half tons of water were precipitated in the afflicted region. Adequately to meet such an appalling emergency is almost as difficult a task as preventing an earthquake. ROBERT D. COXE.

Glenolden, Pennsylvania.

A FRIENDLY SLOGAN

Referring to my article on "The Trenton Idea," in the April 5 number of The Outlook, the now famous Grundy County Commercial Club has adopted a new slogan which is unique. Expressed in the pure modern Missouri language it reads:

Get acquainted with your neighbor;
You might like him!

(Rev.) HENRY B. TIERNEY.

Trenton, Missouri.

MANY INVENTIONS

A GREAT DISCOVERY

IN view of the sensational methods used to impress the public with the wonderful power of the turtle serum or turtle vaccine (no one but the inventor knows which it is) remedy for tuberculosis, it is valuable and impressive to read the report of Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, on the use and tests of his anti-meningitis serum. Apart from the remarkable results obtained, the lesson to be learned is that there is a legitimate, sound method for full study and observation of a proposed new remedy, and that such a method involves time, wide experience, accurate records, and, finally, full professional indorsement. Professor Flexner states that during the period from 1906 to date the serum has been used in 1,294 cases. The Rockefeller Institute has now finished its study, has reached its conclusions, and leaves it to the medical profession to carry on the work. The total results as to the 1,294 cases analyzed are summarized as follows: Recovered, 894; died, 400; per cent died, 30.9. The mortality in the disease in its epidemic form when not subjected to serum treatment was 73 per cent in Greater New York and 69 per cent in Boston, varying in other places in the United States from 70 to 90 per cent. In Europe the mortality in epidemic meningitis has varied when the serum was not used from 55.6 per cent in Italy to 67 per cent in Germany and 80 per cent at Edinburgh, Scotland.

There is no claim of miracle-working, but a statistical statement of encouraging reduction from a previously frightful percentage of mortality. The results are encouraging in a high degree; 30.9 per cent as compared with the other mortality records given above is evidence of most substantial gain in fighting a terribly deadly evil. We add from the "Journal of Experimental Medicine" some of Dr. Flexner's remarks:

> The conclusion may be drawn that the anti-meningitis serum, when used by the subdural method of injection, in suitable doses and at proper intervals, is capable of reducing the period of illness; of preventing, in large measure, the chronic lesions and types of the infection; of bringing about complete restoration of health in all but a very small number of the recovered, thus lessening the serious, deforming, and permanent consequences of meningitis; and of greatly diminishing the fatalities due to the disease.
>
> Some strains of meningitis germs are more virulent than others, and the severity of the disease appears to be due to the type of germ at work rather than to the nationality or occupation of the patient. Young persons are more subject than older ones to the epidemic form. The chance of recovery is not good after the twentieth year.
>
> Undoubtedly it is the ordinary type of epidemic meningitis that responds best to the serum treatment. This fact is shown not only by the general reduction in mortality but also by the common alteration of the manner of its termination from lysis to crisis. It is just this transformation and the general shortening of the whole course of the disease, and the consequent suppression of the chronic form of the infection, that bring conviction of the value of the serum, not only by reason of statistical presentations, but even more cogently to the hospital physicians who have large experience with the usual course and tendencies of the malady.

A TYPEWRITER OPERATED BY THE HUMAN VOICE

After the triumphs of the dictagraph and the voice-accompanied moving picture anything may seem possible in sound transmission. But to talk directly into a receiver and to see an ordinary typewriter (with an elaborate attachment, to be sure) clicking out the words on paper as you utter them—this surely seems next to miracle. Mr. John B. Flowers, a young electrical engineer of Pittsburgh, has, it seems, attained at least partial success in this direction, although he is not sanguine about the commercial success of the idea. One difficulty is that phonetic spelling would be involved. The method and mechanism, as reported in the "Scientific American," are too complicated to be described here, but we find most interesting the analysis of what actually takes place when one dictates to an operator sitting at an ordinary typewriter, say between the second the dictator utters the word "met" and the time the letters m-e-t appear on the paper:

> The ear-drum of the typist is set vibrating as it receives the sound waves from the dictator. Superposed upon the main sound waves are overtones of different frequency, one characteristic overtone for each letter of the word. These waves are communicated to a set of fibers in the cochlea or internal ear. There are many thousands of these fibers, each tuned to vibrate to its own individual frequency. Three of these fibers are then vibrated more strongly than the rest, one after the other, to correspond with the "m-e-t" sound, and the excitation of these fibers is communicated to the brain, which in turn controls the muscles of the typist's fingers, causing them to strike the corresponding keys on the typewriter. No complicated mental processes need be involved in the operation. It is quite mechanical. Indeed, the typist may have

been and probably was thinking of something quite foreign to the subject. . . .

In Mr. Flowers's apparatus "a telephone diaphragm takes the place of the human eardrum; instead of the fibers, he employs a set of steel reeds, respectively tuned to the different overtone frequencies of the alphabet; for nerves he uses electric currents, and for the human hand a bank of solenoids (coiled wire magnets)."

SAWS WITHOUT TEETH

An explanation of the manner in which a soft steel disk revolving at high velocity cuts hard steel has recently, an exchange tells us, been sought with the aid of microscopic inspection. The result corroborates the view hitherto held that the material acted upon is heated at the place of contact to the fusing point and then brushed away.

The high temperature appears to be confined narrowly to the point of contact, so that a thin gash is cut. The temperature of the revolving disk does not rise so high, because of the large surface area of the disk. The part of the disk in contact is continually changing, while the frictional energy is concentrated on a very small area of the material subjected to its action.

SAWDUST AS AN EXTINGUISHER

Sawdust scarcely suggests itself as a suitable material for extinguishing fires, but from the account of some experiments by Mr. E. A. Barrier, a Boston engineer, embodied in a report made under the direction of the Associated Factory Mutual Fire Insurance Companies, and described in "Industrial Engineering," it would appear that it possesses some special merits when dealing with small outbreaks of liquid combustibles, such as lacquer and gasoline, which are usually difficult to extinguish by ordinary means. Sand is generally looked upon as the best substance to use in such cases when it can be applied promptly, but the tests showed sawdust to be greatly superior. The tests were made with flat, rectangular tanks in which a quantity of combustible was poured and ignited, and allowed to burn for about a minute before efforts were made to extinguish the flames by spreading a few shovelfuls of sawdust on the surface of the liquid. It made little difference to the effectiveness of the sawdust as an extinguisher whether it was damp or dry, and whether it was the product of hard or soft woods. A number of commercial lacquers, as well as samples of gasoline, were tested in this way, and in all cases the flames were extinguished in from twenty-five to fifty seconds, and with a very thin sprinkling of sawdust. When efforts were made to effect the results with sand, a much larger quantity was required, and the process of extinction was much slower. The efficiency of the sawdust seems to be due to its blanketing action in floating for a time on the surface of the liquid and excluding air.

A TELEPHONE TIME-SAVER

Everybody has been annoyed at the telephone by having to remain glued to the receiver waiting for the "other fellow." "Chambers's Journal" describes a device to save this bother:

> There is a sound-magnifying trumpet of flat shape, behind which is a small attachment intended to support the telephone receiver. When it becomes necessary to hold the line, either when calling up or replying, instead of the person standing with the receiver glued to his ear, he places the receiver upon the time-saver, bringing the earpiece into position with the sound-magnifier. He is then at liberty to resume his duties until such time as the person required at the opposite end attends his instrument. This is notified by the speech transmitted being magnified by the time-saving device so as to be perfectly audible at a distance. The receiver may then either be withdrawn and held to the ear in the usual way, or left in connection with the magnifier, hearing being quite as simple and easy as under normal conditions. Another advantage of the invention is that the user's two hands are left free to carry out any other requisite task, such as the turning up of documents, making references, writing down messages or instructions from dictation, and so on.

GASOLINE IN WAR

Commandant Ferras considers that the fuel question for automobiles and especially for power wagons is a vital point for the French army, as a large amount of gasoline needs to be imported. From 1910 to 1912 the imports rose from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons, America furnishing a large part. Home production of fuel is desired, but this is a difficult matter. Among the fuels, benzol has only a limited production, and each country is likely to absorb its own product. Thus Germany produces 200,000 tons of benzol and at the same time consumes 700,000 tons of gasoline. France produces but 10,000 tons, and this is not enough for the autobuses in Paris, which need 16,000 tons. Alcohol is a home product, but it is dear and the price fluctuates by speculators' maneuvers. Chemists are occupied with new products, but we must wait for these. Petroleum or heavy oil, however, seems to have a good future should inventors be able to apply it as well to automobiles as in the Diesel engine. Schist oil is extensively found in France, and there is a good outlook in this direction.—*Scientific American.*

BY THE WAY

Mme. Bernhardt, back again in America for another "farewell tour" (the frequency of her farewells she ascribes to her ingenious press agents), says that the secret of being beautiful at seventy is "work and cheerfulness, plenty of sleep, properly cooked food, and"—was this a reporter's mistake?—"not too much fresh air." If this is due to the fear that sun and wind may injure the complexion, it is decidedly old-fashioned. Fresh air is a good cosmetic.

English gardeners are now to have the advantage of using a portable hothouse, a patent having been issued for such a device. Various crops can thus be started under glass, and then left to mature in the open, while the house is moved on to other seed-beds. The house is described as being so perfectly adjusted that a six-year-old boy can move it from place to place, though the one described weighs about twenty tons. We do not vouch for this!

Three hundred thousand automobiles are said to be shipped annually from Detroit. Recent improvements have made these enormous shipments easier to handle, and factories no longer have to use circus tents to store their cars while awaiting freight trains, as some of them had to do last year.

The adventurers who go off on expeditions after sunken treasure may take heart again after reading of the recovery of precious metal from the wrecked steamer Oceana. She had on board when she sank 55 bags of gold and silver coin and 2,126 bars of silver, valued altogether at over $3,800,000. Of this, all was recovered except two bars of silver.

The Greeks are to have a fine battle-ship, "made in Germany," to carry thirty-two guns and to cost $9,000,000; she is to be called the Salamis. Simultaneously, Turkey will probably lose two battleships now building in England, for it is thought their price will not be forthcoming owing to the embarrassments caused by the Balkan War.

Always the aspiring soul yearns for the beyond or the far away. Carcassonne was the old peasant's unattainable ideal, in the well-known poem; but the New York "Sun," speaking of the passing of the Astor House, tells of a traveled resident of Carcassonne, formerly a chef in New York City, who longed for the glories of the Astor House, a "magnifique construction" that seemed to the memory of the old chef to be more alluring than the towers of his own Carcassonne.

Sault Sainte Marie still maintains its reputation for being one of the greatest ports in the world. The shipping that passed through its canal in the last twelve months is reported to have exceeded that of the Suez Canal by a matter of 5,000,000 tons. A new lock to be built at the "Soo" will, according to one of the engineers, be bigger even than the giant locks of the Panama Canal.

Seven daring Frenchmen recently went up 2,300 feet in an aeroplane at Chartres, staying up more than an hour. This is a record height for an aeroplane carrying so many passengers.

"The patent medicine fraud," says the "Progressive Farmer," "gets another lick. Sears, Roebuck & Co., the famous general supply house, announces that it will not handle these nostrums hereafter." The "Progressive Farmer," which is published in North Carolina, calls on its Southern contemporaries to follow the example of this commercial house and exclude "advertising not fit to go in a Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue."

The Government crop reports indicate for 1913 the greatest yield of winter wheat—over 513,000,000 bushels—that the country has ever produced. If the predictions hold true, it will exceed by over 20,000,000 bushels the crop of 1906, the biggest so far on record.

Winchester Cathedral, England, built in 1079, in recent years showed many breaks and cracks in its walls, and the foundations of the historic edifice have now been thoroughly rebuilt and the walls restored. The beech logs which had formed a kind of raft foundation for part of the structure were, it is said, found to be in an excellent state of preservation when the new foundations of concrete were put in.

"Perhaps no section of the United States has so complete and successful an organization for selling things as is to be found in the Grand Valley of Colorado, where the apple-growers have stood together for years and prospered," says W. H. Dean in the "Country Gentleman." He adds: "What Colorado is doing all must do," in order that vast quantities of farm products shall not be dumped at a loss upon markets that are already overstocked, *while other places are demanding the same products* without getting them.

In his recently published volume of "Further Reminiscences" Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the English Socialist, says of W. T. Stead, who perished in the Titanic disaster: "His descriptions were at times extraordinarily vivid. Nobody ever gave such an account of the Passion Play as he did. . . . In the course of the narrative it would have been quite easy to imagine . . . that the whole company of Swiss peasants were really carrying out the entire scene amid the sunburnt surroundings of Syria, and that this was in truth the Son of God, with the two thieves by his side."

Mr. Stead, in Mr. Hyndman's opinion, had many faults, but "in his opposition to all wars . . . he was, I believe, perfectly genuine. Moreover, his belief that an overwhelmingly powerful navy at our disposal tended to keep peace was, I hold, perfectly sound. . . . For a great power to tempt attack by weakness is to incite to war, as things stand to-day; and this must be the opinion of the Nobel trustees, or they never would have decided, had he lived, to accord to him the Nobel Prize for his advocacy of peace and a big navy at the same time."

Hannes Kolehmainen, the famous Finnish runner, again demonstrated his wonderful powers of speed and endurance by running away from a field of 1,400 competitors in New York City, in a race from 184th Street to the City Hall. He made this twelve-mile run in a trifle over an hour, finishing 200 yards ahead of his nearest follower.

Condensed tragedies form a tempting theme for the "funny man;" this from "Pick-Me-Up" is not without merit: I. Jones poisons his wife's cat. II. He professes deep sorrow at its disappearance. III. He offers a £10 reward for its recovery. IV. Numerous animals are brought for inspection. V. Mrs. Jones identifies one.